

The sound of four thousand electric clocks.  
We're savages exiled in the name of the higher art.  
We are peasants on holiday.  
We're made to scream to the sight of a rose.  
Just one more gram, just one more dose.  
I swear after this then I'm done for good.  
I'm pleasantly hallucinating.

Once upon a time there was a thing called soul.  
And immorality was out of control.  
I know because my control told me so.  
I'm pleasantly hallucinating.

Community.  
Identity.  
Stability.  
We'll leave behind the most welcome silence when we're gone.  
How come these paintings are electric shocks?  
Repetitions in my headphones, and they just don't stop.  
A couple thousand and they'll make one truth.  
I'm pleasantly hallucinating.

I love her therefore I'm promiscuous.  
But she belongs to everyone.  
She's so precious.  
I swear to ford, yea we will escape.  
I'm pleasantly hallucinating.

Community.  
Identity.  
Stability.