

## **Intestinal Disgorge**

### **"Clockwork I"**

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Clear as day  
Is the scope of the blind memories  
Shapes a world never seen

In synaptic past  
All the faces will wane  
Thoughts will drown slowly  
In the instinct, instinctive sinkhole

No more condolence  
Apologies don't work when  
Misfortune can't be sighted

Now I recall  
How easy was to grasp a pulse  
Or to reveal what's lost in front of me  
Necessities, mechanic  
No sight can heal  
A fact I can't see when I see

Clockwork

Like a cogwheel, like clockwork  
Parting ways with my mind is vain  
It was left behind long before

So shut them  
The echoes in my soul  
Leave no room for my very own mind

In synaptic past  
Those faces will wane  
Thoughts will drown  
In the instinct, instinctive sinkhole

The scent of change  
I feel rags rotting off my shoulders  
Voices becoming louder  
As in haste I go to shut them

Now I recall

How easy was to grasp a pulse  
Or to reveal what's lost in front of me  
Necessities, mechanic  
No sight can heal  
A fact I can't see when I see

When I see  
The scent of change  
The wind, the scent of change  
Hunt them, shut them  
Hunt them, silently shut them  
Particles of dismay

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