

Dig Down

Days N' Daze

These nights are getting colder
And I'm losing my patience
The ghost of our past
Has been quietly creeping
Stabbing at our spines
Begging for an answer
Or at least a more
Appropriate way to die
These distorted pleasures
That have been given
At the denied excess
To the masses
We're fueled by greed
And fueled by the hate
And fueled by the absent minded

Dig down dig down dig down dig down
Into empty pockets
With an endless strife
Of the wartorn hand
And the stained glass eye
Of the mourning mother
Who weeps to quench
My dehydrated soul

This community has been lost
Our sanity has been spent
On what is got
And never what has been given
These centuries have slipped
Like sand in the palms of time
This programmed acceptance of routine
Where the wealthy prosper
And the poor die young
Wandering the streets like zombies
Waiting for their resurrection
And the sleepless rest
Not with the setting sun
But six feet down
With eyes forced shut

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My dehydrated soul

I can't say that I'm sad
That's the least of my worries
This apathy has got ahold
And grim's been calling for me
Our frozen smiles paint that picture
Of a life we'll never lead
And together we'll fall

Through the remnants
Of our decaying past
Our mirror come up empty
And reflection has been lost

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