General Routine

Cripper

When I say something
To make you say something
In the end it's all
My faultAnd so I say nothing
So you say nothing
In the end there's nothing at allGeneral Routine
God from the machineYou ain't gonna fuck my brainYour hands in the open air
I'm to blame, but I don't care
Crush down heaven to the earth
This won't bring back your wasted yearsThey all served good and long and still
For sure they can't find peace until
We cut you and we see no blood
Come on, let's do it, fill the cupWhen I say something
To make you say something
In the end it's all
My faultAnd so I say nothing
So you say nothing
In the end there's nothing at allGeneral Routine
God from the machineA substitute for your own pain
We cut 'em all, but all in vain
The higher dose, the General
Were they bad things after allVictim
Faint-hearted schism
You are standing there, unbound
No rights, no left turn, nothing left to learnI don't want to make friends
I'm not here to please you
I don't want to play a game
All I want to do to you is what you did to meAnyway
You are bound in many ways
But when it comes to run away
You've got the speed and the drive
Of a goddamn trainWhen I say something
To make you say something
In the end
It's all my faultAnd so I say nothing
So you say nothing
In the end there's nothing at allGeneral Routine
Your god from the machine

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