

Spirit of the concrete ground enclosing  
Up my nostrils motionless sticky stench  
Numbers and letters spin my view  
Threatening the universal architecture  
I know a secret name I can not utter  
The bricked walls yet always fall upon me

Mysteries, intellectual inertia  
Aroused by sin  
The key is chemical  
God another drug  
My limbs are wired  
Hissing with smoke  
I wear plastic wings

Split the universe  
Equations of life reverse  
Speed of light, death hearse  
We must make earth even worse

Help me, I'm in hell  
You are the defined  
Gaze into those pulses  
Split an atom  
No signs, no names  
Telling what road to ride  
There's still a chart of my soul

Poison my blood  
Burn the unlawful city  
All roads lead not to my Rome  
Must I be hung there

[CHORUS x2]