

## Mnemonic

### "Mechanical spin phenomena"

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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  
nitroholic 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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