

Grendel, Remnants

This condition, the volatile instincts
This curse, a burden we bare
For all the moments we love
And all the battles we wage
The atavistic traits,
Our frail condemned psyche

Convicts of virtue and convicts of vice
Convicts of death and the convicts of life
Convicts of darkness and convicts of light
Convicts of peace and the convicts of strife

Above the logic we see
Above the men we are
The remnants
The ghosts in the machine

Above the logic we are
Above the men we'll be
The remnants
The ghosts in the machine

This attrition, the verdict we're given
This curse, the affliction we need
For all the moments we love
And all the battles we wage
The atavistic traits,
Our frail condemned psyche