

Pretty Girls Make Graves, The Number

Knock, knock you bring such a shudder
Talk, talk and try not to stutter
Chameleon changing its colour
The world lost out to the number
Composed of cold, cold machine
Disguised as human being
Because I want
And I don't know what I want
But when I want it I want it
The canopy above the sea
Open up and you run
Into the beat, into the streets
Where you know you belong