

Cry Murder

"Cut Out"

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Know the sin, disengage within. Turn over and play the cards we've dealt, as another day is sentenced to death. Rise above or become a hopeless survivor, treading water for the slaughter.

No debate, our past is made. Once again second rate will fade. Second rate will fade.

Consumed and controlled, by hurt and hardship - don't let another day be sentenced to death.

Cos we're cut out, cut to doubt. We may try to cut out what we feel. Though we're cut to doubt what is real, we feel.

Renew from restraint, condemned by complaint, cos fate's a fine dotted line. Cos we may try to cutout what is real, I won't let my doubt control the way I feel. We may try, to cut out what we feel thought it is real. Cut out our doubt.

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