

Create the Infinite

Nevermore

Listen and I'll tell you the story of our end
Equate the calculation, salvation's fucking dead
Learn the lesson quickly
The enemies of reality bring the sickness
Of cleansing genius

What are we but men without eyes?
Swimming through the poison of design

Create the infinite and expand the question
Count to number seven
Your day of rest creates infection, your imperfection

What are we but men without eyes?
Swimming through the poison of design

The waves ran as the storm came
The lightning in the distance signaled the coming crushing days
The sky was brooding and beautiful
And the gulls sailed like recycled fragile entities

The waves bled as the storm changed
In the cold embrace of the unknown
Not even blood could bring us warmth

There is no future shock
There is no god
There is no fashionable deliverance

What are we but men without eyes?
Swimming through the poison of design
What are we but men without eyes?
Swimming through the poison of design