

The Duskfall "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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