

Prelude

Embodiment

Let the hands fall, to the floor
Allow these pupils, to see organs
A telescopic view is almost arousing
No more holiness in denial

The trojan army is just a farce
Reality is two weeks in waiting

I'm not sure, if we're on the same page
I'm not sure

Habitual weakness stains the past
Desire rolls over and waits for spring

I'm not sure, if we're on the same page
I'm not sure, if we're on the same page
I'm not sure
I'm not sure, if we're on the same page

Your eyes are lusting, my hands, are tied
Your mind conditioned, my heart, has changed

I'm not sure, if we're on the same page
I'm not sure, if we're on the same page
And I'm not sure, and I'm not sure
I'm not sure, not sure

Your eyes are lusting, my hands, are tied
Your mind conditioned, my heart, has changed