

Drist, Decontrol

This is a final sign, of what we cannot take
You forced a bitter end to this story
The walls are closing down, to this place we live
Say your last goodbye
Not to me, cause
This seperation will explode

A starry sea, awakening
A fascination with this old style sense of right and wrong
Whats wrong with me
Its hard to speak
When it's all about the way we hold a gun at our own mouths

A fatal blinding sight,
Its the price I pay
For looking through the sun, for a change
The walls are closing down, and eventually
Say your last goodbye
We see,
This seperation will explode

A starry sea, awakening
A fascination with this old style sense of right and wrong
Whats wrong with me,
Its hard to speak,
When it's all about the way we hold a gun at our own mouths

This seperation will explode

A starry sea, awakening
A fascination with this old style sense of right and wrong
Whats wrong with me
Its hard to speak
When it's all about the way we hold a gun at our own mouths

At our own mouths