

## 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 he  
re, 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 hesitati  
on  
Don't feed the masses, don't feed the masses