

Pulse (Radio Edit)

Monks of Mellonwah

Deep kick
Undercover
Buried in the seventh wonder
Always facing
Rainbow chasing oh
Its gone, I could be wrongCold pit
Scary lover
Soul lit the violent thunder
Never wasting
Time replacing oh
Its gone, move it alongRip round
Make another
Solitude a major blunder
Devil styling
World defining role
My soul, will always be coldWhen we run
We find sun
I dont feel whats real
In all the same old thingsClass clown
Not another
Sad face whose life went under
We all know
The rules can bend and break
Away, think of the stakesHeat stick
Burning under
Losing time but growin on ya
Shifting faces blur as time goes on
And on, isnt it wrongWhen we run
We find sun
I dont feel whats real
In all the same old thingsSkin folder
Growing older
Makin way for young miss lola
We can wait
But she just cant hold on
Too long, she might move onAge old
Space lion
Listen close youll hear him crying
Even gods can feel it slip away

Today, is fading away When we run
We find sun
I dont feel whats real
In all the same old things You hide away
In a place youll never stay
Hide away
On your own

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