

The Numb

Dangerous Toys

Frown down upon the days
When I was someone's puppet
Hear the sound of cries that weighed
So heavy as I suffered

A master plan for killing off
All we take for granted
Haunting ones who would not believe
In what you wanted

To find a friend, to free you from
The clutch of your black halo
Seem to find all the comfort
Knowing no tomorrow

Someone tell me just what have we become
Master of nothing, slave to the numb

Leaving a trace, you've seen the scars
Of all that we've been through
How many times has it fallen apart
Reminding me of you

You wanted it, you wanted it
A power plan, to feel alive
To save a soul, have control
But knowing no tomorrow

Someone tell me just what we have become
Master of nothing, slave to the numb