

## **Red Circle Underground "Sebastiastan"**

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Sebastiastan

Hold your time in front of me, old lights you got no  
sympathy, your Â  
testimony's gotta be something that I can unwind

Guarding all these ugly ties, your stretched out  
faithless alibies, Â  
present a most peculiar assembly of place and of time

Pious like you can't believe, this girl ain't got no air to  
breathe, Â  
they're taking all her reasons to come back  
She'll try it alone

All my time is wasted on these toys

Laugh myself to sleep at times, from all those self  
inflicted Â  
rhymes, I'm perilously close to extinction, I'll drown in  
my prime

Strung out on affection seems a wonderful escape to  
me, a graceful exit  
for the familiar becomes something kind

Pious like u can't believe, this girl ain't got no room to  
breathe, Â  
she's taking all her reasons to come back. She'll try it  
alone.

All my time is wasted on these toys

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sympathy, your Â  
testimony's gotta be something that I can unwind

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