

A.F.I. "No Poetic Device"

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Well, I've been dreaming
I've been dreaming, I was lucid
Blood was seeping, it was seeping from my pores
Who'd believe that it was all my own decision?

Cracked faces and medicated smiles
Set fire to my home before I turned and walked back in
For every needle open my chest and insert ten pins
I just anticipate what awaits when I awake, break
I die, die in my daydreams

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Blood was seeping, it was seeping from my pores
Who'd believe that it was all my own decision?

The gardens have all been overgrown
I pushed my hand through the thorns just to crush the
final rose
A deadly secret only I suffer to know
I can't eradicate what awaits when I awake, break
I die, die in my daydreams

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