

Drill 187

"Decontrol"

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Drist - Decontrol

This is a final sign of what we cannot take,
You forced a bitter end to this story;
The walls are closing down now to this place in which
we live,
So say your last goodbyes, but not to me cause...
This seperation will explode, a starry sea, awakening,
A facination with this old style sense of right and
wrong...
What's wrong with me?
It's hard to speak when it's all about the way we hold a
gun at our own mouths.
A fatal blinding sight,
That's the price I pay for looking through the sun for a
change.
The walls are closing down,
And eventually we say our last goodbyes, we see,
This seperation will explode.

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