

I to want take my head and cut it open extra wide. Want to examine oh the thoughts that seem to cricle inside. Electrocute my thoughts or put my self on stand by. I'm so over, I'm so over...Let's open up the sky and let the clichés pour. Everything has been executed better before. 8-bit Fantasies, I'm yesterday's technology. Follow the leader, jump off with me. The wine is dripping with the blood off of my finger tips. The mitochondrion are revolting, please take care off it. Carnivorous cells are winning against your cancer lips. So come over so come over...Oh my god, I want to tear you apart. I am walking but I'm still asleep. Oh my lord, this is blasphemy. Wake me up before I fall too deep. I wish I had an original thought inside my skull. Everything has been done a million times before. My dream sequence has become my life or so it seems. All my friends are dead, in a perfect scene. Oh my god, I want to tear you apart. I am walking but I'm still asleep. Oh my lord, this is blasphemy. Wake me up before I fall too deep. In too deep. Oblivious and numb. I want hurt you, but I can't cut you fast enough. The ink is dripping, and my letter has become a mess. I want to hate you, but hate is love, just reversed. Why do we talk about things that we loathe the most?