

Synthetic 16 **"Army Ants"**

Visit "[Army Ants](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Sorry for the phone calls. Who's sorrier than me. Sorry for mistakes I made along the way. The world fell down on me. Living in your glass house. Will you find so many holes? So fill them up with angry words. And deep resentment. The only way you know. And this abortion I believe in is over now. Don't wait till it's still lingering around. These painless butterflies are crushing. Army ants are rushing. To pull our souls right into the ground. And to think our time to bloom We are missing now. All these precious seconds ticking away. it's this organized confusion, industrial revolution. I believe goes on sale today. Go and fly your paper airplane. Though it won't get you to high. Keep on tearing up the letters sent. And things they meant. Don't make you feel right. With every word you said, word you know. Don't leave it up to me. It's not your fault, it's not my fault. Blame it on the things that we need. If your looking for answers. You better change your questions. Got more than your share out of me.

Visit [Synthetic 16](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.