

Lux Occulta

"Genocide Skin"

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More than one way. More than one way.
More than one way. More than one way.

Our genocide, spits and slithers.
Inside, My innards writhe.
Tempers taut, Dried and withered.
You can't hide, Your boring lives.
In every eye lies a sliver Dark tears that go undried.
Tomorrow will deliver It's tongue is never tied

More than one way. More than one way.
More than one way. More than one way.

Wither and die.
Wither and die.

No your self pity isn't dark Knowledge isn't wisdom.
No your apathy isn't smart Fit into the system.

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