

Orgy, (Demo) Brain-Dead Revolution / Sonic

It's in my head everyday,
A braindead revolution
Mixed up in so many ways,
But it translates the same,
It translates the same.
Too bad you get nothing back
From putting all this time into this
But no one waits, no one waits.
Let me think of a way to describe
The system of you
As you linger in anticipation
You'll discover that I'm becoming
Sonic, Sonic, Sonic

Chorus: Being me, it's hard to find the system of you
Being me it's hard to find the system of you
X2

I'll take a big step back
To describe the system of me
One to ten, you know is our ration
That we'll start it all over, all over
Again and again

Chorus

Delivering what's real, I think of you anyway
Knowing what to say
It's pampering when considering the truth
I think of you anyway, but the truth can be unreal
The future has no meaning, the pockers of rage
Their supply of the two
That make us tick, tick, tick

The future has no meaning, the pockers of rage
Their supply of the two
That make us tick, tick, tick

Chorus