

Cave In "Droned"

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Knocked me on my head, capturing my child
Then you let me run off into the wild
I thought it was a birthmark, and it looked kinda' nice
I didn't know it was your tracking device
If I'm still awake, then shake me back to sleep
It's just a nervous tick, well you won't hear a peep
And so I saw a memory crawling on my brain
I couldn't think it off, so I dreamed it never came
You're made of something undefined
You're made of something I can't find
I know all eyes are on me now,
So let's make it a show
You're made of something I don't mind

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