

Sprung Monkey

"Bleed Black"

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I am exploring the inside, I find it desolate
I do implore these confines, now, as they penetrate,
"recreate me"
I'm hovering throughout time, I crumble in these days
I crumble, I cannot, I cannot find reflection in these
days

(If you listen) Listen, listen
(Listen close) Beat by beat
(You can hear when the heart stops) I saved the pieces
(When it broke) And ground them all to dust

I am destroyed by the inside, I disassociate
I hope to destroy the outside, it will alleviate and
elevate me
Like water flowing into lungs, I'm flowing through these
days
As morphine tears through deadened veins, I'm
numbing in these days
So...

(If you listen) Listen, listen
(Listen close) Beat by beat
(You can hear when the heart stops) I saved the pieces
(When it broke) And ground them all to dust

I know what died that night, it can never be brought
back to life
Once again, I know
I know I died that night and I'll never be brought back to
life
Once again, I know

(If you listen) Listen, listen
(Listen close) Beat by beat
(You can hear when the heart stops) I saved the pieces
(When it broke) And ground them all to dust
So...

(If you listen) Listen, listen
(Listen close) Beat by beat

(You can hear when the heart stops) I saved the pieces
(When it broke) And ground them all to dust

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