

Safety In Numbers

Younger Brother

Most of this is right I just can't figure out a few words in the first verse.

so when you turn your head from these lasers
you find that my ? gets mixed up
my equation seems like years away from this place
and this cold faith, bitter taste, squeezed in a ?

release me from this cup
and silence the wind that forgives
hearing the names calling
horsemen, charging

there is no safety in numbers

there's no safety in numbers

can i steer this ship?
or does she conceive me?

the lighthouse sheds it's light
and blinds me

the tree stands tall, stands proud
defeats me
logic, these numbers call to you

there's no safety in numbers

there is no safety in numbers

(spoken)
when you agree that you are casualty to equation
slave to schematics
a division of greater parts equal to the derivative of
itself
and then multiply