

The Bled

"Need New Conspirators"

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Tell me, how many years have you felt so sick?
To the kids who care more about these songs than the
wars they've been fighting for so fucking long
There's something wrong with the soundwaves in the
air there's something wrong,
It's on the tip of your tongue and it's time that you give
a shit
We got the songs all wrong again (and we don't fit in)
We got the songs all wrong again (and nothing speaks
to me like it did)
And I know you know, I know you know, I know you know
I know you.
Tell me, how many years have you felt out of touch?
To the kids who cared more when they were young
about the wars they've been fighting since before we
were born
There's something wrong with the soundwaves in the
air
There's something wrong,
It's on the tip of your tongue and it's time that you give
a shit
We got the songs all wrong again (and we don't fit in)
We got the songs all wrong again (and nothing speaks
to me like it did back then)
How many years has it been, since you lost the feeling?
Since you lost something to believe in?
I need something to believe in,
We're so tired of playing dead bring me all of the
disillusioned dreamers
(How many years have you felt so sick, I ask)
All of the forward thinking allies
(How many years have you felt out of touch and old)
All of the ones who feel outnumbered
(To all the kids who care more, care more, care more,
care more)
I need new conspirators bring me all of the new rule
smashers
(How many years have you felt so sick, I ask)
All of the hungry innovators
(How many years have you felt out of touch and old)
All of the fearless creators
(To all the kids who care more, care more, care more,

care more)
I need new conspirators.

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