

No Response

Mutemath

I wanna confide in my head
I wanna confide in my head
I gathered up thoughts left for dead
I want
I want

I buried my head in the sand
I buried my head in the sand
I want to tell I understand
I don't
I don't

And if it all is black and white
Then tell me what is wrong and right
I don't suppose that anybody knows
And maybe when we reach the end
We'll ask imaginary friends
By no response

I've spoken my piece in the dark
I've spoken my piece in the dark
I've spoken just not ...
I call
I call

I've noticed my sense in the cold
I've noticed my sense in the cold
I've noticed someone's getting old
I'm done
I'm done

And if it all is black and white
Then tell me what is wrong and right
I don't suppose that anybody knows
And maybe when we reach the end
We'll ask imaginary friends
By no response

Ahhhhhhhhhh
Ahhhhhhhhhh

And if it all is black and white
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