

Knowledge Kills

Godhead

And as I crawl through the sewer of life
I feel the wall growing shards like a knife
No time to think as the suffering begins

The icy hand holds me close to the edge
I feel the wind as I'm pushed off the ledge
I know my mind will forever be enslaved

I don't really want to see
I don't
I don't really want to know
I don't

Before the sun kills my life and my soul
I travel down to the depths of my hole
I feel the breath of the world begin to change

I don't really want to see
I don't
I don't really want to know
I don't

I take the mud and the sand and the dirt
Rip off my skin before I feel the hurt
I turn to you as I watch your face explode

The more I know the more it kills me
The more I know the more it kills me
The more I know the more it kills me
The more I know the more it kills me