

# Mudvayne, Key To Nothing

no more doors

no more locks

no more windows

no more box

no more

no less

no more nothingness

no more six foot digs

no more hypocrites

no more emptiness

no more consequence

no more puppet strings

no more disease

no more growing up

no more happiness

no more lying down

no more complacency

i have... i hold the key... to nothing... it's a small

killing

murder... murders in the hands... of

motion... as it seems to be

no more nothing

no more anything

no more you

no more me

no more posturing victories

no more nations to defeat

no more speaking truth

no more deceit

no more holding down

no more pushing me

no more new world order

no more anarchy

i have... i hold the key... to nothing... it's a small  
killing

murder... murders in the hands... of motion... as  
it seems to be

i'm washing my hands... of the whole thing

i want no more nothing

i have... i hold the key... to nothing... it's a small  
killing

murder... murders in the hands... of motion... as  
it seems to be

i'm washing my hands, of everything...

of everything we are