

# Damiera, I Am Pulse

Call this anaerobic example in line with a perfect lie  
Adjust the skin to fit us over  
The truth of our rotten foundation  
Yes I'm exciting and now both of my hands  
They are free and clear  
We touched a soul-less spot that was in me  
It caused a collapse  
As we drift away  
I'm ecstatic in my celebration  
Welling up from a lasting decay  
That's failing  
Now backing us up to the edge  
Falling renders me alleviated  
And it stuck with me while we approached the ground  
Carving an edge into our softer side  
Burning our bridges down  
Clipping our wings now  
We're falling down this burden  
At no loss we're at, no loss as we lay separated  
Honesty left in a hurry  
Without giving chase our latency is what disturbs me  
backing us up to the edge  
Falling renders me alleviated  
And it stuck with me while we approached the ground  
Carving an edge into our softer side  
Burning our bridges down  
Clipping our wings now  
We're falling down this burden  
At no loss, we're at loss as we stay separated