

## **Souls In Chains**

### **"Brewing Static Lines"**

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[Intro][Chris Buck]

I met the devil in something beautiful  
I heard the softest lullaby

[Esoterical]

Shoot down the saints,  
Manic and panicked we traffic our madness for days  
Too many letting' smoke brew static their brain  
I remain tokenless and hopeless to the blazed  
Now to the ways of the dope kids I stay stuck in a daze  
Blue skies above blacktops  
Walk the city block and suddenly the thought struck  
God ain't nothing but a scorekeeper  
Faultless to the sinless as much as the guiltless  
I'm catching my breathe keeping sickness out of my  
chest  
Feeling like I ruined something beautiful again  
Praying reason won't get nailed in  
Hope sparks and sputters then stops  
Starts then wanders too far  
Hits hard and stays laced with aggression  
In this dead end depression  
Fallen from heavens burned in my reflection  
Cherubs without lessons  
Broken, in need of some saving'  
It's taken some patience  
But truth is I am my own worst demon

[Chorus][Chris Buck]

I met the devil in something beautiful  
I heard the softest lullaby  
So soft it made me cry  
And as I prayed to die  
The lights they flickered out

[Esoterical]

Dim lit, Like Dante in the comedy  
We wait for the hit  
Streams slide down  
These veins like hurricanes rush without a sound  
Chemicals mix now  
Consciousness is down for the count

One two, one two  
Exhale and repeat these dream into ground  
Three four three four  
Passed out on the floor  
Cursed by commitment, playing' Russian roulette  
With sterilization and nights in women lacking any  
safety net  
Taking' steps back from regret to regret  
Its shot gunned to pieces  
And when the preacher speaks his peace

It's screaming' I don't believe this  
Five six, five six  
Despondent and dauntless  
Crushed cooked and shot quick  
Endorphins running' dry inside hospital ridden state  
kids  
Seven eight  
Psycho pomp stopped doing the job and the voices  
strayed off  
Nine  
So lay down to sleep tonight  
With a stomach full of bottled substance  
To welcome death with a count backwards from ten

[Chorus][Chris Buck]  
I met the devil in something beautiful  
I heard the softest lullaby  
So soft it made me cry  
And as I prayed to die  
The lights they flickered out

[Esoterical]  
We're a fucking a poison  
I swear to God  
I'm sitting praying screaming we'll begin to die off  
I ain't a fan of territory or soldier mentality  
Truthfully IÂ've seen enough in my family to keep it  
from me  
We're thieves, liars, and dead beats  
Unplugging the phone lines to keep from credit  
companies  
Nobody's home, so quit knocking  
You're just talking to the door homie  
Just walk off and stay gone  
We're wasting GED's  
We're teaching kids to beat  
These kids will most likely be  
Exactly as their parents are  
This ain't the way to breed  
Steal when you got to eat

We're just too blind to see  
That this ain't how to raise your seeds  
I might as well be praying to a wall  
Cause this constant culture got no direction but a  
downfall  
And I swear to God  
We still are and will always be a fucking poison

[Chorus][Chris Buck]  
I met the devil in something beautiful  
I heard the softest lullaby  
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