

Saturnine

Arsonists Get All The Girls

In sepia tone I rush through these closed doors
Botching every attempt I make to keep wheezing
Time gnawing at my ankles through the sinew
With frantic eyes I pose a turbulent threat
All at once you're spreading disease
Infecting everyone that comes in contact
I was sleeping before any of this even happened
The ebb and flow has pasteurized this blood of mine
Panic rushes through sentient thoughts of fight or flee
I can offer no aid but the hand that strangled me
My eyes lead me to possible escape
Intercepted by a figure with a mirror head engaged
Opening his mouth I came to hear him speak
I see you have had an encounter with- It's tearing me to pieces
Keep it together- The pressure is crushing me
Don't stop breathing- Nerve endings are screaming
There's no antidote for this ailment
No end to potential perpetual chaos
Your world of black and white has never seemed so small
No end to potential perpetual chaos
Quickly now we haven't time for utter mundane thought process