

Vision Of Disorder, Excess

Something's stuck inside my head
You know I never really heard of a thing called time
Cause excess has made me reckless
I don't give a fuck about your dawn cause
yeah
Some day I will lay here as your children play
Above my head, I hear your feet above my head
Cause you can't hide
From the side
That left you high
Moderation; what a notion
A waste of time in the face of indulgence
Excess is always best
I'll stick it in your vein
Sometimes these chains they do claim
But something's got me coming back for more
Gripping, tearing
Pulling at the walls of that vanity
Melting, pounding
Change inside you
Bleeding, crawling
Scratching out the path beneath your feet
Consist, constrict
But something's got me going down this land
This lane.
Fade away
Cause of this excess
I've been left in a state of delirium