

I've sought so hard to sustain this gain
Now watch me give this ground away
What can i do but admit I'm in over my head?
Colors fade from blue to dark red
I'm back into a corner by my choices
I'm hearing those dame dark voices
At the mercy of my desires helpless, trivial
I'm left with no defenses
Stimulus, response, repeated failures-I'm sick
This sickness fills my senses
But despite my apparent loss I see release
This Stalemate, my peace

You wilderness is Stalemate
You can't move against me
Stalemate
The walls built around me

But as this theme continues to follow close behind, I see so cl
early
If I would only let go of my tendencies
I would know what it is to be free
I can't win when I indulge this fantasy
Reduced as a pawn led to misery
"A little detour won't hurt, let me change you slowly
A moment's pleasure, but you'll owe me."
All encompassing defeat awaits the day
I choose to plunge and embrace this nightmare
But the night has an end and I see you
and you see me as the dawn of the one
Who has adopted my ailment, my sickness
My Stalemate reveals my blindness to my own condition

I'll still run away from six seconds of defeat, six years of ag
ony
I'll still stand at odds with six seconds of defeat, six years
of agony

I'm senseless, erode my senses
To fill my day with indulgence which leads to my undoing
I'll never look back, I'll never taste it again.