

# Arsonists Get All The Girls, The 42nd Ego

Freeze frame aperture  
Tells me of my singular  
Virus to the world  
We came for you and you alone  
Projects seize to fear  
Stories of faith melt with the day  
Choke  
I'll imagine toxic shock  
Therapy in my better dreams  
But this place  
Grows weary of the looks of me  
A beautiful encounter  
With the lotus tree  
I can feel my thoughts  
Wretched from me  
Hung to bleed from  
The new world marquee  
A thrifty gamble  
I'll take advantage from here  
Let the fools think  
I hold nothing dear  
I've only got this  
My last relation to  
This fucking rock  
This lucid sphere  
A weakness has held  
Onto the last fabric  
I tear at it madly in fit of  
Fury forced earthward  
A battle of closely held secrets  
For a weakness opposed  
Holds one to a blistered degree  
I've been predisposed  
Only in the bloodline  
Is this terror exposed  
A knife to the eye  
Of modern day times  
Exactly what you've worked for  
A price for the pride  
I can feel the distance coming  
The holes in my lungs  
Won't let me take this anymore  
Only in the bloodline  
Is this terror exposed  
A knife to the eye  
Of modern day times  
Exactly what you've worked for