

The Ectopic Stroll

Between the Buried and Me

Sit down please. Sir, what is your woe?
My thousand year old wisdom will help you grow
The fantasy of the rewind
I can dissect a man of your kind

Please Doc I need help
My walls are covered in velvet

We can't get it right

Old man
Chopping at his block
Old soul
Sanding his work
Lost land
Hysteria in practice
Lost hand
Tumbling down the well
Tumbling down the well

Our troubled thoughts are drugged away
No need for our sanity

Let's now start over
Let's begin our lives
Go back to where we came from
Let's now start over
Let's begin our lives
Your voice is silent

Sit down sir and lend me your mind
I'll twist and tinker every circuit that's inside
This fantasy of your soul
You'll soon accept all I know

We can't get it right

Speed up your joy
We can't get it right
We can't get your right

Take me back to my past

Let's now start over
Let's begin our lives
Go back to where we came from
Let's now start over
Let's begin our lives
Your voice is silent

Take me back to my past [2x]
Take me back