

Immoor

"Chemical Feelings"

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Too many rounds in the chamber when I'm playing
Roulette
When the reason that you play is to try and forget
The things we forgot to do last year

I got a plan, but the plan paid the rent
With the money that I made and the time that I spent
So tell me where to go from here

And if I live through it
I'll take you with me when the course is set
The destination it eludes us all
While we wait for a cab that can't be called

Why do we run, run, run into it
These chemical feelings we can't predict
Take control, take control
All of the fine lines won't fade away
They leave us, there must be a better way to go

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