

Zella Mayzell "80 In A 25"

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This rips at the lining,
This tears through the muscle...

Where is my family?
Where is my history?
What truth do I have to defend?

For years I've nurtured pestilence
And fought the air I breathe
The years have left me pestilent
Looking to spread this new disease.

Whether you're for me or against
Whether you're with me in defense
It doesn't matter
Tell me it matters
Tell me it's hurting you as well

Seeing the carnage in this
Would only make me die a thousand deaths
Dying now or ten at a time
You draw it out
I'll cross the line.

My eyes are bound
My feet, my will are tied down...

This rips at the lining, (ohhh)
This tears through the muscle... (ohhh)
Where is my family?
Where is my history?
What truth do I have to defend?

Whether you're for me or against
Whether you're with me in defense
It doesn't matter
Tell me it matters
Tell me it's hurting you as well

Seeing the carnage in this
Would only make me die a thousand deaths
Dying now or ten at a time

You draw it out
I'll cross the line.

This is not what fathers do
How could things have gotten so far out of my control?
I can hear what I will say
When all these actions show their nature
Show their evil ways...
Now! Now! Now!

Whether you're for me or against
Whether you're with me in defense
It doesn't matter
Tell me it matters
Tell me it's hurting you as well

Seeing the carnage in this
Would only make me die a thousand deaths
Dying now or ten at a time
You draw it out
I'll cross the line.
Dying now or ten at a time
You draw it out
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