

Chemical Vocation "Dispatch"

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Now for the freakshowdown, an hollow end
Came to see me break down for what it's worth.
Now for the last words we never said, I'm losing my
voice in this fearful fight

..and I hope to shape this into a better life.
To feel again, this dreadful pain is wrong.
..yeah I hope, I wrote down the last lines of this life.
Could be wrong, but I guess it's worth a try.

I see it for the first time, (sick mind comes clean) feel
torn by the mess.
Come and break me down now for what it's worth.
Manufactured good times, but I feel like home.
Feel destined for that hysteric last way out.
I'm living by your rules.
(I'd write a thousand pages)
To be free
You where to strong for me

With moral indecision & pure desperation
I wrote an end to a nightfall imagination
I felt the season change the lives of the unwanted
The leaves scattered as my smiling eyes started to
bleed in confirmation.
This was the end.
Maybe not the disregard of thousand bleeding
memories
Cause this story seems to fade. Too beautiful to be
true.

Too beautiful to be true.

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