

# Esqarial, Killing for Killing Time

Come for more you hungry one  
With drooped head you reach for more  
Eagerness to satisfy your primitive senses  
The stream of information turned into sea of madness  
Another turnpike in the no-man's-land

We're drowning in the absurd  
Trying to count what's simply surd  
With white gloves we touch the dirt  
Pleasant jingling works like lure

Wipe your screen dripping blood  
To see your turned in grimace face  
Cheap tricks to entertain us  
Fresh meat for brainless masses  
The closer is the precipice the more I quicken my pace

Neverending  
Message sending  
Without personality  
No chance for self defending  
Canned reality  
Artificial tears  
Vanity and greed  
Make the wish

I ask you 'where's the limit  
When can I forget about my pride.'  
Let the show begin killing for killing time  
Extorted taste, obedience  
Affected laughter lasts too long  
It's like a snake-charmer that makes us all dance to his song

Murder in prime time who's gonna resist  
Temptation of being beholder  
Watching through fingers yet public negation  
The weapon is humiliation  
You laugh at one's faults but your screen is the mirror  
Curiosity drives tide of the market  
Creates cast to another performance  
Boredom gives the chance of degeneration