

Mudvayne, A Key To Nothing

No more telling us
No more lies
No more needles
No more breathes
No more no less
No more no less
No more sick with digs
No more immigrants
No more emptiness
No more consequence
No more puppet strings
No more disease
No more throwing up
No more happiness
No more lying down
No more patience

I have
I hold the key to nothing
It was small killing murder murders in the hands
Emotion nothing seems to feel
No more nothing
No more anything
No more no
No more
No more prostrate victories
No more nations to defeat
No more speaking truth
No more deceit
No more holding out
No more pushing me
No more new world order
No more EDUCATE

I have
I hold the key to nothing
It was small killing
murder
Murder in the hands
Emotion nothing seems to be

I'm washing my hands
Of the whole thing
I'm washing my hands
Of the whole thing
I'm washing my hands
Of the whole thing
Of the whole thing
No more
No more nothing

I have
I hold the key to nothing
It was a small killing
murder
Murder in the hands
Emotion nothing seems to be
I'm washing my hands of everything
Of everything we have