

The Abyss

Prozak

Black ink is the blood of the misfit
It's current sweeping us through the struggle and turmoil
Of this desolate paradox otherwise known as - reality
Though we're bound together, we all must face the journey
Alone
Cradle to the grave, one and the same
Our lives outrace unchangeable in black ink

(Here in my life I'm drowning, lost inside)

(Here in my mind I'm dying all the time)