

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?