

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