

## **Drist**

# **"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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