

# Enslaved "Ground"

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The defining sound

Fangs into flesh  
Panic and spit  
Death unto life  
Eyes wide

It sees itself through the layers of ice  
Now; seal the cracks... reject the notions!  
Everything can not be happening on the inside?

An option not to listen

A nameless urge takes hold  
Prey upon the weak  
An aimless tale told  
Pray upon the weak

Caught in a spiral of need  
Act without the choice  
Choose not to act  
Caught in a spiral of need

Desperate and alone in a whole  
Striving for higher ground  
Carrying someone else's fears for tomorrow  
Stay behind the line  
Or eat from the bowels of reality  
Grind the thorns to stardust  
Gliding slowly across the abyss  
Inside the inside the inside

There is a sound made by boiling blood

Above and below lay the levels  
Above and below the ground  
Ground

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