

# The Option and the Poison

The Duskfall

A source of inspiration  
We're a lost generation  
We grew from lies into this  
And hangry mob with raised fists

Death of thousands  
Won't stop the harvest of mankind  
Death of Millions  
Won't make us brigther in our mind  
Selfishness is the option

We hope the sunrise to prove us wrong  
Truth is revealed with the darkness gone  
We flight amongst ourselves and alone  
Still singing the same old songs

Death of thousands  
Won't stop the harvest of mankind  
Death of Millions  
Won't make us brigther in our mind  
Selfishness is our poison

To keep us sane  
Give us pills, Give us thrills  
To keep us still  
Give us games, give us fame  
I wan't to change the code and our names  
And throw away our past right into the flames  
Give us pain

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