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## Death "Out Of Touch"

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Trapped in a lost world of brutality So weak are the ones that must rely on shock To push this so called force that inspires their call To be extreme so it seems is a mental crutch To cover up for those that are completely out of touch Say what you want, I know the truth when it comes to your kind [Lead: Chuck]

In time we'll see who lasts In time you will disappear Who are you to question my sincerity For now you are high on yourself Drowning in your dreams of misguided hope To be extreme so it seems is a mental crutch To cover up for those that are completely out of touch

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