

Panic Division, The "Automatic Synthetic"

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Take a stab for the waiting crowd.
This time we fold, as the future draws your name.

So stay away, when you go away.
Now that its void.
Calling the drop of a sure dime,
Standing ground for the vain in the meantime.

Run
Run from me now before this has the chance to be
something more.
This is the way for you
This is the way
This is the way

We're not a fan of the social part
The urban silence in the cage of sanity.
And I'm trying hard to let you go,
and fighting not to let you know

(Surround me)
As the future draws your name, this time we fold
And it draws the line,
Standing ground for the vain in the meantime

Im trying hard to let you go,
and fighting not to let you know.

They're calling your name.
You're there, so don't turn away.

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