

Towards The End

Funeral

Abandoned empathy
Is this how life ought to be
A grander theory
Morality replaced with greed

Vice become virtue
And virtue unwise
Material fortune
Our souls where the price

Within the sands of time is stored the data of our
minds
Through the sands of time unfolds the tragedy of our
kind
From the cross to the stake, to the trepanning chair
Another cup of poison is swallowed in despair

In the dead of night comes the memories
I recall the things that they did to me

The art of torture has its origin in hell
In our basic nature, the mastery handled well
We have been created in the image of infinite pain
The path that lies behind us denotes the future as it
has been laid

To seek the truth
Is to swim in a sea of lies
To speak the truth
Is suicide in disguise

Cartesian reality
Truly caused by insanity
A cure for the disease
Remove what does not exist

In the dead of night they came for me
To remove the thoughts that they caused to be