

Numic, Like A Devil

Where is the voice
that would lead me here to fall
Why is the dirt always something that I want
Look over my shoulder
like a devil speaking for me
Why is good always so boring
there's no moral in our story

We must be out of our minds
We must be out of our minds

Don't you see the cold hand
reaching in to grab
but the felling is warm
stare, you're seeing me
Can't you see me
turning on.
(coming in, coming in)
All I need's a thought
and I'm there
stealing in to guide
while you're taking the fall
then, I'll leave you there
Can't you see me
guiding on.

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Hey man, I just don't understand
We'll medicate our lives with something true

Hey man, I just don't understand
We'll medicate our lives with something true

All I need's a thought
and I'm there
stealing in to guide
while you're taking the fall
then, I'll leave you there
Can't you see me
guiding on, guiding on.

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