

# 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  
Flies in and out of focus  
Next best thing to a rage  
I don't like the way that it coaxes me to explain  
If you don't realize it's crazy  
If you can't understand the source  
Don't reach too fast for the answers  
'Cause it gets worse  
Turn your face to the day that's striking  
Bend the barrel when the chamber's full  
I'd give you more but you know that there's nothing  
Hardly get any sleep at all  
I'll tell you what, what's to tell  
It's the world not a call I can screen out  
Don't kill your partner 'fore the dancing's started  
Kill the path of the ritual

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