Pulse

New Mexican Disaster Squad

The deep black, the bloody arms swing
Suffering from severe dementia
And they thought you were the one
You were the oneSome folks were never meant to last my friend
Some people meet an early endThings happen when you don't go to sleep
Wide awake in a lucid nightmare
No line between, reality and dreams
The deep black, the bloody arms swing
We cannot know the suffering that you know
And that's why you had to go
That's why you had to goSome folks were never meant to last my friend
Some people meet an early end
(There's no pulse!)
Don't even bother trying to find a pulse

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