

# 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