

Connections

Johnny Booth

We're nothing more than a bombardment of
Publications applauding, the merchant smirking
A familiar wretched sense of your butchered self hovers closer
Consumer's high pitch
Screaming turned into
Nothing more than sheer shrieking

I propose a reverse, a change in Ideals
I propose a reverse for better forms of connection
Bring me the weak, the rise of us all lies within the bottom of society

Protect the level head
Peel backs the reason
Consume certainty
Quit holding difference, and wanting us to submit our hollow limbs
This is the albatross hanging 'round our neck
And I won't let all you cowards forget about the end
Wishing

When will madness prevail?

Begging for the asylum
Burning for the anthem
Burning for the anthem
Burning for the anthem
Begging for the asylum now

The struggle must go on hostile children
Struggle must go on, spreading all the revelations

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Struggle must go on, spreading all the revelations

We're not convicts, don't take responsibility for things we've said and done
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We're not convicts, the reflections are the guilty ones, the guilty ones
Slow waves of sound, I know what creatures lie inside I know what lies
Damaged anarchist, I know what creatures lie inside I know what lies

Take our flat-headed monster
Stones clogged my throat
Forceful self-portraits burn the hands off God
Don't breathe, time will claim us all
Dark waves, of our expression
Visions don't receive natural deaths

Visionaries will die young

Visionaries, with clenched fists and open arms
Envious hearts are hunted we're all visionaries