

# 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!