

# Simon Says, Syphon

The line blurs out of focus  
Now my senses cloud  
I'm falling numb again

I feel it taking over me  
The day falls dark  
There's no light in the end

The old synthetic stale routine  
Makes the faces mold  
And start to look the same  
All the same

Why hate someone when I've got you?  
Stay still and shut the fuck up till I'm through  
It's my turn to play you my tune

They trick you with money and makeup eyes  
They deceive you  
And feed on what your money buys

They shove down their visual imagery  
Our naive nature  
Enables their disease  
Disease

Why hate someone when I've got you?  
Stay still and shut the fuck up till I'm through  
It's my turn to play you my tune  
It's my fuckin turn

You think you can make me like you? Want you?

Do you think you could show me?  
Could I be as cool as you?  
Do you think you could teach me to look as sad as you?

It finds you it chokes you it eats you until it sucks in again and again and again and again

Why hate someone when I've got you?  
Stay still and shut the fuck up till I'm through  
It's my turn to play you my tune  
Why hate someone when I've got you?  
Stay still and shut the fuck up till I'm through  
It's my turn to force feed you

It's my fuckin turn

You think you can make me like you? Want you?