

# Nevermore, Create The Infinite

Listen and I'll tell you the story of our end  
Equate the calculation, salvation's fucking dead  
Learn the lesson quickly  
The enemies of reality bring the sickness  
Of cleansing genius

What are we but men without eyes?  
Swimming through the poison of design

Create the infinite and expand the question  
Count to number seven  
Your day of rest creates infection, your imperfection

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The waves ran as the storm came  
The lightning in the distance signaled the coming crushing days  
The sky was brooding and beautiful  
And the gulls sailed like recycled fragile entities

The waves bled as the storm changed  
In the cold embrace of the unknown  
Not even blood could bring us warmth

There is no future shock  
There is no god  
There is no fashionable deliverance

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