Drifting

Recoil

With your wild, call the pace
Taste the tracks of the waste
With your wild, with your sweet
With your cold black-eyed teeth
I close my eyes and I pray, yes I prayLet it slide, let it slide
Ignore me and everything I've done
For I am stupid, I am poisonI take this one and I taste the tracks
I taste the tracks of the waste in my head
And you face me insteadI must be drifting somewhereI held in my hand but it's hard
So hard to see reason
The burning is here
Is only here to follow throughBut here it is harder than a screaming fist and I hate it
It's dark behind your smile and I can follow throughLet it slide, let it slide
Ignore me and everything I've done
For words, like bullets they know when to come
And taste the tracks, and taste the tracks
Of the waste in my head and you face me insteadWell, ignore me and everything I said
For I am stupid, I am poisonI held in my hand but it's hard
So hard to see reason
It's dark behind your smile
And I can follow through
I close my eyes and I pray, yes I prayWith your wild, call the pace
Taste the track of the waste
With your wild, with your sweet
With your cold black-eyed teeth

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