

Crisis

"Discipline Of Degradation"

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seething in this red world I am nothing.
thrown to the roadside I carry the death of the desert
on my skin.
have you looked into these eyes, feel the cracks in my
hands...
from soul to skin I am dry (and I am alone) I eat gravel,
shakes in my stomach to drown the voices in my head.
the sun's too far away and you don't notice.
crawling, I am worthless (and I am alone)
...one and two and I see 2 faces below me and I see
yours in both,
but one is open the other is closed...
(there is no dignity, there is no grace, and I am alone)
seething in this red world I am nothing.
sold to a false hope, now I just float along in this dead
ocean
(there is no dignity, there is no grace)
and I am alone in this dead ocean.

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