

## Rummage

quannnic

All the needles and the thread  
All the knit that you had hid  
I'll conceive you as you used to be  
And the pointless smell of smog  
Gathered up, dressed in fumes  
More put together than they used to be

You'll never react  
Just like the enemy  
They'll never depart  
It's the start  
Of the end

And when I arrive  
There's nothing and no one in sight  
I'm just on a different plane  
And when they depart  
They'll all be far  
Far, away

You'll never react  
Just like the enemy  
They'll never depart  
It's the start  
Of the end

Oh, oh  
Oh, oh-oh-oh  
Oh, oh-oh-oh  
Oh, oh-oh  
Oh-oh