

# Electronic, Feel Every Beat

Have you ever been a victim in a violent fight  
When you know it's not true and you know it's not right  
Got not one ounce, inch of control  
You got lust for blood runnin' in your soul  
You know if every person upon this earth  
Became the image of the mother in a violent birth  
We could sow the seed, toss up the sand  
And heal this brutal beat-up land

If there's a place to be why don't you come with me  
Listen to your father, listen to your brother  
Take every chance that comes, maybe you'll find someone  
We don't need to argue, we just need each other

There's a mirror on the table, if you feel you could use it  
Don't be ashamed, go ahead just do it  
Protect your cranium, let it explode  
Put your faith in the mother lode  
Now if all this seems to be eccentric  
Be aware be sure I meant it  
The tunnel of love has got no end  
I'm well received, but I don't send