

Crippled by the call into complete decay.
An everlasting lost can leave a bitter taste.
Overrated, she's not faking
Idiots collect to run a losing pace.

And I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.
And then they come, demanding a reaction to the light of day.
The lazy voice is making noise.
The reasons clad in vocal shrapnel.

Settle in the call to mark the minutes by.
A minute's thick enough to last a long, long while.
Overrated, she's not faking
Frozen into place, one million hateful smiles.

And I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.
And then they come, demanding a reaction to the light of day.
The lazy voice is making noise.
The reasons credit vocal shrapnel.

I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.
I can't run fast enough to beat you in a simple way.