

Young Livers

"Born In Vein"

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We have tried lay them to rest we contort and hang
them from their tines.
Inject these lines with absolution.
Constrict and contrive as to derive that it's a sure bleed
out, in hopes of reaction.
Inward, replace and collide as the warm runs cold and
collected
Few held all that are bound to us
It's a sure bleed out just to get some reaction.

From the beginning we knew we were through.
From the beginning we knew we'd be thrown to the
wolves,
And there would be where our own abandonment
issues would be sorted out and put to use.

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