

# Decontrol

## Drist

This is the final sign, of what we cannot take,  
You forced a bitter END, to this story.  
The walls are closing down, to this place we live,  
Say your last goodBYES, but not to me cause...  
This separation will explode!

A starry sea, awakening,  
A fascination with this old style sense of right and wrong.  
What's wrong with me it's hard to speak when it's all about,  
The way we hold a gun at our own mouths.

A fatal blinding sight, it's the price I pay,  
For looking through the SUN, for a change.  
The walls are closing down, and eventually,  
We say our last goodBYES, we see...  
This separation will explode!

A starry sea, awakening,  
A fascination with this old style sense of right and wrong.  
What's wrong we me it's hard to speak when it's all about,  
The way we hold a gun at our own mouths.

~Solo~

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A fascination with this old style sense of right and wrong.  
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Lyrics submitted by Kelsey.

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