

Summer got warmer
Than last year
I have been told again

I just remember
You went downstairs
And said that the wind took you there

Down at the subway
Every evening
Enter your biggest decision

And as you leave
You wonder
Will it be the one to repair?

One of most
"Fuck all that I know"
Deadlines coming close

Try decode
Too much din and smoke
You already rose

Focus close
Murder in the opus
I'm painting noir

Bullets or keys
I'll take it all
If it breaks the curse

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So much to say
You're always too fast with
All of your decisions
Hey

Was it your fate?
Did you choose the path you
Thought would be the best
Oh hey

Clock's tickin' like Poe's heart
Thought I'm born sane
Just a slow start

Propagate these dead men
Feel like we're stuck pre 85

Publicized my thoughts
Just for the cops to call it "dark art"

Secrets bled out my eyes gettin' wood warped

All the watchdogs gettin' manic
It's a swan's song in the static
Drank the hemlock out of panic
Don't worry they'll make it cinematic

It's always the sympathy in the aftermath
And the left ones in a trance
Lost one to the silence
And the work, the surveillance

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