

Impulses

EZI

How does it feel to trust all your impulses?
How does it feel to live without consequences?
How does it feel to see how far you could push it?
How does it feel to let go of innocence?

Like waves we were parting
You're the weight on my shoulder
But I'll keep you high
Ah ah ah ah up
Ah ah ah ah up

Your system
Your body
The blood in your heartbeat
The taste of you, the wasted youth
Ah ah ah ah up
Ah ah ah ah up