

Life In The Walls

Imperative Reaction

Now it's so easy to see
Fold in life we disguise
Shall we receive a promise collect?
Detaching the soul
We must accept
But it's you I feel the pain
I'm sick and tired of the lies
I feel I've fallen to the ground
I cannot see
I feel creation when it dies
Senses sing to our demise
You are the source from which I cannot hide

I cannot fight the strength is palmed
Your torture remains my deepest fall
To remind us you have the field
Willful to see it was a need

Now the promise the bleed
Holds the mind you destroyed
Can you relieve a putrid neglect?
Attaching the soul
There's no regrets
But it lives in all the pain in all the lies we try to hide
I've seen it hit the ground
But no one hears
I feel creation when it dies
Senses sing to our demise

We are creation when it dies
Senses sing to our demise
Bring back the world I deny
You are the source from which
I cannot hide