

# 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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