

# Genesis (ft. Casey Crescenzo)

## Forgive Durden

This is the beginning and the end. The rise and the fall.  
Our gait will begin its saunter at the source, when the infant learns to crawl. Place your hand on mine.  
Untie your mind.  
Let your bloated brain balloon and float away.  
Wet the end of the thread.  
Thimble upon your index. Set the needle on its path,  
Bobbing up and down and past.  
Tears and seams all turn to one  
With every stitch and each spool spun. Feed the line through its eye.  
Draw it from the other side.  
Pull the strand to satisfy.  
The need to compose.  
The genetic map.  
The scientific gap.  
The detailed blueprints.  
Swept away under carpets. All we did was thread the eye  
Of the silver splinter.  
We simply planted the seed  
And nursed it through the winter. The rest is up to you and what you'll do. To learn and love and laugh  
Until the cycle circles back  
I'll just separate, weigh anchor, disengage  
Divide and disappear. And see you in the mirror. I'm a slave to the night. O the Scientist was the author and the  
architect.  
The angels were His ink slingers, His actors and actresses.  
His two purest talents were Ahrima and Nidria, two destined hearts,  
Bound by the same idea; the unrelenting constancy of love and hope  
Can rescue and restore you from any scope.  
In her, Ahrima confided his curbing frustration.  
His gifts had been exhausted.  
Oh, how they'd misused them.  
She averted his passion and eased his blood.  
And so he confessed it to her, he had fallen in love. A slave to your eyes.

Songwriters

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