

People For The Ethical Treatment Of Artists

Downtown Singapore

Their eyes are colored green
Looking to steal some dreams
Remorse has no name
In this corporation

They need you
To become the puppet they want
To mold into
Something you're not

We need something
To make the water safe again
Safe for us
For everyone that's in

The monster's coming
To take control
Yeah
We're not selling
Not selling souls

Let's break the stilts off
The man up above
And watch as they
Fall towards the end

We need something
To make the water safe again
Safe for us
For everyone that's in

The monster's coming
To take control
Yeah
We're not selling
Not selling souls