

# Question B9

## Wide Eye Panic

?I don?t know what your former chain of command did to you to ruin a perfectly good career. I?m looking at your record and it?s exemplary up until this point??

No other way around it.

For the first time it seems the addiction is a velvet line.

No prayer for the moment.

Can account for my sins so I say fuck your collection plate.

Even with this in mind cast off all the obligations to the system of your failed sensory deprivation.

I am God should never be the cry.

God am I, only destined to die.

So I reach for my pouch instead.

The world looks so much clearer when my eyes are red.

Know all the means to progress.

This forward outlook could only be a velvet line.

Know your place in history.

Failure is a trait engraved in your DNA.

Even with this in mind cast off all the obligations to the system of your failed sensory deprivation.

I am God should never be the cry.

God am I, only destined to die.

So reach for the stars my friend.

The world seems so much clearer when your eyes are red.

I thought it could be real.

Your promise to me and.

I thought it could be real.

This promise proved me wrong.

Where does that leave me now but against the wall?

Hear where that leaves me now against the wall?

Suffer the burning that course through my vein, it?s as hot as an oven and slick as the rain.

Question the virtue of present and past.

But the outcome of time then will kill me at last.

I don?t want a messiah, there?s no easy answer.

Product of progress and human endeavor.

My head is still hazy, blurry from life.

So, fuck your sobriety cancer regime.

I won?t go without a fight, cause I question now  
benign.

Lyrics provided by  
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