KID

Cutout Collective

Here's where society ends, the last fullstop dot in a pencil's lead
Here's how we build it again, with nothing but hard beats that thump in your head.
Won't try to believe, won't try to believe, in one last thought that tempts like a strip tease.
You're the new school, old question is why better be better than basslines so deep that you die?

You've got to believe that you're more than 2D.
The words you say to yourself, the songs you sing in your sleep,
they're like an echo of a copy.

Here's how we break it apart,
this feeling of falling, it pulls at your heart.
There are plans to build it again with nothing but basslines that run in your head.

You've got to believe that you're more than 2D.
The words you say to yourself, the songs you sing in your sleep,
they're like an echo of a copy.

You've got to believe that you're more than 2D.

Lyrics submitted by malcolm.

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