

# Omega

Stone Sour

What a skeletal wreck of man this is

Translucent flesh and feeble bones  
The kind of temple where the whores and villians  
Try to tempt the holistic tomes

Running rampant with free thought to free form  
In the free and clear  
Where the matters at hand are shelled out like lint at a laundromat  
To sift and focus on the bigger, better, now

We all have a little sin than needs venting  
Virtues for the rending  
And laws and systems  
And stems are ripped from the branches of office  
Do you know what your post entails?

Do you serve a purpose?  
Or purposely serve?

Lying down inside of your adavistic galore  
The value of a Summer spent  
And a Winter earned

For the rest of us there is always Sunday.  
The day of the week that reeks of rest  
But all we do is catch out breaths  
So we can wade naked into the bloody pool  
And place our hand on the big black book.

To watch the knives zig-zag between our aching fingers.

A vacation is a count-down  
T-minus your life and counting  
Time to drag your tongue across the sugar-cube  
And hope you get a taste

What the fuck is all this for?! (What the hell is goin' on?!)  
Shut up!!

I could go on and on, but, lets move on shall we?

Say, you're me and I'm you  
And they all watch the things we do  
And like a smack of spite  
They threw me down the stairs  
Haven't felt like this in years  
The great magnet of malicious magnanimous refuse  
Let me go and  
Plunge me into the dead spot again.

Thats where you go when theres' no one else around  
It's just you  
And there was never anyone to begin with now was there?

Sanctomonious pretentious dasterdly bastards  
With their thumb on the pulse

And a finger on the trigger

Classified my ass! that's a fucking secret and you know it!

Government is another way to say  
Better  
Than  
You.

It's like ice but no pick  
A murder charge that won't stick  
It's like a whole other world  
Where you can smell the food  
But you can't touch the silverware

Hah, what luck  
Fascism you can vote for  
Isn't that sweet

And we're all gonna die some day  
Because that's the American way  
And I've drunk too much  
And said too little  
When your gaffer taped in the middle  
Say a prayer, save face  
Get yourself together and (see what's happening)  
Shut up! (fuck you!)  
Fuck you!

I'm sorry, I could go on and on but  
It's time to move on, so

Remember your a wreck, an accident  
Forget the freak, your just nature

Keep the gun oiled and the temple clean  
Shit, snort and blaspheme  
Let the heads cool and the engine run

Because in the end,  
Everything we do  
Is just everything we've done.