

Versus The Mirror, Great White Zombie

I could see the souls seeping through the stones on the horizon
On the horizon

My movements are drapes in a state of the art
Your emotions lack the face I value in my state of the art

The oaks are over and the forest is now the shoulder
Of all uncontrollable monotony
I pity you who know nothing
While I walk softer than this city

My movements are drapes in a state of the art
Your emotions lack the face I value in my state of the art

Keep in mind there is no such thing as awkward silence
When you're talking to yourself
Won't you keep in mind there is no such thing as awkward silence
When you're talking to yourself