

# Cky, Flesh Into Gear

I can't expect you to see  
Me when I'm not around  
And my voice is destroyed  
By confinement of sound  
I'm a human machine  
Laced with hidden disease  
If the future is bleak  
Then you're connected to me

Flesh into gear  
Myself appears dissected and pretentious  
A simple sound a heavy sigh  
Could win the whole world over  
You live in fear of being someone that you didn't want to  
I realize your insecurity will get the best of you

A traitor's embrace  
How foolish how wrong  
Contained in one place  
Anxiety spawns  
Unopened reowned  
What's needed upscaled  
Digested inhaled  
Unwilling unwound

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Myself appears dissected and pretentious  
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[repeat]