

Superjoint Ritual, Everyone Hates Everyone

Mind is a freeze
From me
From you
From shock
There is no sanctuary
You want to do this right now
Your blank look tells me
You're not too thrilled at all
To stand here face to face with me
You want to stab at me right now
Not tomorrow
'Cause there's a fine line
Between me and them
Call it a rift

I can't look you in the eye
Without just crying/laughing
I speak with death-threat tone
You and yours want to make a name
Pack it up and move on
Right now
Not tomorrow
'Cause there's a fine line
Between me and them...
Call it a...

I will decide

There's pressure
Revolving
Absorbing
Unloading
Depreciated
Step on the foot of excelcier
A net in the womb of the aftermath
The problem ahead is that fine line
That keeps us apart
A fence there in the middle
Keeps us apart again