

We talked about making it
I'm sorry that you never made it
And it pains me just to hear you have to say it
You knew the game and played it

It kills to know that you have been defeated
I see the wires pulling while you're breathing
You knew you had a reason it killed you like diseases
I can hear it in your voice while your speaking

You can't be treated, Mr. Know It All had his reign and his fall
At least that is what his brain is telling all

If he said, help me kill the president
I'd say he needs medicine, sick of screaming let us in
The wires got the best of him, all that he invested in goes
Straight to hell, straight to hell, straight to hell, straight to hell
l

He told me, I should take it in
Listen to every word he's speaking
The wires getting older
I can hear the way their creaking as their holding him

I could see it in his jaw that all he ever wanted was a job
He tells me to be raw, admits to me every little flaw
That never let him sit upon the top, won't tell me to stop
Thinks that I should be a little cautious, I can tell the wires pulled

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I've been having trouble in believing
I just started seeing, light at the beginning of the tunnel
But he tells me that I'm dreaming, when he talks I hear his ghosts
Every word they say to me, I just pray the wires aren't coming here

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