Fear in Motion

:Wumpscut:

There is no time
I feel it leaking
Seeking
I'm seething with confusion
I'm sliding through your mindAnd you, you try to comprehend
NothingThe mind cage of an animal
You swear you saw it
And what did you really see?
What was it?
What of it?
I'm looking through the dark
His red fingers flutter by
His air pushes past over the valleys I hold
What was it?
What of it?He sits in static
genetically still
The sound finds its way in
Grabs him by his ears
Dragging and screaming through olive glassWhat was it?
What of it?
I'm looking through the dark
His red fingers flutter by
His air pushes past over the valleys I holdSeeing in circles
Trace in tracers
Wheel and angles
Angles within wheels
Seeing in circles
Trace in tracers
Wheel and angles
Angles within wheels
I found no peace in solitude
I found no chaos in catastrophe
I found no peace in solitude
I found no chaos in catastropheIt's only their words they speak
So speak with your ownWith your own

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