

Island Of Yours

Social Repose

Pick up the phone, dial tone
A blank space, thoughts erased
An incident, cold blood
Struck down, a single round
A suspect, quarantined
Terror fades, turns to rage
This is the cold part, the room shakes

Life gives, but mostly takes
Life gives, but mostly takes

Separate my life from the island of yours
A second cycle that can't fill the hole
If it were up to me, we might still have control
But your existence has left with your soul

Yeah your existence has left with your-

Day by day, a slow decay
Violent dissonance
Perpetual motion
Keeps my mind occupied
Terminal sadness
Introvert or socially inept
All of your colors bleed together

I can't remember the last thing you said
No I can't remember the last thing you said

Separate my life from the island of yours
A second cycle that can't fill the hole
If it were up to me we might still have control
But your existence has left with your soul

Yeah your existence has left with your-
How low

How many cycles till I fill this hole
The years have taken their toll
If it were up to me I'd kill this dream
The one where I lose your soul