

I Don't Think We're In Kansas Anymore

The Last Ten Seconds of Life

My senses are torn from reality of all the loved ones dead around me, a baptism in glass, now I want to fucking know
What is divine, show me a sign, the blood is starting to thicken
All of the love and everything done and this is how I'm repaid
The lifeless eyes of my children and wife screaming that the fault is mine
Where are you now
Darkness falling my skins crawling out of reach with swollen hands
Broken and bled
Empty and dead
What a convention of lies and deception
Fury is consuming me
And I ask why and I ask for who
Disposal of the chosen few
Why
Hold on
Faith is your insignia, does devotion have your answers, false hope has left you lifeless, voices are all I hear
Where are you now
I am doomed
Why must I exist in this living Hell
Doomed
A story I wished I never lived to tell
Doomed
Lower them into the ground
Heads to the west, feet to the east
Ground
Hold on
Hold on