

# MINDCRUSHED

Black Dresses

Suffering  
Mindcrushed  
No release  
Bla, bla, bla  
It goes on  
It goes on, it goes on  
Suffering  
Mindcrushed  
No release  
Bla bla bla  
It goes on  
It goes on, it goes on

I'll be trapped here forever  
I'll be trapped here forever 'n ever  
Throw away everything  
'Cause I am never leaving, oh-oh

I'm going down  
Like an elevator from hell  
I don't need it anymore  
I don't breathe air  
Blood and gore and

My soul is hardened on the floor  
I know the patterns of these boards  
Better than the backs of my hands  
My blood is sand

My soul is hardened on the floor  
I know the patterns of these boards  
Better than the backs of my hands  
My blood is sand

My bones are ash, my stomach's  
Full of clay, this happens every day  
This town is festering decay  
This body feels like a grave

Uh!  
I don't really wanna think about it  
I don't really wanna talk about it  
Don't ask me questions  
Don't ask me questions  
I don't really wanna think about it, ugh  
I don't really wanna think about  
Ugh, ugh  
I don't really think about it  
Don't ask me questions

My soul is hardened on the floor  
I know the patterns of these boards  
Better than the backs of my hands  
My blood is sand

My soul is hardened on the floor  
I know the patterns of these boards

Better than the backs of my hands  
My blood is sand

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Full of clay, this happens every day  
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