

# Vehemence, By Your Bedside

The hands move painfully forward  
Time's progression reminds you of the limit of yours  
Every second another step  
Towards the answers to questions no one wants to ask

Kept alive by machines...  
Your life has been gone from the moment you knew  
Living half dead asleep  
This fragile shell finally overcome by life

The kids only know you're not well  
The last visit they kissed you and said goodbye  
They won't forget, and soon wonder  
Where it was you went, how can they see you again?

Kept alive by machines...  
Your life has been gone from the moment you knew  
Living half dead asleep  
This fragile shell finally overcome by life

By your bedside, you'll soon die

The machines won't save you, just look at your flesh  
Swollen, discolored, putrid  
You'll soon be dead

The hands move painfully forward  
Time's progression reminds you of the limit of yours  
Every second another step  
Towards the answers to questions no one wants to ask

As seconds melt into death  
We are relieved to not see pain on your face  
The hands have moved into the dark  
All lines are flat, and you have moved onward

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