

Twelve Tribes "Flight Of The Pathogen"

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I walk
Inside a facelift
Made of conflict
The contents defeat the purpose
Because I live outside
A makeshift heart
It was always red plastic and cold

You've got to know your place in this...

I stick to the basic: intellect, substance, ambiance
With no poetry in my existence stuck going nowhere
fast
I'm consciously falling out of love with myself
And the world with myself and my soul
I'm living for just one moment to die alone

You've got to know your place in this world
Your life won't disappear when your eyes are closed

Self is a statue in this world you crumble and fall

I sleep as if I was innocent
Not knowing what the world is made of
With one eye open I wouldn't dare to wake up

There are antenna in these veins
Trying to tell me something
Leave me under layers of dead skin
I'm invisible without them

I walk inside a facelift
Unknown outside of this shell
I'm not complete
I'm not complete

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