

## **Badly Preserved**

### **"Write It Down"**

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That face is melting, do we own credibility  
red lines sensing what people are thinking  
common behaviour, it starts to make sense  
in one way, one game, remoted in my head

today I'm reflecting on the world and its content  
it's gotta be objective, a pure and happy end  
it won't be like that, I'm telling you this  
it's gods country alright, but he forgot to bless it

life wil never be the same  
forcing you to play mindless games and  
I'll never be the same  
the pain you've caused is coming back at you

remember the days son and write them down  
I am in between

you think sweet talk will help but it won't  
forgotten things will come back and provoke  
busy, busy sorting out all my priorities  
infecting me the rest of humanity

empty those pockets and stop the clock  
mind above matter, fuel within us  
that face is melting, do we own credibility  
red lines are sensing what people are thinking

I don't feel like taking a break now  
I have an opportunity  
freeze the moment and separate them

I am so right awake now  
seems like I can't get no sleep now  
realizing why I've done it

a little bit more now  
a little bit less  
although we trought it might be bigger  
bigger then the rest  
instead of working a new item is born

perhaps reborn if I could chose its path

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