

Slowmotion Apocalypse

"The Art Of Self Blood Drinking"

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There is a claw grabbing my skull to remind me
How my life was meant to be
I pursued a dream for years
I thought it could be useful
Now it seems it has to fade away
There's no time to stare at it while it's dying
I'm trying to resist concentrating
Gathering all my powers
But those nails are sticking in my skin

Your life's already planned

They'd like to see me creeping
And pick me up grabbing my neck

Erase your minds
Erase your memories
Regret your life
To erase your pain

Then make fun of me (if I ask)
"why do I have to forget my dreams?"
But I hear the echo of their judgements
And I run away

"Enjoy a life that has never been yours"

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