

Who's the hippy now?  
I cut it off to make you proud,  
abuse my limbs until the sun goes down  
I don't want to be alone again.  
Got Jesus' Autograph,  
no handshake or pat on the ass  
his saving grace was talking fast  
I don't want to be bored again  
am I ready to take that chance,  
put my faith in someone else?

Let's use this dynamite,  
we're only making noises

I'll make the brightness yours  
so we can deny who we are,  
I Love you but not today  
the darkness fell like a shout.  
am i ready to take that chance,  
put my faith in someone else?

Together we stand,  
we're at the bottom of the cove  
it looked like rain but, it felt like snow  
Because wherever we stand, we're at the bottom of the hole,  
we'll dig our way out, but we'll still say no.

The wound is king and how,  
his whorses turn they make him proud  
his vision's clipped like wings and crowns  
lets use this photograph  
he's never had the chance to believe in something else.

let's use this dynamite, we're only making noises  
we want to affect a change with voice and electrical noises

Together we stand,  
we're at the bottom of the cove  
it looked like rain but, it felt like snow  
Because wherever we stand, we're at the bottom of the hole,  
we'll dig our way out, but we'll still say no

Darkness fell like a shout;  
the darkness fell like a shout;  
darkness fell like the shout;

we want to affect a change, with voice and electrical noises

wherever we crash, we're gonna blame it on the old  
unique to the touch, and crippled to the bone  
however we stand they'll be swinging from the ropes  
unfinished and young or unhappy and old