

Procaos

"Crawling On The Dirt"

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Walking through the ashes, of a sick society.
There's no life around me, just puppets made of skin.
Fields of empty bodies, crawling on the dirt
Sinking expectations, from false reality.
You will never understand this life.
It's too much complicated,
For your head without brain.
Hollow heads, hollow paths,
'Cause emptiness is all you have.
Hollow heads... hollow paths
Hollow heads... hollow paths
Made in dirty... made in filth...
Made in dirty... made in filth...
Fields of empty bodies, crawling on the dirt
Sinking expectations from false reality.

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