

Thousand Foot Krutch

"Trench Warfare"

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In the event of all consumption
In the face of all your fear
In the antagonistic pleading
It came upon a midnight clear
In the event of all that broke down
In the cells that hold your skin
In the macabre static automatic
Pulling of the pin
And as one side becomes another
Rattled skull in chemical restraint
Of all that covers me with layers toxic
Like the blood of saints
Masking inward I recall
Fall forget for get to fall
In the shaking of a looser piece
The fall apart, destroy, release
Inhibit soul that I police
Like no repeat and metal feet
And as one night dissolves another
Battled to a primate-like response
To all that threatens me
Like gas and trenches, buried haunts
Breaking into every ounce
Flesh will rip and nothing counts
I can see in all amounts

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