

A Split Second, Neurobeat

Candid impression
Obscure obscurities
Apologetically turning away
The awkward stream of thoughts
Hallucination sedatives,
The burden of reset
Supermarket sentiments
I never tried to wipe away the tears
Intensified conclusions
There is no turning back
The charcoal breath of age has stained my face
Salivating, now aroused
The feelings once oppressed
Crumbling in the emptiness
In darkness I want to see you fall

Intense movement
Proffering glycerine hopes
Your hands obstruct the words
I want to stay
Neurobeat
Neurobeat
Neurobeat
Neurobeat
I wanna see you fall