

Blindside, Yemkela

Wasted disposable dying scum
Two months tops before silence replaces your small beating drum
Isn't that what we're all waiting for
So we can go home and celebrate our good life

But I feel gun powder
Burning under my skin
Don't say another word
You might set off a spark
Cause I've got gun powder
Burning under my skin

Take me back to tv-land
Numbness is a safe zone
They never trained me for reality
I'm a reality-tv clone
Now did you say your 10 going on 11?
Something is terribly wrong
Somehow I'm dying with you

But I feel gun powder
Burning under my skin
Don't say another word
You might set off a spark
Cause I've got gun powder
Burning under my skin

Yamkela
Don't leave now...