

# Thirteen Senses, Ones And Zeros

I know your body's like a cloud  
Floating around the softer side of things you know  
I know you like to let it out  
For me it's just a kind of pressure coming out

Oh no  
How did it come to this?  
Making your way back home  
Thinking Oh no  
Why does it look like this?  
I'm trying to break the code

I bet there's something in the air  
A tiny drug to keep our bodies unaware  
There's little fractures wearing out  
For me it's nothing but the numbers adding up

Oh no  
How did it come to this?  
Making your way back home  
Thinking Oh no  
Why does it look like this?  
I'm trying to break the code