

We're Going Where

Dot Hacker

Wounded fly
Where you think you're going
Your whole life
Depends on what I
Decide for you
And who am I
That question resides in everything
I say and do

Bright lights
Feel no pain
Bringing it on
Everyday
I'm just like that fly
I swear I heard it
Heard it cry

You're shitting on everything
Taking flight these disgusting creatures
Make your own heaven
Forget the sky then the ocean rather
Make your own deep end

The swat team
Read rights
Living dreams
Sore great heights
But ya feel more alone then ever imagined
When the noise takes over
Make your own quiet

Flying off
To show your handle on it
Why is here always off to somewhere else
Your one life wasted
Understatement
Spread thin like a Carpenter
Building blockades
Dying to remain
Blockading our view

Birds look forward by looking to the side
Make your own heaven
I can't build you up any higher
Make your own non-sense
Why didn't you tell me didn't fly
Make your own heaven

The way it is is the way you want
We're not leaving unless you take us out
We're going where

Wounded by
Every word that I say
I may have thrown
Too much your way
Catch me when I fall

Cause I'm coming
Your way