

Esqarial

"Killing For Killing Time"

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Come for more you hungry one
With drooped head you reach for more
Eagerness to satisfy your primitive senses
The stream of information turned into sea of madness
Another turnpike in the no-man's-land

We're drowning in the absurd
Trying to count what's simply surd
With white gloves we touch the dirt
Pleasant jingling works like lure

Wipe your screen dripping blood
To see your turned in grimace face
Cheap tricks to entertain us
Fresh meat for brainless masses
The closer is the precipice the more I quicken my pace

Neverending
Message sending
Without personality
No chance for self defending
Canned reality

Artificial tears
Vanity and greed
Make the wish

I ask you 'where's the limit
When can I forget about my pride.'
Let the show begin killing for killing time
Extorted taste, obedience
Affected laughter lasts too long
It's like a snake-charmer that makes us all dance to his
song

Murder in prime time who's gonna resist
Temptation of being beholder
Watching through fingers yet public negation
The weapon is humiliation
You laugh at one's faults but your screen is the mirror
Curiosity drives tide of the market
Creates cast to another performance

Boredom gives the chance of degeneration

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