

# Whistle

Pile

It's like they were vampires  
It's like they don't have a soul  
It's strange, their way of letting you know  
It's like they're poorly evolved  
Like an ignorant, stubborn child  
And their invasive ways are coming into their own

You signed up and now weep in line  
What was all good you have blown  
And you need someone to carry your load

You go find a way  
To go out and start a war  
I know I used to say when and now I say what for  
Breaking bones like it was my goal  
The hand I hold is my own  
And how I'd love to carry your load