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