

# 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

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(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