

The Age Of Rockets

"Thank You, Pain"

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So, lowly criminal, please tell me, how do you plead?
Now, honorable judges, ladies, gentlemen of the jury,
Please allow me to present my case...
Ha! What case can you possibly present,
To rip a man from his family, faith and friends?
Defense?
Listen before you convict, you see, I never did intend to
ruin anything!
Intent is a guilty conscience's white flag against pride,
So I find you guilty of the crimes.

I know, although, I don't believe, it's not only my
afterlife I bereave.
Appeals will be denied!

The line of duty calls for an enforcement of laws, so
you're our property now.
Intelligence has failed you somehow.
Oh, what a shame that you play this game!

Through senses, what can we explain?
Not joy, not guilt, not pain.
Is love the same?
This senseless argument in vain erodes my sense of
shame.
Who's to blame?

Thank you, Pain! (for crippling my body)
God bless suffering!
Thank you, Pain! (for freeing my brain)
For preventing me from returning to the source again.

So shall it be!
Now do you see the error of your ways?
Of rats and men you speak, standing up tall but you are
weak.
A smiling thief.
We are all murderers, you see, but you let taboo
human chemistry blind your needs.
Love is greed!
Logic won't concede.

Think about the statistics you feed.
Think before you plead.

Through senses, what can we explain?
Not joy, not guilt, not pain.
Is love the same?
This relentless argument in vain erodes my sense of
shame.
Who's to blame?

Thank you, Pain! (for crippling my body)
God bless suffering!
Thank you, Pain! (for freeing my brain)
For preventing me from returning to the source again.

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