General Routine

Cripper

When I say something
To make you say something
In the end it's all
My fault

And so I say nothing
So you say nothing
In the end there's nothing at all

General Routine
God from the machine

You ain't gonna fuck my brain

Your hands in the open air
I'm to blame, but I don't care
Crush down heaven to the earth
This won't bring back your wasted years

They all served good and long and still
For sure they can't find peace until
We cut you and we see no blood
Come on, let's do it, fill the cup

When I say something
To make you say something
In the end it's all
My fault

And so I say nothing
So you say nothing
In the end there's nothing at all

General Routine
God from the machine

A substitute for your own pain
We cut 'em all, but all in vain
The higher dose, the General
Were they bad things after all

Victim
Faint-hearted schism
You are standing there, unbound
No rights, no left turn, nothing left to learn

I don't want to make friends
I'm not here to please you
I don't want to play a game
All I want to do to you is what you did to me

Anyway
You are bound in many ways
But when it comes to run away
You've got the speed and the drive
Of a goddamn train

When I say something
To make you say something
In the end
It's all my fault

And so I say nothing
So you say nothing
In the end there's nothing at all

General Routine
Your god from the machine

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