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