

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]