

Slasher

Aviators

Unearthed and trapped within the conflict
The strings behind the scene
Set to consume like selfish addicts
The envy turns us green
Our eyes shift up to one more face
Out of place and
Nightmares of murder and cold steel
Become real

Knives out
We're going down
Just like a slasher
It's a massacre
Bloodstains
On holy ground
Here's your happy ever after

Starved out in dust to make a killing
For shares that we won't see
Our minds feel hate and flesh is willing
We hurt what lies between
One second passes and you're gone
Our weapons drawn but
Somehow these kills won't make us whole
We've sold our souls

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Alive for
The weekend
We're walled in
To contend
One could imply it's by design
But nothing's left, I'm taking mine
As nature rolls back time
Destruction
The horror
To blame on
The scorers
They sit atop and watch the game
Where no one wins and gets the claim
'Cause we all fall the same

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