

Paulson, What Are You

I want to know if we're armed with what we need.
Is what we need what I want to know?
Chances are the catacombs are not as dark.
Still I want to know if we're armed to the teeth with grades that won't stop rising.

We joined the hearts running from the start.
A blinking light was on.
We built the blocks running from the start.

The ancient fade from white to cream, and cream to spoil.
Still I want to know if we're so armed and filled with destiny, why's it feel so wrong?

So what are you waiting for?
The truth is running under you.
The drive is right in front of you.
The readers judge from over you.
The end is locked inside of you.