

# Talking Heads [Live At The Roundhouse]

Northlane

Tip-toe through the ruins of my mind  
Desolation in disguise  
I've been locked out of my thoughts for a long time  
The rusted gates  
Deteriorate  
Do my insecurities relate?  
It's like I'm waiting to fall apart  
To fall apart

Waiting to fall  
Waiting to fall  
Waiting to fall apart

My eyes are a sight below the surface  
The veil's wearing thin

I don't fit into my skin  
Maybe I'm just like the rest of them  
But I refuse to take the medicine  
To escape the mess I'm in  
Outspoken  
By the voices in my head

The voices in my head

My mind is silenced  
By the talking heads  
Chattering at me  
With every waking breath  
My eyes are a sight below  
These voices I can't put to rest  
My eyes are a sight below  
The veil's wearing thin

I don't fit into my skin  
Maybe I'm just like the rest of them  
But I refuse to take the medicine  
To escape the mess I'm in  
Outspoken  
By the voices in my head

The voices in my head

My mind is silenced by the talking heads  
Drowning out reason, drowning in lament  
My mind is silenced by the talking heads  
Outspoken by the voices in my head

Outspoken by the voices in my head  
Fuck!

My mind is silenced by the talking heads  
Chattering with every waking breath  
My mind is silenced by the talking heads  
Outspoken by the voices in my head