

Lines are broken they've given motorskills take at face value the direction that suits you move with the pull a generous function the x-ray of today the only one that greets you is the half-ass hand close to open don't give a shit take at face value the half-ass hand the one that deceives you you'll follow the pull delirious function wake up from the dream this one reality we have seen take it away it's put me to shame the motorskill words come broken in a spinning world spinning through my head the direction that suits you to cure of kill i'm walking with immortals etch the surface take it all away now we have seen the motorskill lines come broken twisting you down the crooked mind way with your head underground now you let them control you the generated dream the one they supplied you the one you've always