

The Origin

Cripper

We all stop breathing in the end

Voyeurism is my definition
The scenery your amnesty
I have seen through the eyes of suffering before
But you are so enlightening

This my friend
Is the end
Of common and of sense

Fight
The origin
The pain that lives within

Unmask
The origin
Infinite source of suffering

Feed me with thee
Eyes of everything
I am the omniscient narrator of your little story
Come, see

Cheers my friend, here's to you, cheer 'em up
Why so serious?
Gotta get a move on
Ain't got all the time in the world
Now please

And that joke that was made, that was on you
Don't you wanna come dance with me?
I can hardly wait
Now watch that man

Still labelled human
But he's in my possession
Now
All choices consumed
Time to cross the final line