

I Worship Raw Beats

Weatherbox

My flower hands they bloom and grow I'm sweating at the
cross roads
Wolf through how sound
My paws stomp the digital ground
You are rock I am made of wires
I had no idea
You are rock I am made of wires
I had no idea
We were not meant to think or to love
We were meant to crush and to plug
So I crush and I plug

So I crush and I plug
So I'm crushed by the weight of waiting
And I'm plugged into new machines
So I'm crushed by the weight of waiting
And I'm plugged into new machines
You are rock I am made of wires
I had no idea
You are rock I am made of wires
I had no idea
We were not meant to think or to love
We were meant to crush and to plug
So I crush and I plug
So I crush and I plug