

# Monster

Charlie Cunningham

I'll applaud and stamp my feet  
Sit forward in my seat  
Unimpaired by the world surrounding me  
Mirrors, smoke machines  
It's never quite how it seems  
I've been there, now I'm taking care  
With my vacant stare prepared

You were talking in your sleep  
Said something about me  
Wake up begging your pardon  
That's when it all gets personal  
Because we're all so capable

It came as soon as our back turned  
It burns and we'll curse them  
These days are pulling us backwards  
Still learning

Just know to never broadcast your monsters  
But they're making it so hard to stop them  
You'll try and so will I  
We know to never broadcast our monsters  
But it's making it so hard between us

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