

# 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...