

A Key to Nothing

Mudvayne

No more doors, no more locks, no more windows, no more box.
No more, no less, no more six foot digs, no more hypocrites!

No more emptiness, no more consequence, no more puppet strings,
no more
disease.

No more growing up, no more happiness, no more lying down, no more
ore
complacence.

I have, I hold the key to nothing... it's a small killing.
Murder, murders in the hands of motion, as it seems to be.

No more nothing, no more anything, no more you, no more me.
No more posturing victories, no more nations to defeat, no more
speaking
truth, no more deceit.
No more holding down, no more pushing me, no more new world order,
no more
anarchy!

I have, I hold the key to nothing... it's a small killing.
Murder, murders in the hands of motion, as it seems to be.

I'm washing my hands of the whole thing.

I want no more nothing.

I have, I hold the key to nothing... it's a small killing.
Murder, murders in the hands of motion, as it seems to be.
I'm washing my hands of everything, of everything we are.