Decompose

Cruel Hand

Destination distortion again
Records from the past coming back
Say hello to old friends

Poking holes in the speakers that our parents bought
Just to get the sounds from the CD box
Turn me on, turn me up eternally
Don't you ever turn me off

In my mind there's a place where nothing grows
And I won't show
When I die I'll take things that no one knows
We'll decompose

Put a bullet in everything that brought you joy
Outgrown the tone
Traded in the noise

Listen to a song one million times
Looking for a reason just to stay alive
Distortion that distorted time

Things we're not supposed to feel again they said
Things that will never fill your head again
Will decompose

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