

Aconite Thrill

"B-movie Explosion"

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E hundred and four hours
Reset and call for help
Reset
It still ticks
I've lost this round
In these flickers I should really be more careful
I'm wishing on shooting stars

When I'm in here I call it in
When I'm nowhere time will drift
When I'm here I call it in
When I'm nowhere it's fine

I'll just be drifting between two sides of the same ride
And when I talk aloud, I talk aloud

A glimpse of this room in which we stand
When I'm here I can't be way back there
Induced into this sinking
Standing, coming up hard
And who would ever believe that there's a distance in
your eyes
Anyway, I'm fine

But it's leaving me in two minds all the time
And while I'm reaching along these cycles of hate
I hear in my heart that to give it a name would be wise
It's my personal demon that keeps me in line
And keeps me in real time
Keeps me right in line
And breaking her eyes upon me
I give her a chance to work it all out from the start
And who cares if there's barely a chance?
This therapy is enough to give me a taste
The hate of myself is replaced in the end with some
hate and a dream of love

Good, I'm glad we've been this for
And I'm proud that we could praise and dream and
start again
Good.
If I praise and drift so hard

It's fine
And it's all been mixed up good
If it's good - is what I'm feeling so absurd?
It's make or break time
I've cut the break, the loss, the take
And I'm full of fear of losing hold on life

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