Start Again

Deviates

Quests and questions.
Heretic emotions, the driving force.
The source of course, supports the foundation.
It seems it's a near miss and replaces uniqueness.
A patient patient is need of assistance.
He's right there and he's on his knees.
Yes, he's right there and he looks like me.
As he's begging and pleading,
he's wanting and needing a perfect picture that is ever fleeting.
A new temptation. I lack ambition.
Did you get the impression that I meant everything that I said?
My intentions are changing now (whose side are you on?),
My direction is changing now (Whose side are you on?),
my foundations are breaking. I'm breaking. I'll start again.
Close your eyes in an act of tradition.
Bow your head, a gesture of submission.
The truth can't hurt us, yet seems to allude us.
I won't bow so you call me a judas.
I'm right here and I'm on my feet.
Yes, they're right here standing next to me.
Condemned to a likeness, the ones who won't be missed, accepting me.
Casualties of the darkness.
My motivation has gone away.
I've met temptation, he knows my name,
and when you question my intentions you find I'm fueled by aggression.
I warn you, mind your direction or find you're looking in the face of patrons.
A mass cessation occurred today.
All common boundaries will fade away.
We'll fade away.
No compensation for the ones we've lost.
It's part of the equation. No justice. One law.
Accounted loss is a flaw in the system.
A human nation divided by text and denomination.
I wash my hands of this.

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