

Beyond Repair

Johnny Booth

We swam towards the net with no voice or call for grief

This cannot all be sustained in this wasteland
The mouths are stuffed and I have broke the souls of creation
Before our last breath
The blood will forget me
We're carelessly breeding
They can't forget that we won't last

We have the information
The rise of our deception
Resist infatuation of your gods and your countries
To be free
We soaked our eyes in blasphemy
To be free
We choked our hearts just to keep afloat

Awake the martyr
Upon the wings of this dissolution
We grew the creatures that formed from the war path
Our curse that these streets walk freely forget that
Rulers and rejects engage in a false act
But we give into this
We can't give into this

Let's be clear that I'm not here, that I'm not, that I'm not here, that I'm not here
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Wasting away the words, wasting the air we breathe
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We ran the masses 'til the waves ran dry, can it go on

This crisis we let happen, with every single action of hesitation
Don't feed the masses, don't feed the masses