

Detritus, Morbid Curiosity

What's death for you my friend?
The beginning or the end?
I see your nervousness, you're scared
Why's it wrong, I ask you now?
You tell me what you'll allow?
The fear that holds you weighs you down

Perfection, you strive to get
The only time you'll get there is when you're dead
Listen and you will see
Death's the only time you're truly free

The only certain thing in life is death
And the fact that everyone will taste its breath
The day that you will die draws ever near
Can you face it, without fear?

You'd like to tell me what to say
You'd like to hold my tongue
Keep those thoughts inside your head
But I'll talk until I'm done
Why can't you face reality, you might
Not see tomorrow
You know for me death's lost its sting
But will it cause you sorrow?

This is no morbid curiosity

My conversation makes you cringe
You turn and spit it out
Why do you always make a scene?
Why do you scream and shout?
Why can't you face reality
Society ignores?
Unconstructive criticism
Shutting open doors

This is no morbid curiosity

Why don't you listen?
Why are you scared?
Look at what you're missing!
Because you're not prepared, to...

Put all your life behind you
Stare at death in the face
Ignore societies excuses
Put them back in their place