

Pipedown, Voids

Iconoclast we past that fist away.
Iconoclasting until we reach ourselves.
Motivations, beyond control,
another victim of victim patholdogy.
Aberrations, dissociate,
is what we seek, a new necessity.
Innovation, isolation,
starving on my own complacency.
Obligation, deposable,
cerebellum drowns and makes me want to say wow!

Deadened feeling haunting.
Hand and hand we fall away.
Jealousy and misery for most my life
and do I still feel the same.
Jealousy and misery for most
my time do I want to see the flame?

Aggravation, beyond control,
a cinder sparking deep inside of me.
Expectation, hibernation,
emotions spilling down below capacity.
Suffocation, meditation,
seeking voiding dark surrounding me.
Mutlacion, provocation,
building inside of me,
it makes me want to say wow!

Now waiting fading, falling, falling,
past the light. Until we fade away.
Called to action, mental faction,
my war my past, my mental faction.
And 2 become 1 , and we died.