

Death Of Communication

Company Of Thieves

Honestly, my honesty was always what I gave for taking your bread

I never thought you would have hung it high above as you did over my head

Ever since you came into my life I always felt a little misled
I tried to read the signs, tried to stay in the lines but shapes were always changing

Almost fooled me when you said just

Sell your soul for someone's goal,
Maybe then you'll have a friend!
Sell your soul to be controlled,
Maybe then you'll have a friend!

Everything we'll ever need is deep inside of our limitless beings
We struggle and we fight 'cause it feels good to wonder why our lives are happening

Almost fooled me when you said just

Sell your soul for someone's goal,
Maybe then you'll have a friend!
Go on, sell your soul to be controlled,
Maybe then you'll have a friend!

Hidden in your history, written in your memory-
Oh you didn't know it's
Hid in your history, writ in your memory- say you don't know it!

Sell your soul for someone's goal,
Maybe then you'll have a friend!
Go on, sell your soul to be controlled,
Maybe then you'll have a friend...

In the death of, the death of, the death of communication!