

Stampin' Ground "Ashes To Scatter"

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Chant the mantra of a dying world
Slashed wrists of my conscience leaving me free to
makre more mistakes
As I fall from hell to hell I look up to see I've been
conditioned to hate
From my ego I can see the world revolve round me
To the martyrs who suffer, suppressing the lust
Live through me a cheaper version of digust
Chant the mantra of a dying world
I am without purpose, a stained glass window without
the sun
Like a shadow, loved and need by no one
Those who restrain desire do so
'cos theirs is weak enough to be restrained
Behind a body liberated lies a mind incarcerated,
bound by chains
Choose not to like me but forced to respect me
Others entrust a myth with their faith
A faith in oneself can often be misplaced
All I have is ashes to scatter and little more

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