## **Boy Eats Drum Machine**"Blindman"

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White lines on a dirty mirror My reflection haunting me Dead eyes and desperation And my hyprocrisy

You think you're so immune Go dry your mother's tears I disconnect from you Your lying and your flying

I know you love me but keep away I'm feeling more like myself today I don't need this drug I don't need this fix You better believe I can handle it

Blindman blindman

Dark room strange company You're making the devil twitch You look like a corpse tonight So you think death is hip

I disconnect from you Your lying and your dying

You're my kind of circle You're my kind of freak You're my kind of loser Let's be incomplete

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