

The Ectopic Stroll

Between the Buried and Me

Sit down please Sir, what is your woe?
My thousand year old wisdom will help you grow...
The fantasy of the rewind.
I can dissect a man of your kind. Please Doc I need help.
My walls are covered in velvet. We can't get it right... Chopping at his block.
Hysteria in practice.
Tumbling down the well.
Tumbling down the well.
Our troubled thoughts are drugged away.
No need for our sanity. Let's now start over.
Let's begin our lives.
Go back to where we came from.
Let's now start over.
Let's begin our lives.
Your voice is silent. Sit down sir and lend me your mind.
I'll twist and tinker every circuit that's inside.
This fantasy of your soul.
You'll soon accept all I know. We can't get it right... Speed up your joy.
We can't get it right. We can't get you right.
Take me back to my past.
Let's now start over.
Let's begin our lives.
Go back to where we came from.
Let's now start over.
Let's begin our lives.
Your voice is silent. Take me back to my past.

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>