

Utter Descension

Trillium

Elusive in the deepest acts of taking
Conducive to the horrid act of breaking
Bending the laws to your every whim
I cannot win...
Productive in the fakest indignation
Seductive in the foulest fornication
Sending the cause into torrid sin
I cannot win...
But why would I give in to give up?

Run to put it out
Extinguish this world on fire
Once we're going down
We'll all languish in the mire
Can we put it out?
We've all grown so very tired
We're too late
Heart rate is critical

Recessive in a sea of domination
Depressive by the means of resignation
Lending the awes to the fires within
I cannot win...
Elective is the course of action's sermon
Selective is the process to determine
Tending with gauze all the wounds of the din
I cannot win...
So why should I give in to give up?

Run to put it out
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We're falling down into utter descension
We spiral round into utter descension
Hope goes to ground, into utter descension
We're falling down...