

Need New Conspirators

The Bled

Tell me, how many years have you felt so sick?
To the kids who care more about these songs
than the wars they've been fighting for so fucking long
There's something wrong with the soundwaves in the air, there's
something wrong,
It's on the tip of your tongue and it's time you give a shit
We got the songs all wrong again (and we don't fit in)
we got the songs all wrong again (and nothing speaks to me like
it did)
And I know you know, I know you know, I know you know I know yo
u.

Tell me, how many years have you felt out of touch?
To all the kids who cared more when they were young
about the wars they've been fighting since before we were born
There's something wrong with the soundwaves in the air there's
something wrong,
It's on the tip of your tongue and it's time you give a shit
We got the songs all wrong again (and we don't fit in)
We got the songs all wrong again (and nothing speaks to me like
it did back then)

How many years has it been, since you lost the feeling?
Since you lost something to believe in? I need something to believe in,
We're so tired of playing dead, bring me all of the disillusioned dreamers
(How many years have you felt so sick, I ask)
All of the forward thinking allies
(How many years have you felt out of touch and old?)
All of the ones who feel outnumbered
(To all the kids who care more, care more, care more, care more)
I need new conspirators, bring me all of the new rule smashers
(How many years have you felt so sick, I ask)
All of the hungry innovators
(How many years have you felt out of touch and old?)
All of the fearless creators
(To all the kids who care more, care more, care more, care more)
I need new conspirators.