

# Forgive Durden, Genesis

"Narrator"

This is the beginning and the end, The rise and the fall  
Our gait will begin it's saunter at the source, when the infant learns to crawl

"Ahrima"

Place your hand on mine  
Untie your mind

"O, The Scientist"

Let your bloated brain balloon and float away

"Ahrima"

Wet the end of the thread

"O The Scientist"

Thimble upon your index

"Ahrima & O the Scientist"

Set the needle on its path  
Bobbing up and down and past  
Tears and seams all turn to one  
With every stitch and each spool spun

"O The Scientist"

Feed the line through its eye

"Ahrima"

Draw it from the other side

"O The Scientist"

Pull the strand to satisfy

"Ahrima"

The need to compose

"O The Scientist"

The genetic map

"Ahrima"

The scientific gap

"O The Scientist"

The detailed blueprints

"Ahrima"

Swept away under carpets

"Ahrima & O The Scientist"

All we did was thread the eye  
Of the silver splinter  
We simply planted the seed  
And nursed it through the winter

"O The Scientist"

The rest is up to you to do with what you'll do

"Ahrima & O The Scientist"

To learn and love and laugh  
Until the cycle circles back  
I'll just separate, weigh anchor, disengage  
Divide and disappear, and see you in the mirror

"Ahrima"

I'm a slave to the sight

"Narrator"

O the Scientist was the author and the architect  
The angels were his ink slingers, his actors and actresses  
His two purest talents were Ahrima and Nidria, two destined hearts  
Bound by the same idea  
The unrelenting constancy of love and hope  
Can rescue and restore you from any scope

In her, Ahrima confided his curbing frustration  
His gifts had been exhausted  
Oh, how they'd misused them  
She averted his passion and eased his blood  
And so he confessed it to her, he had fallen in love

"Ahrima"

A slave to your eyes