

## Old Data In A Dead Machine

Vein

"Words create lies. Pain can be trusted."

Eyes glued to the window pane  
Till the sun comes up to say  
"Worry, fixate and then repeat"

Do you imagine their blood inside your head?  
As far as I know they're all already dead  
Caught up in a comfortable lie  
So why aren't you alive yet?  
Pain can be trusted

Take your own advice before you take theirs

All you wanted was something  
All you wanted was something  
That something is nothing  
Well, ain't that... something