

The Darlings, Process

There's something wrong today
I can't seem to find a place in this
Social circles they spin out of control
just closing all the doors around me
the fun never ends
the fun never ends
There's someone else at the wheel tonight I'm not myself
don't know how long I can hold back this stranger
things aren't the way they seem to be
It's not what it seems to be
Got drunk in New Orleans
all alone in the cemetery again
Black magic maze and a moonless night sky
So over personalities
I long to end their games
I long to end their playground their temple
There's someone else at the wheel tonight I'm not myself
don't know how long I can hold back this stranger
before he rises to kill it all away
kill it all away
This dark imagination
gets worse as the days go by
New chapters written in the night
Oh these eyes can deceive you
just pay no attention to the man behind the curtain