

## Duskfall, The "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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