

Pulse Ultra, Slip in Sin

I feel like something has
come to take me way
I feel like something has
done away with me
I am your victim
Feels like you're using me as prey
Lights getting dim
Feels like you're causing me to pay
Patience, conscience
Slowly slip in sin
I can't handle
Living freely in manufactured lives
I can't handle
My face has been molded by defeat
I can't handle
More lies breeding hatred in disguise

Maybe if I cared then you would sense my grief
I'm so washed over that nothing penetrates
Can't cut the strings
Feels like I'm rotting at the core
Stepped out of rhythm
And now it's causing me to pay

Patience, conscience
Slowly slip in sin
I can't handle
My face has been molded by defeat
I can't handle
more lies breeding hatred indisguise

Expiring in bitterness

Patience, conscience
Slowly slip in sin
I can't handle
Living freely in manufactured lives
I can't handle
My face has been molded by defeat
I can't handle
more lies breeding hatred indisguise