

The Number

Pretty Girls Make Graves

Knock, knock you bring such a shudder
Talk, talk and try not to stutter
Chameleon changing its colour
The world lost out to the number
Composed of cold, cold machine
Disguised as human being
Disguised as human being

Because I want
And I don't know what I want
But when I want it I want it

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The canopy above the sea
Open up and you run
Into the beat, into the streets
Where you know you belong