

Source

The Duskfall

An empty stare, a stupid grin.
Sweating palms and cold within.
Delete past calculations, adapt to a brand new breed.
Sudden movements, the smell of caffeine

Won't ever see me turning the other cheek, tooth for a tooth, I
want more than you lies.
Won't ever see me walking away, not forgiving, I won't admit th
at I'm wrong.

Can't rid the disease, a need of release, the source will pull
you under.
Can't rid the disease, a need of release, or a way to end it.

Twitching muscles, an aching head.
Brain hurting, unable to think straight.
A great future would have been, among the lost.
Among deceivers, like himself.

Wont ever see me□

Can't rid the disease□