

## Ivens

### "The Pulse"

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[Verse 1]

Allow me to scale the basins edges cast afar from  
hours stationary  
Momentum gathering quick around the outskirts of my  
haven  
It seem a semi embedded existence had plans for  
relocation  
Handling paper work is tiresome to swing the weights  
and cranes  
That add to the movement which is sceptical, I'd hardly  
call that growth  
Ushered along a fishing wire, promised a presentation  
of hope  
Which turned out to be a let down, set you off, give it  
your best  
Find an entrance to the pipeworks to dodge the  
intersections  
Plus I know these underpasses well, we have an  
understanding  
Free to come and go as I please so long as I take some  
time to ramble  
About whatever architecture teaches patience if you let  
it  
Jimmy up the tiles and brick work, make a mess 'til hearts  
content  
Shimmy up to the perches edge avoiding treadmill  
mangulation  
The air is somewhat bearable at this altitude of  
makeshift ventilation  
Paper mills belch a smog of bitter sweetness  
We're one thousand storeys tumbleweed unseen but  
worthy of breathing  
Compare that to the bustle of ivory bone pin stripe  
madness  
Duties seem to drive the occupance of a three piece  
Trojan gallop  
into the sand trails  
On my signal open the flood gates  
Watch the beauty in destruction unfold all over the rat  
race

[Chorus]

Resting under the pulse, under the skin, content with  
where I sit  
World watching faceless as the mayhem steadily loses  
grip  
In an over populated coma patent ward it's a given  
For cogs to turn and brave the rusty build up from the  
system

Resting under the pulse, under the skin, content with  
where I fit  
World watching faceless as the mayhem steadily loses  
grip  
In an over populated coma patent ward it's a given  
For cogs to solder on in fear of disturbing the rhythm

[Verse 2]

Snap out of that hypothetical daze from flicking filters  
aimlessly  
Straining against the aggression of the current fighting  
mainly  
For a chance to disturb the peace and split the title  
wave single file  
through the gap, down the middle - keep actions  
simple  
When dealing with the Venus trifold intentions are to  
punctuate physics  
At any sign of a threat scare tactics cease to impress  
Plus I'm too worn down by the glare shot around and  
amplified  
by these pain glass windmills clipping the sky  
that seem to have sprung up over night  
side by side yet out of sync, irregular blocks are  
building up  
Rapidly changing the face of how landscape breathes  
in the wake  
All that aside soldier on and venture still into the thick  
of it  
Trudging about my business here, fail safe to be  
passive  
When seeking refuge once again to piece together  
collections made  
Salvaging what's possible after sweeping up the  
miscarriage  
The result of an overstayed unwanted welcome  
from both sides of the spectrum  
Watch tower spotted desired destination, praised  
make haste  
Barely made it half way up the crows nest, swallowed in  
an instant  
Tedious indeed the need to rejuvenate chances grave

Shited once again admit defeat, back to the basin  
Naive underline of change so light a candle for this day

[Chorus]

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