

# It Is All True

Mr.Kitty

Finding out  
Is not the same  
As holding out  
Your hand  
For a stranger  
To take  
I know your plan

Into the dark  
I'm beginning to fear  
That my body  
Is not alive  
These eyes  
Are dry  
Waiting for sleep  
To take me  
By surprise

Send send  
Sending out my heart  
Over pixelated screens  
Over telegraph  
Wires that  
No longer beep

We are the monsters  
With no hearts  
Break down emotions  
Into little parts  
We are the monsters  
With no hearts  
Break down emotions  
Into little parts

Through my heart  
And through your head  
You shot me down  
I shot you dead  
Through my heart  
And through your head  
You shot me down  
I shot you dead

We are the monsters  
With no hearts  
Break down emotions  
Into little parts  
We are the monsters  
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Break down emotions  
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