

# Dichotomy

## Becoming the Archetype

In this hour the tower shall fall!

And naturally they rationalized with fugal speculations.  
Worst part about their ultimate final calculations.  
They sowed their own eyes shut, to protect them from the light.  
Close the door way of their minds, barred and sealed it shut.

Yaaaaaaaaaaaaah!

Their foolish eyes were darkened, their vacant minds deceived.  
The lies that they exchanged for truth, began all that they believed.  
Exchange the anchor optional, for the image of falling.  
Watch the creature rather the creator, as heaven takes its final stand.

The heavens wait in silence, for the coming of the end.  
As man perfects his own imperfection, destruction closes in.

And  
The  
Grave they chose to make their beds.  
Now all that they've created comes crashing down.  
(Down down)  
Down upon their heads.  
Death  
Is waiting

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