

Flesh Into Gear

CKY

I can't expect you to see
Me when I'm not around
And my voice is destroyed
By confinement of sound
I'm a human machine
Laced with hidden disease
If the future is bleak

Then you're connected to me
Flesh into gear myself appears dissected and pretentious

A simple sound, a heavy side could win the whole world over

You live in fear of being someone that you didn't want to

I realize your insecurity will get the best of you
A traitor's embrace

How foolish, how wrong

Contained in one place

Anxiety spawns

Unopened, reowned

What's needed upscaled

Digested, inhaled

Unwilling, unwound
Flesh into gear myself appears dissected and pretentious

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I realize your insecurities will get the best of
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