Drift

Sirens

Mid-day your legs shake
We call that tech ache
A rank of cords plugged into your arm
No alarm, no warning signs
Drift strikes; withering, mindless, and violent

Deep inside my mind I find the time (to uncover, discsover, and breathe)
I'm no longer free (rip out the circuits inside of me)
Lost to drift in thoughts of what I could be

We've done all we can
Drift unfolds and we won't survive
We are no longer safe from what we have spawned
Sirens blare as we run and hide
We're at fault we have lost control

Mid-day your legs shake
We call that tech ache
A rank of cords plugged into your arm
No alarm, no warning signs
Drift strikes; withering, mindless, and violent

Deep inside I find the time

They just continue to drift

Lyrics submitted by Logan Pollaro.

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