

Unsound

Headstones

I smiled 'cause I know I tried firing up the circuits
Can't see myself jumping double-dutch
'Cause I know I'd smell the plastic burning
Last night was a pessimistic skydive
In a foolish narcotic shell
Beat the boredom that frames the lightning
Beat the path of the rituals Gonna become... unsound
Bottom lip quivers, rage is so apparent
Don't know whether to kill or cry
Don't know whether to rebuild or to burn it
You don't know how just to say goodbye
I'll tell you what, what's to tell
It's the world not a call I can screen out
Keep it down see if it digests
Your batteries are shot - so are the instruments
Gonna become... unsound
Gonna become... You better run don't want to become yourself

Songwriters

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