

# Tool

Craig Xen

Watch the world deteriorate before my very eyes  
Witness the blind lead the blinded to demise  
Drowning innocent [?]  
The end is not seeking out communion with God  
Keep my tool off the box  
Ain't no tellin' when the reaper caught me doin' his job  
I'm equipped to do my wicked visions  
The shift in life into a corpse in a box  
Ain't no bunk beds and coffins I promise nigga  
Say they love you but you better move cautiously  
Was in the snake pit up in with the scales on my eyes  
[?] suffocating my consciousness  
Nowadays I'm better off avoiding a conflict  
Isolate myself from the modern day Auschwitz

Uh, keep my tool off the box  
Ain't no tellin' when the reaper caught me doin' his job  
I'm equipped to do my wicked visions  
The shift in life into a corpse, aye

Uh, keep my tool off the box  
Ain't no tellin' when the reaper caught me doin' his job  
I'm equipped to do my wicked visions  
The shift in life into a corpse in a box

And ain't no bunk beds and coffins nigga  
They say they love you but you better move cautiously