

Pure Reason Revolution, Bullits Domin?

Give me a rest, this all confirms my paranoia
I need some thoughts, just gather some thoughts & feelings
God, my brain distorts, pictures, then rearranges
Slowly, surely, new meanings will come as everything arranges

She gives them a test on all the times that I've made trouble
Her friends, she talks, just gathers her thoughts, the meeting's off
She drains, assorts, stricture and disarrangement
Slowly, surely, new feelings will come as everything arranges

Bullitts domin?
Feel the calm forever
Bullitts domin?
She walks steady to the shore
Bullitts domin?
Feel the calm forever
Bullitts domin?
She walks steady to the shore
Bullitts domin?

And as I ask them the same, I feel insistent
Everyone's falling, sun-suicide's optimal
And as I ask them inside everlasting, the ionospheres collided!
Everyone's falling, sun-suicide's optimal

She gives, manifests, and all the while impressed, she follows
And leaves unexpressed, just gathers the flaws, but I'm weary
From the same discourse, richer from the old strangers
Slowly, surely new meanings will come as everything arranges

Bullitts domin? Flare!