

Mnemonic

"Mechanical Spin Phenomenon"

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Chor.

Blood on the walls,
it embraces the fear that goes on in his mind as he
cries out

Into the dark room he don't control
and don't see and don't
choose to see his work

He won't hesitate for a minute to reach for
everything he ever wanted.

He could be that star, he could be the one.

No complications when the game is won, he sees
City lights in an instant, he's going to light
the night into a fire.

As he turns them down with a pitiful look,
blessed nitroholer in a pickup truck, he burns.

He burns.

Stand or fall. Anger says it all.

Dance to his groove. Moral on the move.

Animal-like and he knows it,
still he covers it up when he shows it.

He's got time to spare as he's
turning it up.

No hesitation as he's ready to drop, he
screams.

Undefined and somewhat normal,
still he's not aware he is mortal.

He's got eyes that glow with a beautiful
light,

a mechanical spin roaring in the night, he burns.

He burns.

Chor.

Fuel driven to expand,
memories burning in a mind-like tin can, it's
hard to see,

Mechanical addict, a drug of choice,
somatic/dynamic, it turns into an institution.

It's hard to forgive blind perspective.

Evolve to conceive machine of beauty.

Veins bleedin blood red, electrified.
Human yet still bred. Full automatic.
Concept of mind.

Anger grows in time.
Dance to his groove.
Moral on the move

Out of his mind for a minute,
it seems like nobody is willing to let him spin it.
With a pounding heart in a body of steel.
The mechanical spin with a mind at the wheel.
He sees the...

Chor.

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