

## The Duhks

### "Source"

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An empty stare, a stupid grin.  
Sweating palms and cold within.  
Delete past calculations, adapt to a brand new breed.  
Sudden movements, the smell of caffeine

Won't ever see me turning the other cheek, tooth for a  
tooth, I want more than you lies.  
Won't ever see me walking away, not forgiving, I won't  
admit that I'm wrong.

Can't rid the disease, a need of release, the source will  
pull you under.  
Can't rid the disease, a need of release, or a way to  
end it.

Twitching muscles, an aching head.  
Brain hurting, unable to think straight.  
A great future would have been, among the lost.  
Among deceivers, like himself.

Wont ever see me...

Can't rid the disease...

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