

Guilty By Association

Foreign Hands

It's always how it's been
Since the first breath
The flower that blooms damnation
Makes the world unfurl its pain
Separate the roots
Rip out the very core
Only to find that we're not different from you

Something must change for the sake of our future
And everyone we pass it down to
So we'll see
Who survives the forge of flames
So we will see
Who will make it out alive

Doused in gas
And strike the match
Burning and searing
Guilty by association
Up in smoke the harder I choke