

Alkaline Throat

Uneven Structure

I know who you are
Adrenaline stricken thought
You call for this childish inertia
And I seem to crave for whatever light as up
Every gathering has become an occasion
I'll take your word for advice, who am I to judge?
Whatever it is as long as it takes as out of nowhere

Keep filling in this drive, lead as up to the outburst
I know who you are, sweet silk
Now get me where the lights become stars

Hunting ourselves down until we see
This tapestry of projected minds
Sweet demon this is going places
Hunting ourselves up until we glimpse
Our last breath and some more

We are going to get through
What nothing in this place
Could make us ready
Take a stand

I burn and you're ablaze
No longer the lucent glow we both rave
Then flesh melts and then trickles
My loathing echoes back at your laughter