

Haunted, The "D.O.A"

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Voices break the silence. Shadows
infect the white-clad walls. Death is
breathing down your neck.

You try to flee. Forced into submission.
You try to repent. A strip of
tape that kills the screams. You
know this is the end. Surgical steel
twist the flesh. The hand of doom
carves out the mesh.

D.O.A.

- What more when you're dead on arrival?

- What more when you're dead on arrival?

Doped up soul-Senses numb.

Fluids burst into flames. Every high
is a new low. In these vermin-infested
streets. Chained to the altar of
debt. The breed of your sins. Nailed
to the cross of guilt. The spawn of
your greed. A strip of tape that kills
the screams. A deep inspired - The
circle is complete.

D.O.A.

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