

Christiansen

"The Reformation Takes Hold"

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What if I came over instead?
No arguments, your evidence is dead.
Forever.
Try living, don't just play pretend.
The mystery, its all inside your head.
At the back door.
You can't deny, your life is in your hands.
If your crazy, then I'll understand.
You're fucked up.
It always seem to jump from start to end.
The in-between, your diary begins.
Next chapter.

Submit ourselves and wheres the freedom there?
The constant ringing, we cannot fight you for it.
Whos on the plane overhead?
Over desert roads beneath the sand,

When will I wake up?
Its just a dream.
A computer coded fantasy.
I'm not seeing.

Just believing your advertisements.
itch-star

Glossy network.
Beat it out of me.
To see what a small soul and bomb has compared to
me

Getting home past 6 tonight.
Dreary-eyed, dressed up in white.
Moving far away, she says.
Going far away.
Flashbulbs and paint-streaked stardom.
Letting go when nothings wrong.
The sea-liner sinking straight from home.
The drenching of this iron soul.
(the last time)
We're not letting go.

The mood, the groove and the attitude.
The miles of lists in spite of saving
The mood, the groove and the attitude.
At the back door, I will be waiting

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