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## New Medicine "Pulse"

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The deep black, the bloody arms swing Suffering from severe dementia And they thought you were the one You were the one

Some folks were never meant to last my friend Some people meet an early end

Things happen when you don't go to sleep Wide awake in a lucid nightmare No line between, reality and dreams The deep black, the bloody arms swing We cannot know the suffering that you know And that's why you had to go That's why you had to go

Some folks were never meant to last my friend Some people meet an early end (There's no pulse!) Don't even bother trying to find a pulse

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