

Their mouths move but I can't hear them
Their voices sound like televisions when they're tuned to snow
And I'm wondering just what they know
They can't sleep they have no eyelids
Their bodies hum just like our heaters and our microwaves
But their heads turn
You can tell that they're watching you

And this is not a joke my boy
They're not something we understand
They don't think and live the way we do
Their fingers bend but it's not because they tell them to
They don't breath or drink anything
They say they don't need things that we still need
Now I'm wondering just what that means

They don't sleep they have no eyelids
I hear them moving near my window when I'm down for bed
I think they're after what's inside my head
I can't think the wheels keep spinning
There's more of this than I can see I'm not sure what they need
But my hands are tied
There's nothing much that I can do
And this is not a joke my boy
They're not like us parts are missing

There's no hearts or blood inside their chest
They don't feel or laugh or or regret
They don't know just what it means
To lose some things that you cannot get back
And I don't care to find what they lack

Oh, they'll come for our heads
They'll come for our heads
Oh, they'll come for our heads
They'll come for

I heard a knock on the door
But there was no answer
I peaked through the crack
And a hand pulled me through
They dragged me outside then
And you tried to stop them
There were too many
You did what you could