

Yellowjacket

Spiritbox

Woke from a vision, the plot is still fleeting
I carry you with me but I know what I saw
Hole in my head is in the shape of a man
I swear it was an illusion of the retina

Already seen but cannot access my memories
With repetition in my temporal lobe
Relief is fleeting, I know something is with me
Release the pressure, the leviathan flows

Soma Cell
Soma Ross
Nothing saved
Double knot

If I tie up the loose ends into a forceful mechanical movement
Hemisphere intuition
Deal with the light if it doesn't enter

Where was the grace when I was asking for it?
There is an absence in your phosphoretic
Fear, full of hate perforates me like a yellow jacket
Where was the grace when I was begging?
I was asking for it

I thought the cut was just a laceration (Laceration)
Now I recall that it was visual (Visual)
It's just a phrase to induce decapitation
Once you taste it and see what I saw
There's no turning back

Soma Cell

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