

# Pulse

## 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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