

Stephen Egerton "When They Roam"

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Hello, I can't quite hear you
Airing all your personals to all ears
Think you're stranger for divulging your privates
For everyone to hear
There's nothing sacred, no discretion
No secret unknown
And listening to all the white noise makes me feel so
alone

And it's a punisher's weekend
On the horrific planet that they roam
Resounding zombies lacking any threshold
Yeah, it's a chorus of tweakers
In a world sans interval or tone
Sewn together but they're always alone
They roam

There's always some transmission sounding in your
head
Recharging your diminished ambitions, archive the
stress
Calenders and sound reminders, forget to forget
You only had a couple hours of sleep but somehow you
overslept

But it's a champion's weekend
In the apocalypse they all compete
Sheepish clones eat the creative meek
Yeah, it's a chorus of speakers
In a world without originals
You cannot hear the individuals
When they roam

Cause nothing's safe, there's no discretion
No secrets unheard
And listening to all the white noise makes me feel so
unheard

Yeah it's a punisher's weekend
On the horrific planet that they roam
Resounding zombies lacking any threshold
Yeah, it's a chorus of tweakers

In a world without originals
You cannot hear the individuals
When they roam

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