

Monolithic

Cults

Call it a mix-up
Call it unsympathetic
Through all of the hiccups
Well, all of it felt poetic

I'd lost my rhythm
Couldn't remember my name
Call but no pickup
You were the buzz in my brain

A strong magnetic field
Monolithic in its feel
It's a strong magnetic field
In its feel

I felt you slipping
Pulled by the current, overcame
In a state of flux
I guess there's no one to blame

It's a strong magnetic field
Monolithic in its feel
It's a strong magnetic field
In its feel