

Society's Finest "Dead People"

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Fill my eyes with the burning storm,
I fall down and dream dreams
The wisdom consumes my sin,
The demons hold me.

Here's my dead and I bleed tears.

My thought are killing themselves,
The angels hate the emptiness...

Quitness,

I whisper my sickness with poisoned breath.
The demon hold me only to feel my heart.
I'll take my arms and legs, but will you break them?
I spit my tongue over the cold sky
Here's my head place two feet across.
And the coal I use to burn my eyes,
It hurts to cry.

I use tears to paint my pictures,

I hide my sin
So he cannot see.
I cover my eyes with broken hearts.
It's so shattering when they realize nothing is forever
Hide my dead from the emptiness I have.
Your child is tired.
Where do i sit,
Because I lie down in your green pastures with rivers of
pain.
Nothing ever ends when you play with demons...

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