

## Once Nothing

### "North carolina"

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This is the final curtain call; harvest these fields.  
The composer is playing the finale.  
Arms wide open,  
Take me home,  
Collect what's yours.  
This is what I've been waiting for.  
I don't desire.  
I don't want.  
Recite, recite, recite...sing it again.  
I don't want the blood of Adam,  
But that is my curse.  
The second hand is a hammer,  
The hour won't pass you by.  
Resurrect.  
This is reckoning.  
The slaying of injustice.  
Jesus, whenever you are ready.  
Come and take me home.  
Welcome the apocalypse!

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