

Trauma

"Darkness"

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Christcore in effect you know what I'm saying
I'm straight up slaved to Christ and man I'm not playing
I'm hating the Devil to the end of this age
I'm preaching the gospel boldly in the last days
I take the bass and blast it out your speakers
We take them eardrums and make 'em a little weaker
Screaming truth, raging compassion
Dark
Darkness surrounds you cold, lose your head, save
your soul
Apocalyptic vibes I'm sending out
The times so close at hand without a doubt
Flood waters rushing in, you're suffocated
Don't know what's going on, your soul emaciated
Dark
His destruction will overwhelm you like a hunter over
the hunted
You've got numbers on your head and numbers on
your hand
There's no escape for you to the promise land
As I said before, the time is close at hand
Your life is washed away like the sand

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