

Few and Far Between

Amoral

No more intentions smothered by consequence
Everything is moving insanely fast and the pace, it's increasing
Calm as I stare at what is in front of me
I feel compelled to the thoughts of leaning back and closing my eyes
Disorder all around us, yet I see nothing and the cure is spilled on your face
The panic all over us and this is all I feel while the cure is spilled
In spite of knowing that the wage is to get killed red-handed
I still shed my skin like you
And as everyone's gone beyond the point of being forgiven
We don't know about delusion into dismissal
Just the reek of guilt staining the walls
And that is the sight we don't want to see
A few more words about the filth of thoughts random
Hell yeah I think it's nothing more than an excuse since there is always another round coming up
Every single time
And we both know the truce is just for honing up the skills - you know it
I've never betrayed, lied and hated this much but you will
See I'm just trying to fucking core