

Who's the hippy now?
I cut it off to make you proud,
abuse my limbs until the sun goes down
I don't want to be alone again.
Got Jesus' Autograph,
no handshake or pat on the ass
his saving grace was talking fast
I don't want to be bored again
am I ready to take that chance,
put my faith in someone else?

Let's use this dynamite,
we're only making noises

I'll make the brightness yours
so we can deny who we are,
I Love you but not today
the darkness fell like a shout.
am i ready to take that chance,
put my faith in someone else?

Together we stand,
we're at the bottom of the cove
it looked like rain but, it felt like snow
Because wherever we stand, we're at the bottom of the hole,
we'll dig our way out, but we'll still say no.

The wound is king and how,
his whorses turn they make him proud
his vision's clipped like wings and crowns
lets use this photograph
he's never had the chance to believe in something else.

let's use this dynamite, we're only making noises
we want to affect a change with voice and electrical noises

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Because wherever we stand, we're at the bottom of the hole,
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Darkness fell like a shout;
the darkness fell like a shout;
darkness fell like the shout;

we want to affect a change, with voice and electrical noises

wherever we crash, we're gonna blame it on the old
unique to the touch, and crippled to the bone
however we stand they'll be swinging from the ropes
unfinished and young or unhappy and old