

# Dead Inside

Dust Bolt

Another episode of violence  
Conducts of inner war  
Foreseeing death for us to call  
But god won't sit and wait for us  
Won't wait for you to come  
God ain't knowing that you were born

Tossed in the tale of conformity  
We are monsters feeding insanity  
Awaiting death to set us free  
I'm your dirt and I'm your pain  
A circumstanging lack  
Trying to quest what is real

Do you really have a conscience?  
Do you have a soul inside?  
Can you really dig the power  
To be living dead inside?

Dead inside

Can you really scratch the surface  
Without knowing what we truly hide?  
Do you really have the tolerance  
To be living dead inside?

Dead inside

Another epilogue of providence  
Trust? Nevermore  
Awaiting death to shut the door

No god will come to care for you  
And won't reach out his hand  
'Cause God is dead

I fuel the day we are withering away  
And our newborn souls grow into decay  
Crying out what we couldn't say  
I'm your dirt and I'm your pain  
A circumstanging lack  
Learned to hide what should be said

Do we really have a conscience?  
Do we have a soul inside?  
Can you really dig the power  
To be living dead inside?

Dead inside

Can you really scratch the surface  
Without knowing what is deep inside?  
Do you really see the purpose  
That we're living in a dead lost time?  
Can you really dig the power  
Without knowing what we truly hide?  
Do you really doubt the evidence

That we are dead inside?

Dead inside

We are dead inside