

# The (International) Noise Conspiracy, Dustbins O

Like the precision of a stutter.  
And the comfort of being drowned.  
Do we need more ammunition.  
Than just one look around.  
No comfort in isolation.  
Just reminders of whats wrong.  
And still we sit here hoping.  
For something to come along.  
I want you to know that were gonna bleed.  
Into the dustbins of history.  
And I cant see why you wanna be.  
In the dustbins of history.  
In the margins of existence.  
While life is passing by.  
Ive heard all the excuses.  
Of someone afraid to try.  
No courage in resignation.  
Just acceptance of the facts.  
And still you sit there hoping.  
For something to save your back.  
I want you to know that were gonna bleed.  
Into the dustbins of history.  
And I cant see why you wanna be.  
In the dustbins of history.  
I dont wanna stay but I cant leave.  
I want you to know that were gonna bleed.  
Into the dustbins of history.  
I want you to know that were gonna bleed.  
Into the dustbins of history.  
And I cant see why you wanna be.  
In the dustbins of history.  
I dont wanna stay but I cant leave.  
I want you to know that were gonna bleed.  
Into the dustbins of history.