

Dead Plains

Make Them Suffer

Above these fallow plains of salt and wires,
form the droplets that would land and dehydrate the soil.
And so sounds the song, with howls and shrieking;
A gift from this earth's keeper, uncontrollably weeping.

And I'm thinking that she must've forgotten where she left me last.
And it's starting to become a real problem, when I'm living in the

Dead Plains. It's a paradox.
Dead Plains. Her tears turn to salt.
Dead Plains. Now she cries for her friend, but it's the sadness
in her heart in which she's grown to depend.

Life is slipping, and it's starting to feel as if oxygen is thinning.
There goes the sound from where the clouds are,
so block your ears because her song is getting louder.
I guess she's getting closer, maybe she wanted some closure.
But she's left me in the

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Dead Plains. Now her tears turn to salt.
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in her heart in which she's grown to depend.

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Maybe she wanted some.

But she'll never let me out.
No, she'll never let me out.
Help somebody, anybody? Anybody?
No, she'll never let me out.

Guess I'm stuck living in the Dead Plains.