

Max Bemis And The Painful Splits

"Our Sentence Is Up"

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I smell a thousand suns unfolding in the sky
They beckon me higher, up through the chasm I fly
I bleed inhibitions, puke out my will to exist
I become seamless, defined by the motion of this

I am, what I'm not
I am, what I'm not

A god is a mythos, dreamt up together in sleep
He's sprung from a vision, a wolf mingling with his
sheep
Suck out the poison, spit in the face of the bland
I become seamless, grasp with my sweat shaky hand

I am, what I'm not
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