

Dynahead

"Layers Of Days"

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I could be the same forevermore
Disputed surrounds of my free will are gone

Holding in, dreaded
Wasn't my wish nor my sin
Just a past imposed
Echoing, deafening what was left of me

You're so uncanny
A leper dysfunction in our dream
Grip tight on the blood
Or it'll be on lungs of deceased

Kill it on
Kill it on, almighty
Kill it on
Kill it on, oh fiercely

None of that stands for what I am
Numb, bargaining parts of the old, old road

Not my business
Incognito, the stars won't bother
Cloaked I strive without dignity
I see no one's land across the river

[Lead: Vilela]

Crawling, we live in the edge of mind
Spirited by all but the reason, we try
Hard bread on hard bread I kill back to live
Kicking the womb as the drill comes in

[Lead: Vilela]

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A leper dysfunction in our dream
Grip tight on the blood
Or it'll be on lungs of deceased

Kill it on

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