

## Womb Of Vital Confinement

In Dying Arms

Look at what we have become  
Fuck you, you fucking slave  
something we cant manifest

Slave, fucking slave. You're a mother fucking slave

You see us as the antagonist?  
must you feel insecure?  
The walls that you once hibernated to for security  
have now become your asylum of captivity.

You're not the same  
can you feel me now?  
can you feed off my words fucking slave?