

## Detonation

### "The Loss Of Motion Control"

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Your touch is dead  
As is the life I pursue  
Onward I stare into the surreal  
My mind dies  
As slumber comes for me to heal

By binding light I strive to obtain  
The pendulum sharpens its axe once again  
To fore fill my needs  
To embrace my silence is gold  
Means the loss of motion control

Within me hides a dead soul  
A world of mirrors breaking  
I gasp for air no more  
As I unleash my impulse

My mind clouds  
I don't think their was anything there before  
Permanently unconscious  
(To turn the abducting faces forevermore)

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