In the Blind

Area 11

Hold the line?
Thespianic answers
Abode of time
Annihilates advances
I redesign; I realign
Frozen, as in foetal

Red shift baths
The hours when it's weakest
Space, gap, space
Repeat; release the secrets
I redefine and yet resign
My only hope; to feel

And when I phazed out
The "privileged" and the "purpose"
I realized that art
Can never true be separated
From the frames in the veins
Incumbent carcinoma
That should define who I
Will never be, sorry

Cause this is new way
Still spinning cycles in my mind
Spinning cycles in the blind
Trying to catch me out
Cause this is a new way
Still spinning cycles in my mind
So many cycles in the blind
Trying to catch me out
Trying catch me out

Refluxed detest
Integrity I passed on
Take this fuck
Rejected on the last one
Drop the weight, accept my fate
And trigger the explosion

I scar lives
In neurons; ink on ripped skin
Countermand: the paradigm is shifting
Now keep the faith as illusions break
And we'll show you something real

And when I reach out
Into event horizons
Will there be light and sound
Or will it be just me?

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Lyrics Submitted by Eli Phillips

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