

come -- get your hands on me
get your hands on me now
come -- start the amputee
why should i disallow

i am the cobblestone
you got your vitals from
gut us to the bone

take all that you need
we're bearing your greed

it's our fate to be a vampire
for the end of time
and we cry -- and we cry
when humanity dies

it's our fate to be the truth
in a world full of lies
and we cry -- and we cry
when the honest ones die

come -- spread apologies
renege your promises
try to make me believe
in all this nothingness

i am the part of us
that causes cancer
we are the cosmic dust

the world's still turning and the shades are growing fast
everyone is in a rush -- how long will all things last
please tell me ...

in our hands we carry money like a newborn child
we think we are civilized but we're still in the wild
for the end of time