

Pipedown, Order

Follow us, reaching out of us,
to strain against determination.
Superfluous is our structure,
maintained by the predication.

We're so continuous.
Intent on the will, to follow us.
Intent on the will, to fall.

Bet out, wise so minimal,
to see the path that is laid.
The chaos, is a function of mind,
not on a realistic base.

We're so continuous.
Intent on the will, to follow us.
Intent on the will, to fall.

We turn on the world,
raise doubt for the gain.
We turn on the world and say.
Pay us, for the wasting of
time we invest in the pain.
So terrible, is the lie that
we master our own destiny.

We're so continuous.
Intent on the will,
demons bring us down.