

Byzantine "Pattern Recognition"

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Hunger for what's not there, eyeless congregation
Blessed be unto for their hearts are true
Submitting to the stimuli, a pure psychic secretion
For their souls are empty
Bleeding out the will of humanity

Can you hear the tolling of the bell?
The masses salivate

Neurons fire with desire to quench intangible needs
Supplant the seed, learn the machine
When two entities commonly occur close together
The appearance of one shall forever bring to mind the
other

Can you hear the tolling of the bell?
Infecting the insane

"Don't become a mere recorder of facts, but try to
penetrate the mystery of their origin.
Perfect as the wing of a bird might be, it will never
enable the bird to fly if unsupported by the air.
Facts are the heir of science.
Without them a man of science can never rise"
[Ivan Pavlov]

[Solo Tony]

Pinpoint your soul
I'll swallow it
What will be left behind
Nothing but a body cold

Pinpoint your fears
I'll wallow in them
What is now left behind
Noting but a body cold

Can you hear the tolling of the bell?
The masses salivate
Can you hear the tolling of the bell?
Infecting the insane

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