

Chevelle, Bend The Bracket

So the water's thickening
His collar's pulled, begin to be aware
(It's on) that he needs to focus
Beyond that man, he brings a world of pain
Cause

The war is on, too weak to move
Call it off, sorry refused

So we bend the bracket
Shove it down anything to make it fit
(It's on,) and being foolish won't cover up
Exposing them as fakes
But

The war is on, too weak to move
Call it off, sorry refused

So boredom captured another fool
Shredding him to bits
(It's on)
And the more we tense up, avoiding pain
You'll never learn a thing
Cause

The war is on, too weak to move
Call it off, sorry refused