unsound

milipop

I smiled 'cause I know I tried firing up the circuits
Can't see myself jumping double-dutch
'Cause I know I'd smell the plastic burning
Last night was a pessimistic skydive
In a foolish narcotic shell
Beat the boredom that frames the lightning
Beat the path of the rituals

Gonna become... unsound

Bottom lip quivers, rage is so apparent
Don't know whether to kill or cry
Don't know whether to rebuild or to burn it
You don't know how just to say goodbye
I'll tell you what, what's to tell
It's the world not a call I can screen out
Keep it down see if it digests
Your batteries are shot - so are the instruments

Gonna become... unsound
Gonna become... You better run don't want to become yourself

Flies in and out of focus
Next best thing to a rage
I don't like the way that it coaxes me to explain
If you don't realize it's crazy
If you can't understand the source
Don't reach too fast for the answers
'Cause it gets worse
Turn your face to the day that's striking
Bend the barrel when the chamber's full
I'd give you more but you know that there's nothing
Hardly get any sleep at all
I'll tell you what, what's to tell
It's the world not a call I can screen out
Don't kill your partner 'fore the dancing's started
Kill the path of the ritual

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