

He invites the storm  
He lives by instinct  
With fears that are not fears  
But prickles of ecstasy

This code is cracked  
I don't expect whatever I spat out to stick  
Awash in the signs, sick from the lack

Spliced in, spliced in  
Second-hand words and screen for skin  
Forcing out sounds, facing outside again

Deified and refined, blurring every line  
Just want a way not to be what gets sold to me  
FF=66 explains you're sick  
Spins on the axis of promise and lick lack luck  
Reveals all tricks