

Fly on the Wall

Crobot

Here I sit
Contemplating what shape to shift
I see so clear
When I'm closest to a sun's tear

These colors they come to me
Some, I'm sure, you've never seen

Well our eyes aren't the same
Yours are trained
Mine were freed
By something supernatural

And I'm just a fly on the wall

Understand
I am a twice born man
Second time's a charm
To feel the grip of space's endless arm

These colors they come to me
Some, I'm sure, you've never seen

Well our eyes aren't the same
Yours are trained
Mine were freed
By something supernatural

And I'm just a fly on the wall
It's something supernatural

You beg, you take, you steal from me
You love, you hate, you scream at me

These colors they come to me
Some, I'm sure, that you've never seen

Well our eyes aren't the same
Yours are trained
Mine were freed
By something supernatural

And I'm just a fly on the wall
It's something supernatural

And I'm just a fly on the wall
It's something supernatural