

## Creating The Abyss

Toxik

Ten thousand backs breaking in the sun  
Craving a freedom yet to be won  
Cry out to god for mercy  
Now dig!  
Dig! Dig!  
Dig! Dig!  
Dig! Dig!  
Goddamn you, dig!

How many centuries can this go on for?  
A dying population can't anymore  
The bottom's falling out

On and on and  
Generations come and go  
Denied a life that most of them will never know

It's over and over and over and over and over again  
We are creating  
Creating, creating  
Creating, creating

The abyss

Bright and yellow, hard and cold  
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled  
Heavy to get and light to hold  
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold  
Stolen and doled  
Spurned by young, but hung by old

On and on and generations come and go  
Denied a life that most of them will never know

It's over and over  
And over and over and over again  
We are creating  
Creating, creating  
Creating, creating