

## Worn Down

GEL

Last fond look around this room  
Have an inkling it could be your tomb  
Perhaps this future could take a turn  
There is hope to be discerned

Betrayed, no brother of mine  
Family is law  
I am the crime

First moment we lock eyes, searching for the key to my demise

Betrayed, no brother of mine  
Family is law  
I am the crime

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Devoted to your pain  
In memory, a legacy stained  
Peeling through your lies  
Turn in deep  
A surprise

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Family is law  
I am the crime

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