

The T4 Project "Break In"

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I'm on a ghost-ride, I'm on a suicide, I've got a million dollar death-trip to the other side. I've got a time bomb, I've got no army, I've got a dirty black gun pointed at the sun. I'm unaffected, violated, removed from myself, so complicated. I'll never come this way again. The fastest way is down and my decline is my addiction. I'm nowhere, I'm no one, an apparition lost in time. I'm on a jet plane, I'm on the front page, I've got a million bad ideas driving through my brain. I sold the world out, I cut my heart out, I looked into the eyes of my enemy. I saw myself so ready to become everything I swore I never would become. I'm under, forgotten, an apparition lost in time. Alone, perpetual decline. In the eyes of those unscarred, we teach, we ruin, we all discard away. In the eyes of those who know no better than we are, we lose ourselves in our decline, we create a bond with all we leave behind. I'm nowhere, I'm no one, I'm under, forgotten. The anger that we find becomes who we are.

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