

Symphorce, Touched And Infected

I run through the hall, down the stairs
And i try to scream, but nobody cares
Caught in your lies at the end
We can start over and try it again

Words that seem so out of place
I wish you'd get out of my face
It's all right, no need for you to fright
You've only lost your sense of sight

Hold on for as long as you can see
Ups and downs infecting me
What do you expect from me?
Touch and infecting me

I hear all the lonely cries
Underneath all these lies

Break on through, is it existence that you fear?
Another cultural revolution is headed near
Someone young in the wind of a revolution
Trying to save his face in the evolution

I can't even get up off the ground
Because it all came crashing down
Now more and more everyday
Words that have nothing to say