

## Revenge Of The Living Dead "Buried In Quicksand"

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We could all be something else.  
We'll celebrate every defeat, cry over victory.  
It's what happens when north is south, and south is north.  
Were the question, were the answer, the problem and the solution.  
Break everything to make your way through.  
Disoriented and unconscious, inertia allows for the delegation of our guilt.  
Like worms we come and go over the bough of life.  
Without reason we blame nature for making us such useless and ugly beings.  
Blind useless and incapable of specifying sacred sacrifice.  
Ignoring the possibility of flight.  
We could all be butterflies.  
Just to see the sun.  
The sun may come out even on the darkest side of the night,  
We just have to cut the sutures that join our eyelids

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