

Gears

Miss May I

Once again being here recovering over and over.
Torn from the inside from every direction.
Uncontrolled creations of the entire world.
Making us just a device for you.
Making us someone to be abused.
Making us desperate.
Making us desperate and confused.
Our gears are wearing down to nothing because of you.
Oh the feeling of being machines.
Created for you. Our gears are wearing down to nothing because
of you.