

Congratulations on the mess you made of things;  
On trying to reconstruct the air and all that brings.  
And oxidation is the compromise you own  
But this is beginning to feel like the dog wants her bones  
saved

You force your fire then you falsify your deeds  
Your methods dot the disconnect from all your creeds  
And fortune strives to fill the vacuum that it feeds  
But this is beginning to feel like the dog's lost her lead

This is beginning to feel like the long  
winded blues of the never  
This is beginning to feel like it's curling up slowly  
and finding a throat to choke

This is beginning to feel like the long  
winded blues of the never  
Barely controlled locomotive consuming the picture  
and blowing the crows, the smoke

This is beginning to feel like the long  
winded blues of the never  
Static explosion devoted to crushing the broken  
and shoving their souls to ghost

Eternalised. Objectified.  
You set your sights so high.  
But this is beginning to feel like  
the bolt busted loose from the lever

Never you mind  
Death professor  
Your structure's fine  
My dust is better  
Your victim flies so high  
All to catch a bird's eye view of who's next

Never you mind  
Death professor.  
Love is life,  
My love is better.  
Eyes could be the diamonds  
Confused with who's next

Never you mind  
Death professor.  
Your shocks are fine,  
My struts are better.  
Your fiction flies so high,  
Y'all could use a doctor  
Who's sick, who's next?

Never you mind  
Death professor.  
Electrified, my love is better  
It's crystallized, so'm I.

All could be the diamond  
Fused with who's next

This is beginning to feel like the dawn of a loser forever

This is beginning to feel like the dawn of a loser forever

This is beginning to feel like the dawn of a loser forever