

## **This Or The Apocalypse "The Polymath"**

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In conduits we drift apart  
There is vastness within an all around us

Though we may deny ourselves the thought  
That this was something real  
I can finally say that I'm not dead yet  
There are no chains  
As tight as the search for something real  
How they burn the skin of the vehement

Both last known bodies of matter, drifting into  
themselves  
We're caught in the teeth of our temper  
We are what we consume

You create what you are [x2]

Appeal, on which the ground you stand  
Appeal, in the throes of death  
Appeal, in a delirium of sleep  
Appeal, for our strength is gone

Spoken by a man unbound  
Taught beneath the hands in shackles

It has invited a scourge  
What makes you think you give of anything at all?  
The killer hides his face  
The stoic waits his turn  
We all had our chance

Both last known bodies of matter, drifting into  
themselves  
We're caught in the teeth of our temper  
We are what we consume

You create what you are [x2]

Apparitions show themselves deep within ruminative  
voice  
It is man himself who speaks at length of wars that go  
unnoticed

And it is truly all you have [x2]

No blueprints

And it is truly all you have

No warning

And it is truly all you have

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