

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 circumstancing 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 circumstancing 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