

## Ones And Zeros

### Thirteen Senses

I know your bodys like a cloud  
Floating around the softer side of things you know  
I know you like to let it out  
For me it's just a kind of pressure coming out

Oh no how did it come to this  
Making your way back home  
Thinking oh no what is it about this  
Trying to break the cold

I bet there's something in the air  
A tiny drug to keep our bodies unaware  
This little fractures wearing out  
For me it's nothing but the nubers adding up

Oh no how did it come to this  
Making your way back home  
Thinking oh no what is it about this  
Trying to break the cold