Apocalypso

Tyrants in Therapy

In Nolan time sign
What does the mind cover?
Are we talking?
White is the winterCare-line, Care-line's thumbed it up
What are your stories all about?
Carries a weight on her swing, on her swingBlack waves come
And so fear me, December
Sinking in Nolan time
I've lost all my pure feelingsThe psychiatrist posing as psychologist
When fear predicts
Then doubtly the mind suffers
Are we talking?
White is the winterCare-line, Care-line's thumbed it up
What are your stories all about?
Carries a weight on her swing, on her swingBlack waves come
And so fear me, December sinking
Waltz with me, courageously
We're dancing, dancingWe will not die
Our days are multiplied
And I'm happy againCare-line, Care-line's thumbed it up
What are your stories all about?
Carries a weight on her swing, on her swing

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