

Graphite Will Grovel

The last collectable collective notion before the poison kicked in:  
History loves it  
Graphite Will Grovel

The last collectable collective notion before the poison kicked in:  
History loves it's leaders. History loves when you coddle it's children.  
Achy-breaky.  
Father, you're a natural. A walking dead man documentary.  
Your victims and your friends all followed you here.  
They were all the same, and they became a part of you.

Wait a minute before we leave, cause I've got something to tell you.  
Wait a minute before we leave, cause I've got something to show you.  
Wait a minute before we leave, cause I've got something to ask you.  
Wait a minute before we leave. Are we really escaping?

Every day I need things.  
We'll erase you, Mr. Jones.  
I'm a link in your chain.  
We'll enslave you, Mr. Jones.

Every little thought I ever knew is being shaved away.  
Every ounce of our humanity is mixed in flavor-aide.

We are pencil. You are ink.  
Graphite will grovel. History loves when you eat kids.  
Extract the weak genes.

Tom Jones, Jim Jones, Grace Jones, Indiana Jones

Did you notice all the children dying? Did you notice all the failed escape?  
Do you remember what the battle was? Lastly, have you won or have you lost?  
Did you panic when it all came down? Were you attempting to preserve the crown?  
In the end, was it only you around and the others didn't matter?  
Or did the weaker links snap you like a pen? The ink has been splattered.

Wait a minute before we leave, because I'm having some second thoughts.

\*this song is a tribute to the victims of the Jonestown Massacre, and/or similar tragedies.

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(lyrics: RoMak/music: Tleilax, RoMak, Shechet)