

Pull My Strings

The Virus

It's not enough to just be you
You must have another to dictate to
To live the dreams that once were yours
And through time went out the door
Now the clock is ticking fast
A child is born to live them out at last
Like a sheep his mind is lead

You fuck with my mind
Like you fuck with a toy
I'm no longer your little boy
You pull my strings to watch me spin
And in the end you'll never win

Frustration runs through my head
I wonder if I should be dead
Words don't seem to mean a thing
So what the fuck will the future bring

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Like you fuck with a toy
I'm no longer your little boy
You pull my strings to watch me spin
And in the end you'll never win