

## Dark Sources

Pridelands

So diabolical, impossible to see  
We are a product of our mediocrity  
So what am I to you?  
Another name to scrape through the dirt

We stare right into the truth, 'cause the truth stares back  
We press the pills to our lips, let the weight detach  
(From the shoulders down)  
This spirit is tainting, my muscles constraining  
(Your encroaching cloud)  
Apathy, all-enravelling, all-encompassing

Want you to scratch me out, want you to cut me loose  
I'm hanging on for the pressure, waiting for the abuse  
Will you scratch me out, will you cut me loose?  
I've been clawing at your head but getting through to you is no  
use

And I, I've been holding my breath for a while now  
Knowing I've got to breathe this air, makes me sick  
To think the gun was in my hand  
It was in my hand

Want you to scratch me out, want you to cut me loose  
I'm hanging on for the pressure, waiting for it now  
I wanna feel the creaks of age come creeping  
Nobody steal my hurt from me

A necronomicon  
Oh sweet fragility  
A fraction of a second passes  
Feels like an eternity

And I, I've been holding my breath for a while now  
Knowing I've got to breathe this air, means I'm sick  
To death of it  
And oh, I've been holding my breath for a while now  
Knowing I've got to breathe this air and I'm sick  
To death of it

Scratch me out, cut me loose