

The Verge

Amoral

Limitations in manners nailed deep within
Spreading as internal flood
This peak of knowledge and its corrosion
Has turned the survivors into their own victims

Constant progress in escaping alive
Is degradation of regret
By the time they would deviate
A state seen as an ill vision has become the essence

Discarding the future, discarding senses
Raising barriers in front of what's gone
Beyond a mental cliff lies the chance to be
By their own feet they'll fall

Every stride of a thought counts another clinch
Coming altered, not replaced
Harsh will be the sight at the center of atrocity
Where the edge eroded a long time ago

It's hard to attempt when you figure out you've vanished
The need to drop the flaws of nature
Hard to attempt when you figure out you've vanished
Cause of them vanquished

Dispose of the bleak trace
Prostration of humanity
Dispose of the trace

Fatal conduct the bait they're chasing
The eye of evolution strangling the blind
Incapable to discern themselves
Uncontrollable creation to reproduce in reach

It's hard to attempt when you figure out you've vanished
The need to drop the flaws of nature
Flaws of our nature