

## The Gamits "Spec"

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All things come to an end. Most before they begin.  
Just like s.i.d.'s and all the tragedies, I know I'm just  
another spec.  
Are we all terminal? Have we no choice at all?  
It's not so bad to be insignificant when everyone else is  
too.  
I take comfort while the rest run for answers.  
Every second of the day is one more for you to waste.  
I can't tell if you have any free will left or if you're just  
another slave.  
Keeping in mind I don't have all the answers.  
I don't believe in any of your monsters.  
I am my worst enemy. Am I just anatomy?  
Every myth you heard before, I could tell you even  
more.  
I don't need a reason to love my fellow man, and I know  
that I'm not alone.  
We're just tadpoles in a pond. We'll dry up and turn to  
dust.

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another spec.  
Keeping in mind I don't have all the answers.  
I don't believe in any of your masters.

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