

Crime In Stereo

"XXXX (The First Thousand Years Of Solitude)"

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And We returned to heaven to confront our resurrected horrors,
they'd restlessly started a horrible revolt.
So I smashed their thieving greedy blackened halos
right back into broken zeros
of digital hope, copper, and hurt.

Say I won't.
All your artists are just servants of the status quo.
Say I won't
This darkness starves us, trademarks us miserable.

Do your worst
Come damage me
Come damage me

Our impossible populous.
Immeasurable metropolis.
The machinery stays
and the scenery crumbles away as we capitalize on our opportunities

Come damage me
I descend into the cadence to unlock the city gates
I retreat to my basement.
Make the end come for me
Come damage me

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