

Dangerous

Son Lux

Are you dangerous?
With your measure of proof
Thoughts are slivers of gold
Abscond with the truth

How does it feel
To be your own deceiver?
Signals raised
Then lost to the aether

We're rest assured
The dead are true believers
Rest assured
We are all believers

Are you dangerous?
Found your way to my bed
Spent fewer nights with an end
Then I do with the dead

How am I supposed to run?
Now, am I supposed to run?

I watch you fall
Hollow and depleted
A city raised
Oh, to bury you beneath it

The best indoor
With the dead, our true believers
Rest assured
We are all believers

Are you dangerous?
Carved right into my bed
Quick lobotomy
Then left me for dead

How am I supposed to seer?
Don't know the melodies
But all the void behind my teeth