

Something With Numbers, Zombie

Why do I keep living the life of a zombie,
No brains no thoughts nothing just a body,
And no one believes me I'm a living disgrace and I'm easy,
To manipulate but I'm breathing,
It's hard to believe that your leaving,
But you're ready to run
Why do I keep living the life of a zombie,
Why do I keep putting it on like a zombie,
Get ready to run
Today your gonna figure it out,
Once the story drops get ready to run
Today your gonna figure it out
Why do I keep getting high like a zombie,
No goals no choice
nothing just a body,
With no meaning
A complete basket case and I'm needing,
The thrill of your grace now I'm pleading,
For you to erase this feeling,
But you're ready to run
Today you're gonna figure it out,
Once the story drops get ready to run
Today you're gonna figure it out