

## Nycc, The "Can You Repeat It, Please?"

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How long it takes you to turn it on  
you think it's useless to feed that lore  
Soon it will be mood, your disrespect to  
the thoughts of other tongues.

How long you need to turn the light on  
your brain as nothing than fashion toll  
Hope he gets the misunderstanding  
of everything you told.

Ooooooh there is pretence on your words  
Look to yourself on and go be saved from  
the arrogance you swell.

You'll never learn what it means at all  
Be sure you don't deserve sweetness, even  
You're lucky I still keep control  
Nobody would like give you his livin'  
x2

How does your brain work, You'll never know  
Your mind to uncork, to stuff with straw  
Hope your mould has been trashed the last time  
was used to build your world.

How much they paid you to taste the gore  
I feel this way 'cause it costs you more  
Hope you'll learn soon what these words mean or  
You'll never learn at all.

Ooooooh there is pretence on your chords  
Look to yourself on and go be saved from  
the arrogance you swell.

You'll never learn what it means at all  
Be sure you don't deserve sweetness, even  
You're lucky I still keep control  
Nobody would like give you his livin'

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