

Corroded "Come On In"

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A sense a smell a moving field,
of loss and grief and disbelief
Brave new child new floods of hate,
downward spiral of life and death
Caress the hero and abort the rest,
behind walls of sins and hate
A new found pleasure of pain and relief,
in 40 feet of mud and blood

So come on in
Just come on in
So come on in
Into the black, the black hole of my soul
So come on in
Just come on in

So come on in
There is no light, in the end of the tunnel

So come on in
Just come on in
So come on in
Into the black, the black hole of my soul
So come on in
Just come on in
So come on in
There is no light, in the end of the tunnel

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