

# Eight Fingers Down, With This We Learn

Fear, life with interrogation  
Sorrow, is not the way to fight it  
Weakness, is not a virtue  
Shut out, the darkness lets the light in  
Waste, the vast human objective  
Statements, ambiguous decision  
Mask, what is making you unique  
Search, for what can kill the time you leak  
What if the world stopped turning?  
What if the stars stopped burning?  
Would you blame that on me or would you let it go?  
I know my vices, tell me what I don't know, elude  
Shame, as it unfold the story  
Frugal, the hidden sanctuary  
Wind, the clock before it will stop  
Stained, those memories that were lost  
I'm sick of all your protest  
I'm done with telling all these lies  
Complete the circuit that's interfering with my life  
The resurrection is the dark angelic form of life  
I'm claustrophobic from  
The truth that always seems to die