

## Mr. Grey

Johnny Booth

I will invoke  
My ability to not exist  
These riches are poison  
Says the melody  
Let your crooked parts embrace the earth  
My retinas have been peeled open  
To move forward you must look back

An empty corpse  
An empty promise  
The days stress this smoking gun bursts through my chest  
The only beauty is none conformity  
Fear leaders to silence - excess leads to death  
Existence, is blinded by sound is deafened by bright lights  
You point out all the ills within man, but never point within y  
ourself  
Your only concern is looking good on paper  
Life is not a gift  
It's a curse  
I'll drink my soul to death, to purge this discontent  
Before it kills me

I don't believe in religious idols  
I've placed my faith in humanity  
So pay your dues  
And make amends  
You owe us this in your blood  
Or I will carve you up

Forfeit, pick up sin and golden calf  
Forfeit, pick up sin and golden calf