

Born To Lose

Carcosa

If it were up to you we'd be neck deep in filth
If it were up to you they'd be begging for a savior

When will this end, and how do we make it stop?
It's an illusion of freedom spit from the mouth of god
Unwanted and abused but then again forced to choose
They're the repugnant ones, yet we are born to lose

Set in stone but neglected to service their own path
Harboring ever expanding commas in the aftermath
Sign on the dotted line, passed on and cast aside
Your rights are put in place with ink that won't erase

Unlike the mothers who will have to carry
The involuntary infantile spawns from a pussy
Hail Mary so full of grace, she lied to your face
Tainted pages drenched in bloodstains

When will this end, and how do we make it stop?
It's an illusion of freedom spit from the mouth of god
Unwanted and abused but then again forced to choose
They're the repugnant ones, yet we are born to lose

We all dream to be there when you sleep
Grab that blade to slit your arteries
Watch you bleed as you try to scream
Begging to your god, he can't hear your pleas

They will never be silenced
(Greed)
With the fire in their hearts you'll be engulfed by flames
Oh how perfect it would be to see your hope slowly fade away
Slowly dissipate

We all dream to be there when you sleep
Grab that six inch blade to slit your arteries
Watch you bleed as you try to scream
Begging to your god but he can't hear your pleas

If it were up to you we'd be neck deep in filth
If it were up to you they'd be begging for a savior
If it was up to me I'd leave you in the dark
Then light the match to set this world ablaze

And watch you suffer

Set your world ablaze

So if it's up to me I'd leave you in the dark
Then light the match to set this world ablaze

And watch you suffer