

## 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