

He invites the storm
He lives by instinct
With fears that are not fears
But prickles of ecstasy

This code is cracked
I don't expect whatever I spat out to stick
Awash in the signs, sick from the lack

Spliced in, spliced in
Second-hand words and screen for skin
Forcing out sounds, facing outside again

Deified and refined, blurring every line
Just want a way not to be what gets sold to me
FF=66 explains you're sick
Spins on the axis of promise and lick lack luck
Reveals all tricks