

## Crisis

# "Working Out The Graves"

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lay me down here, I've already dug my grave  
I'm ready... I'm not living anyway  
I die in silence-I'm killing to tell the truth  
you destroy to meet your needs  
I'm dying to speak to you  
no way out no way out. and you are more alive than me.  
no way out no way out I open my eyes to see  
your darkness surrounds me  
diseased by your own hand, wretched man  
you crowd the shadows of this tomb I occupy  
leave me this your disease - I despise your passivity  
no way out no way out. the soul is mine,  
and I've burned it already it's dead and it's empty.  
no way out no way out  
I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON MY SIDE OF THE SWORD  
but this is where it ends  
laying down my sword  
bowing down my head  
I'm empty. I'm weary. I'm disappearing.  
I THOUGHT YOU WERE ON MY SIDE OF THE SWORD  
I wear this armour (mask) to hide me away from you  
it's silver and white and it's melding into my bones  
I've got this darkness in me no way out  
you need something I can't see no way out  
so unattached and unafraid  
I am a child of rage

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