

# 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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