

## **Only Crime**

### **"This Is Wretched"**

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Trying patience wasted on the dead  
Sounds from another room  
Mark the end, fill my head  
Resurrection like places on a line  
Passing the wasted time  
Lives gone wrong for too long

When they found me  
In lies they surround me  
All the insane ways  
We qualify all disgrace

This is wretched, infirmed, and in decline  
We brace our contentions  
Rank and file kept in line  
Trepidation waiting on the end  
Bleeding with virtue  
Lust to fall sacred friend

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