

Turn of Events in a Drawer

Kingcrow

Run
Cross the streets as an ambulance
This town is a maze
Whose I well-know the end

So I run
Drive the walls like a prisoner
For everyone's lost
There is someone who will be found

Rush inside the place that's holding down the key
Giving me the chance to make it clear
Greater is the stunning at the sight for me spreading all the pieces away

Damn
The eyes of the one who thumbs
Will meet soon a gun
For the assumed surplant

So this gun
Will uncover my bogus face
Through mirror been traced
There's my oracle at my place