

# New Mexican Disaster Squad, Pulse

The deep black, the bloody arms swing  
Suffering from severe dementia  
And they thought you were the one  
You were the one

Some folks were never meant to last my friend  
Some people meet an early end

Things 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 go

Some 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