

# Automorrow, Pulse

When I met her on the street haphazardly juggling jigsaw pieces  
This femme fatale she must have moved my heart with Telekinesis  
Wearing dark clothes and glasses using her mind and moves alone  
I was shanghaied almost instantly to a place I'd never known  
Where my whereabouts and my care-about were soon inconsequential  
and only the pleasure I spied inside of here pupils was essential  
to this increase in speed of my heart beat I was given no mind  
what is a beat on any drum except for passing time

My heart beats  
But one in 6 billion  
My heart beats  
For more of this feeling  
My heart beats  
My heart beats

When I came to myself was not the self that I knew  
Beneath two shifting sunken eyes there was an emptiness that grew  
As if I'd gambled everyday and forgot the aftermath  
As if mistakes that I had made and made mistakes on my behalf

Where would I go  
Without It