

Scarve "Asphyxiate"

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In the end, everything is said. A state of mind one can only regret.

Touch truth but only skim perfection. Plunge beyond this painful deception.

There is a way for it all to happen, a riverbed where everything can flow.

Harsh memories scattered around, no promise on which to bestow

This world, a burden of pain
Asphyxiate this sickening state

Straight ahead to the place we belong. Looking back, it all seems so wrong.

There must be a way for us to see, and dive past each miscalculation.

Fear is the stone cold murderer, the rampant virus contaminating

This world, a burden of pain
Asphyxiate to recreate

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