

The Faceless

"Hypnotised"

Visit "[Hypnotised](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I steal the notes from other bands.
I fill their shoes with wet cement.
I make you think of certain things
And when you talk the things you'll say,

I'm pretty sure of what you want.
I bet you want the same as me.
You want to think of something smart,
Something someone would repeat,

But I'm giving up on all that fuss.
I'm gonna tell you how it is.
Then, when you get your turn to talk
I hope your microphone is off

And the critics go, "Whoa...yeah...yeah..."
They'll go, "Whoa...yeah...shotgun..."

But, for now just watch the screen.
Let me control the things you think.
You'd like to think you could resist,
But you're being hypnotised by this.

Think of the clock you thought up.
How it's wagging back and forth.
How you're hypnotised by us.
Are you studying my pores?

When my hand snaps you'll wake up
To your daily concerns.
I'm counting backwards in your head.
You're letting me do all the work.

You're under my thumb, yeah, yeah.
(snap)
You're under my thumb, yeah.

How 'bout that, boys?

