

Cog

"Apollo 1: The Writing Writer"

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In these words that crash my ears
I now stomach this in fear
With my turn I gathered name as the bastards son
Who by fire I would come
Through these wires I must cut
Atop this tower of loss and lust

I'll gravitate towards you
I will in the now. Hate you

I'll make you wish you hadn't burned our time before
I'll live through this in a manner
Cursed at my own accord

If my shame spills our worth across this floor
Then tonight, goodnight... I'm burning Star IV
Only I don't even think of you
No I don't want to think of you anymore
Goodnight, tonight, goodbye (Repeat)

In my presence you might wake
Through this fiction I must fake
Your death to grace the face of my character
With these lessons he might learn
That all the worlds from here must burn
For as God demands in the end we miss

I don't want to go

So come on bitch, why aren't you laughing now?
You left me here to fend on my own
So cry on bitch, why aren't you laughing now?

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