

The Fault of the Flesh

Nevermore

To see the fault of unrequited love
There is no truth, there is no purity, there is no love

Flesh is the weakness, flesh is the fault
We are embodiment of all the world's wrongs
No time to look back, we are gone
No time to regret the seeds we've thrown away

Man is a parasite, man is the cause
We are destroyers and creators, our precious flaw
We are the architects of fate
We are impure for we burn all we berate

We are but flesh and flesh is the weakness
We are born of blood sinew and bone
We're all just spinning in this useless hole in time
On our way into the black unknown

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