

Corroded

"6"

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Everything comes to a question, where time is the
factor
But I can't care about it
Everyone talks about justice but truth is forgotten
You're accused but not on trial

Turn to me, - For the right answer
And I will tell you, - That everything comes into

CHAOS, BURNING, TERROR
I am 6 ft. of anger
PANIC, CARNAGE, MAYHEM
I am 6 ft. of anger

I'm building tension but not any bridges
'Cause I don't care about that
The weight of my conscience is lighter than air
I am bent but never broken

Turn to me, - For the right answer

And I will tell you, - That everything comes into

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