

# 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