

Source

The Duskfall

An empty stare, a stupid grin.
Sweating palms and cold within.
Delete past calculations, adapt to a brand new breed.
Sudden movements, the smell of caffeine Won't ever see me turning the other cheek, tooth for a tooth, I want
more than you lies.
Won't ever see me walking away, not forgiving, I won't admit that I'm wrong. Can't rid the disease, a need of
release, the source will pull you under.
Can't rid the disease, a need of release, or a way to end it. Twitching muscles, an aching head.
Brain hurting, unable to think straight.
A great future would have been, among the lost.
Among deceivers, like himself. Wont ever see me... Can't rid the disease...

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