

Route 1

All Else Failed

Kneel DOWn!

want to get this over with..then stay down,avert my eyes,
because if I say a word,i cut my own throat
this plague contaminated everything...You,I,no exceptions
we reptiles crawl,this bitter taste of dirt..Wont Last
We'll both FUCKIN STARVE

I admit. I give in.

Guilty.end discussion.

if we build this up,we can tear it back down!
in one breath,one single word,the wrong word,
fucks everything back!
one man faces forward,as the other sits silent and still
we both lose.
one path,two directions,both end in seperation
we both lose,we both saw this coming
three things,three seperate things
what we want,what we need an what we get
this is what we get

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