

The Drone

Puressence

You work like a drone,
Go home and jump on our bones,
Is it wild how the long recline,
Use the telephone,

Long side of the track,
We'll say that's where we met,
You should take heed of a greater need,
I'm not made of stone,

Is anybody listening,
Don't care, it's what you're pissing in,

Cause where we're going now,
They don't put you down,
They don't stare you out,
Where we're going now,

Used to see you feeding your greed,
You're leading me to feeling the need,
In the wounds of your old platoon,
You should let it bleed,

Nothing ever happens as planned,
Living with a claw for a hand,
Stuck in a show with a girl in tow,
And the laughter's canned,

Is anybody listening?
You're stuck with us through thick and thin,

Where we're going now,
They don't let you down,
They don't stare you out,
Where we're going,

Where we're going now,
Where we're going now,
Where we're going now,
Where we're going now,
Now, now, now....