

Your Demise

I.R. Fig

let your promise deflate,
As your children grow irate
With life, here inside, say goodbye
In time, you'll have to face up to this
Dying human race machine you prize,
Your demise...

Is such the pill to swallow
Echoed, your words ring hollow, still
You muster up some more lies
So hard to realize your fate
Through swollen, twisted, blinding eyes

Pushing the taste of you and I
Through every hole
Twist back your whole tomorrow
Can't count the daze inside the vein
That steel is crippling you now
Tomorrow you won't know your name
Breakdown and burn for all your worth
In time to finish your last word
In time you'll have to face up to this
Dying human race machine you prize
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