

False Projection

Carrier Flux

what crime is worth the signature - right
what lie is worth the sacrifice
of knowing you are true to yourself
of holding in a truce this our time in life I stand before the shell of memory
To force remembrance through mortality
I trust the hand that holds no life
In death we find demands -
trust in death seems our one true right In death we hold subjective memories
In life we make our name in forgery
What's it worth to live in mocked reality?
What's life if yours is form - indignity?

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