

Zeroes And Ones

Derek Webb

This was real
Oh this was what you've all come to see and feel
But I'm starting to doubt my reality
'Cause it does not last long
Once the cash is gone

Eventually all of this must become zeros and ones
Everything, everywhere, everyone, zeros and ones

I'm in love
Oh I love what I can convince you of
'Cause I'm a prophet by trade
And a salesman by blood
Now I'm dying just to be
A filtered, sub-cultural version of me

My blood is red
Dripping on a page
If I'm brave enough to cut myself
But the more it sells
It thins my blood