

The Fault of the Flesh

Nevermore

"Sometimes bitterness is all you can hold on to,
and within the bitterness I realized my weakness" To see the fault of unrequited love
There is no truth, there is no purity, there is no love
Flesh is the weakness, flesh is the fault
We are embodiment of all the world's wrongs
No time to look back we are gone
No time to regret the seeds we've thrown away
Man is the parasite, man is the cause
We are destroyers and creators, our precious flaw
We are the architects of fate
We are impure for we burn all we berate
We are but flesh and flesh is the weakness
We are born of blood sinew and bone
We're all just spinning in this useless hole in time
On our way into the black unknown
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