

Arsonists Get All The Girls, The 42nd Ego

Freeze frame aperture
Tells me of my singular
Virus to the world
We came for you and you alone
Projects seize to fear
Stories of faith melt with the day
Choke
I'll imagine toxic shock
Therapy in my better dreams
But this place
Grows weary of the looks of me
A beautiful encounter
With the lotus tree
I can feel my thoughts
Wretched from me
Hung to bleed from
The new world marquee
A thrifty gamble
I'll take advantage from here
Let the fools think
I hold nothing dear
I've only got this
My last relation to
This fucking rock
This lucid sphere
A weakness has held
Onto the last fabric
I tear at it madly in fit of
Fury forced earthward
A battle of closely held secrets
For a weakness opposed
Holds one to a blistered degree
I've been predisposed
Only in the bloodline
Is this terror exposed
A knife to the eye
Of modern day times
Exactly what you've worked for
A price for the pride
I can feel the distance coming
The holes in my lungs
Won't let me take this anymore
Only in the bloodline
Is this terror exposed
A knife to the eye
Of modern day times
Exactly what you've worked for