The Calling

Kat Von D

As time slows down
She scrolls through the years
Wondering, she's wandering
Through mislead fears
These hospital walls
And four-story falls
Is there no way out?
There's no way out
Have I been wrong?

'Cause what it was will always be
It's calling me
It's calling me way back down

Half past midnight
She lies there awake
Looking for the answers
That everybody knows

And what it was will always be
It's calling me
It's calling you
It's calling me back down

I see a fuming, bubbling mass of matter
Rotating as it ferments
A myriad of maggots burrow, slither and writhe
On its outer surfaces and in and about its subterranean passages
Slime-covered, though we are, we cling still, tenaciously
To the under-laying sorted mass
For it is our world, the only world we neurotics know
Sometimes, we find ourselves on its outer surfaces
Where, if we pick the film of slime from our eyeballs
We can see the sun
Not feel it, of course, just see it
For we are unable to feel anything but the constant anxiety we know
Which consumes us, and never leaves us

'Cause what it was will always be
It's calling me
It's calling you
It's calling me back down
And after all, we will always be
It's calling me
It's calling you
It's calling me back down

Sink or swim
Like giants, we fall
There's no one there to rescue her
There's nowhere she belongs

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