

# The Abolition of Man

Thrice

Wake up everyone! It's not too late  
To save the remnants of our hearts,  
So stop giving up our last shot at love,  
Our only chance to find the meaning of  
The beat beneath the blood

We laugh at honor and are shocked when  
We find knives in our backs  
We follow those who cheat and steal  
Look in my eyes, you won't find your way back  
Our only compass smashed under our own heels  
Reason abandoned to appetites and addicts arms  
Shotguns and silence have always been the best of charms

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Our only compass smashed under our own heels, under our iron wi  
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The abolition of man is within the reach of science  
But are we so far gone that we'll try it?