

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