

People In Planes, Fire

The flower grew the wall
Displaying all of his colour
The motive wasn't clear
But you wouldn't understand

Now we're getting on like fire
With matchsticks in our eyes
And the money men are here
With yes men to their sides

The audience approves
With a movement of clothing
But they never even see
The nature of this illusion

Now we're getting on like fire
Let's burn it to the ground
And the warning, it came so clear
But I couldn't see the signs

There's a plate in my head
There's a chip in my head