

Monks Of Mellonwah

"Pulse"

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Deep kick
Undercover
Buried in the seventh wonder
Always facing
Rainbow chasing oh
It's gone, I could be wrong

Cold pit
Scary lover
Soul lit the violent thunder
Never wasting
Time replacing oh
It's gone, move it along

Rip round
Make another
Solitude a major blunder
Devil styling
World defining role
My soul, will always be cold

When we run
We find sun
I don't feel what's real
In all the same old things

Class clown
Not another
Sad face whose life went under
We all know
The rules can bend and break
Away, think of the stakes

Heat stick
Burning under
Losing time but growin on ya
Shifting faces blur as time goes on
And on, isn't it wrong

When we run
We find sun

I don't feel what's real
In all the same old things

Skin folder
Growing older
Makin' way for young miss lola
We can wait
But she just can't hold on
Too long, she might move on

Age old
Space lion
Listen close you'll hear him crying
Even gods can feel it slip away
Today, is fading away

When we run
We find sun
I don't feel what's real
In all the same old things

You hide away
In a place you'll never stay
Hide away
On your own...

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