

To this point in life we've had no experience  
And it feels like we're smashed beyond recognition  
Bleak sections of thoughts a contrast to my hope  
This is a form of tribute to the world you're digging in

I see my enemy, not a good community.

Separated by filthy worms we're getting smaller and smaller  
And isolated as we're following the pilgrim path  
Fields and narrow valleys lay upon us with hate  
You're the cream of my dream and nothing can come between.

I see my enemy, not a good community.

Only death can come between us and the heavenly earth.  
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