BONZIE, Fading Out

Unfolding sequence Competing for the final slide No needle blackout infrared

I'm in the right room But you look nothing like yourself No commutation to dispel

Oh they would pick up where they had left I want it all to come and start again

Imposing offense made to uproot what cannot grow I must make up what I dispose

Oh they would pick up where they had left I want it all to come and start again

Burning memory pull at me Crater land you place before me One by one singe the sandglass Searing into now