

Acumen Nation, Acumen Trepanation

Nothing left to be scared of
Nothing more to be scarred from, right? That's right
No more left to withstand
But I'm bored with the wrist to the hand. So sad, so sad
No one left to abuse you
Already lost in vein your rights? No rights
I've got an idea how to
Can't believe this is all there is. I know, I know
So I have to assume that no one's leaving this room alive, or at least unaltered

Ultra-personal prophecy
Auto-surgical destiny
Take me home

I think I'm ready to undress
Already skinned from all the stress
All my instruments in a row
These aren't for melodies, I know
I've got the attitude
Now please just leave the room
I cannot bear another day without a cure
This is the only cure that I can find
For all the inner violence
For my desire
For all the horror
In my mind...

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