

# 16 Volt, Swarm

I can't release you after all the things I put in you  
My pointed edges seem to be always peeking through  
This dead red skin feels nothing like what I make you see  
I gotta hold out something, I gotta hold out something left for me  
I give nothing  
I always get something  
I give nothing  
I get something  
I always get something  
My angels wings are clipped from getting too high  
I cough up hell and watch it swarm around inside  
It's what I'm about, my favorite inside source is defeat  
I'm on the losing side, I'm on the losing side of the bottom sheet  
I give nothing  
I always get something  
I give nothing  
I get something  
I always get something  
I have no wings  
I have no heart  
I dig inside  
I tear it apart  
I make you believe  
I make you see  
I show you the things you need to be  
My open soul my blackened lies  
You'll never see through this disguise  
I have got it all  
I am everything  
I'll never die  
I just do it again  
Something