

# Reprogram

OmenXIII

All that you know, is at an end

Walk along the tight-rope, do it with my eyes closed, tip toe, dancing in limbo  
Gotta get it right though, I don't wanna die slow, Indo smoke hit my windows  
Movin' like a cyclone, remove the blindfold, windows feel like my kinfolk  
Mind of a psycho, body like a silo, info always stay crypto

Lookin' in the depths is like lookin' into yourself  
There's nothin' left, not the dark or the light, or the life or death  
I could never unsee the things that I've seen again  
And time again I feel distracted by things that I can't prevent

Now it's time for the death of traditions  
Play my position as the reaper, the teacher of quantum physics  
I just listen and observe all the minutes that they are spending  
While preventing the catastrophe from breaching through my mental

I don't need anything, anything, anything, anything, anything, anything  
I can want anything, anything, anything, anything, anything, anything  
I don't need anything, anything, anything, anything, anything, anything  
I can want anything, anything, anything, anything, anything, anything