

Will Someone Please Turn Down the Ocean?

Arsonists Get All The Girls

Substance a pull attack on brain stem
Depicting cross sensation, cross sensation
I can feel the shrieking crowd
The colored rain
I've begun scanning across myself
This life for where it ever came
The 6th layer of things grow slower on me
Living in image, in false light
Slowed by simply breathing
Brings me to curious grin and fools of sweat
Watch me disappear into social gathering
And change the weather with it
I palm the night's emotions
On the forefront of my own hand
Jagged quotations can bring
A jaded man to his knees
Perceptive insults push me back to the depths of origin
I have become solid light and whisper
Myself between those who linger
Inside their lungs setting fire
To every word I wanted to hear
A dance with internal necromancy
Domino effect to mass depression
I am the light behind eyes
Of all the ministry a passion inside us
Wants to be unearthed it may be looked down upon
But it's for those who've lost the map
And dwell with in themselves