

The Meddler

A.M.C, Mattix, Futile

You had that nighttime confidence /
 Yet again
Like when you tear us all to bits
 Yet again
If you really want advice here
 You're too much like a wall
If you're gonna light those fires /
 We're all up in arms again
 Well I don't belong here
 Don't fit your style
 Felt your left foot
 Now meet my right
See now over this, you meddler
Feed off all the rest, you meddler
Talking so close, you bring to mind
 No fun to be behaving
 But you really lit a fire
 All up in arms again
Why don't you feed off all the rest
 Well, I don't belong here
 Don't fit your style
 Felt your left foot
 Now meet my right

 It's now or never
 More difficult
Those midnight answers
 And stray arrows
 Never, never
 Lean on you
 Clever, clever
 One on two
 You're mine
 Finite
 Imagine this
 It's sad
 To say
 It's simple
When still we want to watch

Well, I don't belong here
Don't fit your style
Felt your left foot
Now meet my right
It's now or never
More difficult
Those midnight answers
And stray arrows
I don't belong

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