

Ludicra

"The Undercaste"

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Another day
Built from decay
A famined slumber
Gone is the summer

Froned upon are the weak and the worn
For they reek of sick and sorrow

They outrun the spectre of hardship
Into scarred open arms thrown back to the mire

Each backward step is theirs to own (own)
Every heartache in a misshapen being (being)
Each hungry mouth an open well (wellness)
Running dry, there's never enough to go around
(around)

They are human heards of patience
They slouch and shift their weight
They remain in the cracks
They remain in the fray

Frowned up are the weak and worn
For they reek of sick and sorrow

From the creeping dawn
To the dying dusk
They dance a callous step
Forage for diamonds
Among the turf

Live for what is left
Trails of smoke
Yellow eyes

Live for what is left
Trails of smoke
Yellow eyes
There's never enough of anything to go around

