

If you leave then we won't play  
For the walls will wash away the few  
And we'll stand displayed far past the expiration date  
For the stage we stand upon, Is so vaguely fake.

So why are we here, for the sake of the sound?  
When the sound Is falling upon deaf ears, (upon deaf ears)  
So why are we here? Your faces are forward  
Focused on what you call frames  
So we'll offer up the canvas, to be left and un-obtained  
And If no one hears the sound was it there from the start?