

## Towards The End

### Funeral

Abandoned empathy  
Is this how life ought to be  
A grander theory  
Morality replaced with greed

Vice become virtue  
And virtue unwise  
Material fortune  
Our souls where the price

Within the sands of time is stored the data of our  
minds  
Through the sands of time unfolds the tragedy of our  
kind  
From the cross to the stake, to the trepanning chair  
Another cup of poison is swallowed in despair

In the dead of night comes the memories  
I recall the things that they did to me

The art of torture has its origin in hell  
In our basic nature, the mastery handled well  
We have been created in the image of infinite pain  
The path that lies behind us denotes the future as it  
has been laid

To seek the truth  
Is to swim in a sea of lies  
To speak the truth  
Is suicide in disguise

Cartesian reality  
Truly caused by insanity  
A cure for the disease  
Remove what does not exist

In the dead of night they came for me  
To remove the thoughts that they caused to be