

Kill The Young "Crawl Spaces"

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Young and innocent
Oblivious to your dark schemas
It branded into my soul and
Became the apple of my heart
It keeps me up at night
Like an anxious mother At the ER
I'm just a fly vagrant
In Lucifer's playground
To be swatted every which way away.
Nails to the chalk board, who's to blame?
Flights there, flights back, she's waiting at the gate
The greedy lawyers, the clueless judge
Needle in the arm, hit the floor
You're falling; akin to your hearts becoming colder
And your falling, because I 'm just getting older
And you're falling, because I'm not on your shoulders
And you're falling, because you're being lowered into
the ground.
Waiting to explode

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