

Pixelate

Volumes

Force fed faster
Like there's nothing left to eat again
Transmissions miles away
I know you're broken just like me
Right hand plastered
With my left one going down the drain
And everything you say to me and show to me
It makes me want it more

Crawling on my knees
So tell me what I need again
All that I can see
It's taking me so long to give and not bleed

Another stem another sign to plant your seed
(Save me)
Tell me everything you believe
(Listen)
Expect the worst in a glimpse of me
(Save me)
Expect the worst when you hear from me
Born to breed
Wait in line another minute
Born not free
Never over 'til it's finished

It's hard to see a concept
When it's time to cut the chord again
Always standing on shallow ground
Misery's all I've got now
Dead to a generation
In a twenty first century pixelate
Who did I need more
Who did I need more

Expect the worst in a glimpse of me
Expect the worst when you hear from me
Born to breed
Wait in line another minute
Born not free
Never over 'til it's finished

Save me
Like there's nothing else
Set me free
Like there's nothing left
Give me a reason
To see this through
Because I'm so far gone
So far from you

Force fed faster
Like there's nothing left to eat again
And everything you say to me and show to me
It makes me want it more

Born to breed

Born not free