

None More Black, The Ratio Of People To Cake

Too much.

Way too much to bleed.

The red light's gone and ruined everything...

the broadcast and the last 30:00:00 of my world.

Poison dropped in bloodline.

The walk home might be dizzy for the time being,

but being's only better when it's on.

Wish someone would lend an ear.

Tell me something. Tell me not to care.

(The problem is) I'm not gonna let it go

'cause someone says to "let it go."

What a fine way to spend my everydays.

All the time.

Ear pop follows decline.

Failure is thematic all the time.

It's cornered and pinned against the ceiling every night.

Forcing me to sleep on my side.

It hurts, and it's just the beginning.