

Crisis **"Nomad"**

Visit "[Nomad](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Long ago, a crumbling whole of me was split in two.
Spat
forth into darkness and light, like the Birth from the
womb. I live like this in stillborn life. I shed my skin and
blood and vein, still i couldn't find my way home again.
So climb inside and rot here for a while. Outside I can
hear
this dying world screaming. Displaced from my earthly
home, like the corpse from the tomb. So climb inside
and
rot here for a while. This pain I own, A gift in return for
a taking, a wounding, a breaking. This is our
childhood's
end. Can't remember when it all began. I want to burn
the masters and the slaves and those who pray that I'll
repent and be like them. A gift in return for a taking, a
wounding, a breaking. This is our childhood's end.
Can't
remember when it all began. I want to burn the masters
and the slaves and those who pray that i'll repent and
be
like them. I'm in exile. I'm in exile. Eternally bleeding,
but not broken. The price I pay for vision, I'm not
broken. After all, what can one see with blind open
eyes.
I'm in exile. Eaten the dirt from my own grave. Chosen
to
be a certain slave. Now in this way I die. Yet I am more
alive. Yet I am more alive, I'm in exile.

Visit [Crisis](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.