

## Breathing from the Shallows

YOB

Where are you going with your greed?  
Sharpened razor's edge  
Burst at the seams  
Fit to be tied tried and defied  
There's no better time to die

Where are you going with your pride?  
Face made of iron  
Heart locked inside  
Take for granted where you were born  
For the air you breathe  
As if it was yours

Quiet desperation makes you want to scream  
With eyes like magnets  
Ambition like cancer  
Stomach like a drain  
Never content  
You can take enough to kill the pain

Imploded narcissus  
Creating the false prophets  
Grind teeth  
Shallow breath  
Strangled from the inside  
Man becomes the ghost of his own creations  
Until he learns to swallow  
This molten world of pain