

Park, Kill Collapse

Under weight from this collapse, and thoughts I knew I'd always had the
Mouth to pour, the pen to kill, the papier-mch, the mold you made from
Me, dig the needle into the skin, close your eyes and try to find a door to
This room you're locked into to.

(what's set in motion, won't be left behind, what's set in motion)
Hiding inside, letting your self slip by, hiding inside, why do I even try!

These pills are not the answer, just pink mausoleums, just begging me so
bad to swallow them whole, all this means is I've worked myself in circles,
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So if you want to take this drug with me, I have no problem that, just remember
One thing, cough me up and breath me right back in again, theres no telling how many
Times I can take that sort of thing, its like ball point pen pressed on the paper
Trying to savour its last few minutes of clarity, clarity killed the machine!

Hold tight, all hands on deck, throw the mast out from the wreck,
we've lost one to the nets.
(running any where, running every thing, I can't believe what you just said)
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