

# Charmer

## This or the Apocalypse

End me like a sick dog. Lose my body in vain.  
Break my horses legs. Store me in a vase.  
Ill fight my way out by teeth.  
Wave the stampede on with a flag.  
While youve convinced yourself of your existence,  
As the only form of life,  
Bestowed beneath the gift of grace.If I fire it straight through you,  
My only hope is that it finds its way back to him.  
If I said you were the source,  
I only lied to displace myself from the blame.  
You have nothing to be proud of.  
If I fire it straight through you,  
My only hope is that it finds its way back to him.I didnt feel the hate like this.  
I cant find the words, I cant let it go.  
Oh God, I didnt feel the hate like this.We walk in amazement to the kill,  
Caught in its glory.  
We walk in amazement to the kill,  
As we are inert in our exalting awe.Im not the jury or the judge.  
I am the gallows and the noose.Ill fight my way out by teeth.  
Wave the stampede on with a flag,  
While youve convinced yourself of your existence,  
As the only form of life.

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