Third Person

Atheist

I feel so outside, of the realms of the stitching.
So very inside, arms frailing and kicking
Symbolically I'm taking hold
Harmonically my soul is sold to me
I was the highest bidder, dripping blood on the dark side
In my veins not a quitter.
First and second and third person
First and second and third person!Once seemed like mountains, proceed to the fountains
Of the angriest youth, you could ever imagine.
7300 sunsets have passed since we last tapped that fountain
That mountain of anger has grown a brain with thought, and reason.
No better sight than before my eyes.
It's as though history repeats itself.again.Much different this time
Better form, better fitting.
An angle from up high, born when I first listen.
Historically it has been told, harmonically your soul is sold to old.
I was the highest bidder, dripping blood on the dark side
In my veins not a quitter
First and second, and third person
First and second and third person!

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/