

## Saturnine

### Arsonists Get All The Girls

In sepia tone I rush through these closed doors  
Botching every attempt I make to keep wheezing  
Time gnawing at my ankles through the sinew  
With frantic eyes I pose a turbulent threat  
All at once you're spreading disease  
Infecting everyone that comes in contact  
I was sleeping before any of this even happened  
The ebb and flow has pasteurized this blood of mine  
Panic rushes through sentient thoughts of fight or flee  
I can offer no aid but the hand that strangled me  
My eyes lead me to possible escape  
Intercepted by a figure with a mirror head engaged  
Opening his mouth I came to hear him speak  
I see you have had an encounter with- It's tearing me to pieces  
Keep it together- The pressure is crushing me  
Don't stop breathing- Nerve endings are screaming  
There's no antidote for this ailment  
No end to potential perpetual chaos  
Your world of black and white has never seemed so small  
No end to potential perpetual chaos  
Quickly now we haven't time for utter mundane thought process