

Psycroptic "An Experiment In Transience"

Visit "[An Experiment In Transience](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Uncontrollable addict...
On a downward spiral towards my mortal end: and
beginning.
A dependence that I can never impede; neither
wanting, nor able to.
For I live and die for the compulsion.
An experience few discover, and even less wish to
return from.
Troubled that it can't be shared.
I must lead this life of seclusion, to hide my continuous
revealing crusade.
Far beyond a fixation, it is now my life's labor.
Rudimentary equipment is all I utilize.
A device so simple, yet so precise - an inaccuracy
insures failure...
Guile, yet effective for its only function...
Assisting the voyage.
My life in the care of this specially crafted tool; it is the
only way for me to return.
I need to explore in...
There is so much more to be known!
Strapped to the mechanism, I prepare...
Essential wires attach, restraints hold me into position.
I'm ready...
The flick of a switch steals the commencement...
A controlled electric current is administered.
The short lived pain I must pass through, is a mere
token price...
Clinically dead; yet I feel so alive.
Here again, I know to explore in haste - time is
restricted.
My natural physical casing is of no use here.
A sensation so welcoming is overpowering.
I must resist the urge to stay...
Turning away from the luminosity I see before me, I
look for new areas to explore...
It feels vaguely different each time I come...
Could it be evolving?
The only thing that is certain is that I'm being watched...
Concentrating, I block out distractions.
To tie in the increasing stream of thoughts, emotions,
sensations,

Insinuating what this place actually is...
It must be a gateway of sorts: a collection point;
Collecting at is now theirs.
I know my time is almost up as I sense them approach,
Far I am the latest acquisition I can roughly make out
their silhouette...
But this is not hour it is supposed to be.
Agony indescribable hits me.
I'm pulled ungracefully from one reality to another.
My journey complete as I'm artificially revived.
I Slump forward into unconsciousness...
Intense pain when I wake once more, in the marl world.
It is of little concern; the knowledge gained is essential.
I must return...
There is so much more to learn must know what is
really, beyond.
But I must rest my weak mortal shell...

Visit [Psycoptic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.