

Stereos

Miss May I

There's no stereo.
To keep me from what I know so I'll tune it out.
The man himself can come if he wants.
Whisper in my ear then I might care.
The world is full of shit.
No one's born with a solid chest.
Trust nothing, build your walls.
They'll be knocking all night long.

Nothing of value.
Nothing left to give.
It's been taken from my hands.
Was it even mine to begin with?
Taking, and ripping, and prying apart, every piece of what's left of my heart.
All alone.
All alone.

Don't speak a word, read between the lines.
The eye in the sky rises (rises).
An imitation of life.
No more reason to even try.
Mechanical heartbeats until the day we stop ticking.
We are all the same.
We are all just pawns in the game.

Nothing of value.
Nothing left to give.
It's been taken from my hands.
Was it even mine to begin with?
Taking, and ripping, and prying apart, every piece of what's left of my heart.
All alone.
All alone.

Open your eyes to the outside.
Tune out all the radios.
This world's full of shit and you're the last one to know.
It's full of shit.