

# Nevermore, The Fault Of The Flesh

To see the fault of unrequited love  
There is no truth, there is no purity, there is no love

Flesh is the weakness, flesh is the fault  
We are embodiment of all the world's wrongs  
No time to look back, we are gone  
No time to regret the seeds we've thrown away

Man is a parasite, man is the cause  
We are destroyers and creators, our precious flaw  
We are the architects of fate  
We are impure for we burn all we berate

We are but flesh and flesh is the weakness  
We are born of blood sinew and bone  
We're all just spinning in this useless hole in time  
On our way into the black unknown

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(Solo by J. L.)

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