

Crashdog "Progress"

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Sear the guilt throbbing in our
heads, now we sleep in our blood
beds. Rid ourselves of God, the
crutch, our broken legs don't hurt
so much.

Reaching forward, falling back, the
more we progress, the more we lack.

At Nagasaki we built a sun right on
the ground. At least we won. Use
the pretty, lose the rest, it's evolution
at its best.

Lay in beds of anger, talking in our
sleep. Mumble words of vengeance,
songs of world peace.

The incense of our progress is the
burning of the weak. The wound is
self-inflicted even as we speak!

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