

Rigor Sardonicous

"Prototype"

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Just a thought
To add suspense
To all the games
Of discontent.

Fear is real
But not self-taught
You let others
Be the cause.

There we go racing towards the sun,
Ignoring all the noise,
Striving for the grace of man.
People play this great charade,
And always miss the point.
Never fall for prophecies.

You say it draws near,
That it will be clear.
You act so convinced,
A fortress you've built.
Remember the doubt
By which I now stand.
You write the book
On the way it all ends.

Tear down
Those mighty walls.
Reinvent
The way you talk.

Look ahead,
Now down below,
Or high above,
Where angels flow. There we go racing towards the
sun,
Ignoring all the noise,
Striving for the grace of man.
People play this great charade,
And always miss the point.
Never fall for prophecies.

Waiting to see
Our kind disagree.
You draw the line
And stick to your pride.
Remember the doubt
By which I now stand.
You write the book
On the way...

It ends.

(Guitar solos)

You say it draws near
That it will be clear.
You act so convinced,
A fortress you've built.
Remember the doubt
By which I now stand.
You wrote the book
On the way it all ends.

It ends.

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