

The Absolute Shall

IAMX

That breathless hunted feeling
So always
So present
It's a curious thing to be fine and exploding simultaneously
I am the creature of a million unknowable habits
And I still expect to label them
Control every wave
Numb to all shock to all pulse

Transition time again
Seep me away with you, bitter glory
The brittle promise of a calm completion
A message written, a five-year plan
The music revealed its dumb secrets
It's gentle nourishing toxicity and vice
In a frosted glass box lays a boy
End