

Properly Balanced

The Honorary Title

Small bolts of blood shoot across
the circumference, of his, of his eyes
The smells of fish, piss, puke and garbage
Sidewalk cooking underneath the sunrise
It's getting old now
It's getting old now
It's getting old

Don't call me when you're moods are properly balanced
'cause I was there now for the worst part of it

Conjured confidence walks the sidewalk
Holding his breath as the garbage truck passes by
His breath now breathes unfullfilment
Which for a moment he just pushes aside

It's getting old now
It's getting old now
It's getting old

Instincts read the buckling seams and stitches over the wealth
of, the healthy and the uninterested

Don't call me when you're moods are properly balanced
'cause I was there now for the worst part of this [x2]

I twitch and cling to these, these images that I foreseen I jump
at any noise that the night, the night will brings

I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna hear it a
nymore [x2]

Conjured confidence walks the sidewalk
Holding its breath as it all passes by
You know, as it all passes by

I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna hear, I don't wanna hear, it
anymore [x2]