

## Haunted "D.O.A."

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Voices break the silence. Shadows  
infect the white-clad walls. Death is  
breathing down your neck.  
You try to flee. Forced into submission.  
You try to repent. A strip of  
tape that kills the screams. You  
know this is the end. Surgical steel  
twist the flesh. The hand of doom  
carves out the mesh.

D.O.A.

- What more when you're dead on arrival?

- What more when you're dead on arrival?

Doped up soul-Senses numb.

Fluids burst into flames. Every high

is a new low. In these vermin-infested  
streets. Chained to the altar of  
debt. The breed of your sins. Nailed  
to the cross of guilt. The spawn of  
your greed. A strip of tape that kills  
the screams. A deep inspired - The  
circle is complete.

D.O.A.

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arrival?

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