

Distorted Process

Enemy Logic

Follow to the end.
Rain, rain runs down your back, the scars are now exposed.
The cold sting of death approaches from the dark.
Your lesson's never learned, you make the same mistakes.
You're face to face with them, the captors of your soul.
What we feel is now this pain.
What we hear is now this truth.
If you cut us we will bleed.
A bleeding heart is what we will follow to the end.
Killing time is a stitch in your spine.
I see right through your daggered smiles.
Face to face and toe to toe, we'll fuck up your paradise.
We're back to the start, the start of what we've done.
Familiar pain in me is here 'til the end.
We'll live with our shame, the shame of what we've done.
You're face to face with them, the captors of your soul.
Push your backs against the wall.
Follow to the end.