

## **Soulmotor**

### **"Needles"**

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Confusion sits at the edge of the tongue  
Darkness hovers around the corners of the mind  
While you choke on every word I shove down your  
throat  
I'll walk through your eyes and pull up a chair in the  
back of your skull  
So I say to close your eyes turn your back and walk  
away  
Find a way to fake a smile turn it on and break the day  
Smiling you live and you call life pleasure  
Keeping that sparkle in the eye and ice in the veins  
That just makes it all the easier for me to slip it on then  
I'll ask why  
You speak words without meaning no substance empty  
distorted  
I'm the needle in your arm wash away the mindless  
game  
I'm the pleasure in your pain now you've thrown it all  
away  
Sinking with the flow of life hold it in your hand  
See you choke on every word I put in your head

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