

More bootlegs:

They were former friends of mine, dropping movie quotes and hollow slogans half the time. Since I left the lot behind, I've been counting every second of the hour.

If it's too big for you and you can't understand,
if it's too deep for you, I won't be offended.

Project your self to another sphere,
anywhere is fine as long as it's not here.

It's disturbing how we both run away from the things we don't do every other day,
any given time, we will dim the light,
eating carrion, we will dive into the night.

This track is all wrong, switch to the next song.

This track is alright, it almost sounds airtight.

What took us all so long to come to grips with all the ghastly things we've done.

I'll leave your marathon and I'll settle all the dust left by you cowards.

Every single taste defines a pattern,
every black disease will spring from Saturn.

Every choice you make was never in your hands,
leave your twisted sense to chance.

Variations rise from the air well,
when you beg for truth no one's left to sell.

Any given time we will dim the light,
eating carrion, we will dive into the night.

I can't do this on my own, all alone

My delight rips at the seams, we've uncovered things that only happen in the worst of dreams. God, we're living like machines, every second is much worse than the next one in this hour.

At night I find myself in this awful place,
and I like the skin from your swollen face.

My entire soul's in a barren state
I will run to hell (help) but I'm glad I'm late.