

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