

Route 1

All Else Failed

Kneel down!
Want to get this over with, then stay down, avert my eyes,
Because if I say a word, I cut my own throat
This plague contaminated everything
You, I, no exceptions

We reptiles crawl, this bitter taste of dirt. Won't Last
We'll both fuckin' starve.
I give up. I accept.
Guilty. End discussion.

If we build this up, we can tear it back down!
In one breath, one single word, the wrong word,
Fucks everything back!
One man faces forward, as the other sits silent and still

We both lose.
One path, two directions, both end in separation
We both lose, we both saw this coming
Three things, three separate things

What we want, what we need and what we get
This is what we get