

Pulse Ultra, Glass Door

Suspended in nothing too dramatic
Leads me wanting dissonance
My fulfillment is often sporadic
Trying to hit my resonance

Nothing is yours
Nothing is mine
Nothing is mine
Nothing is yours

Nothing is yours
Don't get so caught up with all
Owning that stores all your vibes
Inside this glass door

Depression sets in like a neighbor unwanted
You can't refuse cause it's not your house
Once you stop buying discover the haunted void
That you fill in with material malice

Nothing's set in stone for the fearful
Nothing's set; your life is rented
So burn all the shit you own