

## Vision Of Disorder "Excess"

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Something's stuck inside my head  
You know I never really heard of a thing called time  
Cause excess has made me reckless  
I don't give a fuck about your dawn cause  
yeah  
Some day I will lay here as your children play  
Above my head, I hear your feet above my head  
Cause you can't hide  
From the side  
That left you high  
Moderation; what a notion  
A waste of time in the face of indulgence  
Excess is always best  
I'll stick it in your vein

Sometimes these chains they do claim  
But something's got me coming back for more  
Gripping, tearing  
Pulling at the walls of that vanity  
Melting, pounding  
Change inside you  
Bleeding, crawling  
Scratching out the path beneath your feet  
Consist, constrict  
But something's got me going down this land  
This lane.  
Fade away  
Cause of this excess  
I've been left in a state of delirium

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