

Pitchblende

"Visceral Plane"

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Walking backwards into here, struck a nerve
Stalled motor standing still, not a word
Can't pull the trigger, impulse, can't spit it out
I'm inclined to say the least; tried, untied, won't be
released
Peripheral visions, all things to come
All on your accord, scrawled onto the blackboard
It's not a crime to feel resigned, it's all by design
Right inside is sight unseen; truth, lies, somewhere in
between
System doesn't work, never has never will
System doesn't work, never has never will
System doesn't work, never has never will
System doesn't work, never has never will

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