

No thoughts of circumstance to hinder
My constricting abolishment
The soul machine upstairs is busted
No more recurring embarrassments or sacraments

A heart that's pumped out all its rivals
Leaves no objectives no zealousness
Forsaken by the ghosts of the wretchedness
Trampled by idols to shine in death
To shine on

Trisecting
Innocence
Breathing the first breath in
Trisecting
Innocence
Breaking the plastic skin

Lodged in the brain of the apostles
Our last memento of tolerance
Forsaken by the ghost of pleasure and pain
Under the heels of unconsciousness

Trisecting
Innocence
Breathing the first breath in
Trisecting
Innocence
Breaking the plastic skin

The reminder comes forever
Misrepresented by the ones left to adore
Be sure to keep it all together
Time means nothing when you just stop looking anymore