

# Create the Infinite

## Nevermore

Listen and I'll tell you the story of our end  
Equate the calculation, salvation's fucking dead  
Learn the lesson quickly  
The enemies of reality bring the sickness  
Of cleansing genius What are we but men without eyes?  
Swimming through the poison of design Create the infinite and expand the question  
Count to number seven  
Your day of rest creates infection, your imperfection What are we but men without eyes?  
Swimming through the poison of design The waves ran as the storm came  
The lightning in the distance signaled the coming crushing days  
The sky was brooding and beautiful  
And the gulls sailed like recycled fragile entities The waves bled as the storm changed  
In the cold embrace of the unknown  
Not even blood could bring us warmth There is no future shock  
There is no god  
There is no fashionable deliverance What are we but men without eyes?  
Swimming through the poison of design  
What are we but men without eyes?  
Swimming through the poison of design

Lyrics provided by

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