

## Fear In Motion

:Wumpscut:

There is no time  
I feel it leaking  
Seeking  
I'm seething with confusion  
I'm sliding through your mind

And you, you try to comprehend  
Nothing

The mind cage of an animal  
You swear you saw it  
And what did you really see?  
What was it?  
What of it?  
I'm looking through the dark  
His red fingers flutter by  
His air pushes past over the valleys I hold  
What was it?  
What of it?

He sits in static  
genetically still  
The sound finds its way in  
Grabs him by his ears  
Dragging and screaming through olive glass

What was it?  
What of it?  
I'm looking through the dark  
His red fingers flutter by  
His air pushes past over the valleys I hold

Seeing in circles  
Trace in tracers  
Wheel and angles  
Angles within wheels  
Seeing in circles  
Trace in tracers  
Wheel and angles  
Angles within wheels  
I found no peace in solitude  
I found no chaos in catastrophe  
I found no peace in solitude  
I found no chaos in catastrophe

It's only their words they speak  
So speak with your own

With your own