

Kingston Falls

"The Infection To Quarantine"

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A room full of water.
With blood dripping from the walls.
You'd better own up to your own worst convictions.
And get this one thing through your skull; So fire the
interrogation, we never talked at all.
You forget everything, you never met me.
(This morbid scene of red was synchronized, we had it
all planned out.
This crimson creation.

Where are the heavens?
What have I done?)
You're heartless in the stab wound silence.
Smile because you've lost your nerve.
You're demise - to die for.
(This sacred scene of white.
Never synchronized, this image of failure.
Disguised in light, where are the heavens?
What have I done?)

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