

Chemlab, Rivethead

shooting blanks relentless pitchblade- microwave and the old collision
out of order everything just turns to drool and white-hot indecision the
pages burn the stomach churns the cycle turns lose your peace lose your
mind crack the eggshell to escape the total trauma suicide deadline-
Going Out of My Head!- lying on back in the dark listening to the hum of
the machine tricked up wound up wound up trying to break your dreams the
watcher seeker hunting out with a hungry eye the destroyer needs to feed
it's hard to find the door the lock when your whole life is out of key-
Going Out of My Head!- want to slip that needle in want to smell those
fumes again want to beat those skins again but there's something wrong
there's something wrong- Going Out of My Head!