Impromptu Disproving

Operator under pressure from the maker To take apart the tempered moments of decision Now operator is calm but not very collected And impromptu disproving feeds operator's doubts

This is where, this is where I can see I can see everything, everything

It's a hand-held self doubt Aborting its course for a new route It's analysis paralysis Arresting all perception of progress

When you lack lust trust or instinct And message you send is not succint You stand frozen still not knowing That you killed yourself, oh hell you're gone You killed yourself, oh hell you're gone

31Knots