

It comes from all we're giving  
in seemingly endless supply  
as signals cross defiantly into this volatile mix  
we charge and the stubborn mind repeats the errors  
to challenge our grounds  
either soar above or the detour takes you right back down  
to where no one wants to see  
misgivings in this starry nightlights fill in the blanks that o  
ne will fall  
to the haunts and horrors

There is nothing left  
A mere shadow  
When adrenaline runs dry  
There is nothing there  
Empty prop  
When adrenaline runs dry

It gets you deep down low  
as they told you of the blazing heights  
the stage from which the world is viewed  
is the mirror to shatter the image the crypt he kept for hiding  
retreat from another attack  
pointlessly forgiving a refuge in deceptive black

It works within the system and they won't understand  
A lesser known deciever will fool you even more

Taunt the wasted  
it's all about nothing  
what to squeeze within the span of attention  
brought to ground, let the chaos pass  
that one will fail by the screams and terrors