

Simon Says, Nucleus

A silent tension hovers up above me.
Empty stares become communication.
Perception is that tones define the mood.
Guilty feeling overwhelms me.
Responsible for their convictions.
Is it me or have I become the scapegoat.
Here we go again.
In circles there's no end.
The brittle finds his wall and rests his body.
The outspoken will take advantage quick.
Back and forth and forth and back,
They chip away at their foundation.
Scares me into finally speaking up.
Here we go again.
In circles there's no end.
Quickest one to ten.
No one ever wins.
Here we go again.
In circles there's no end.
Quickest one to ten.
No one ever wins.