

The Revival Sound **"The Analog Black Deaf"**

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Pay no attention to the subsequent screams,

This carriage won't see the light of day-
Fate is dancing on the roof.
This is contentment from the depths of myself
And from nowhere I cry to you.

Just look at what beauty has claimed,
The illusion of happiness with such blurred vision.
As we walk, we walk from selflessness.

With looks on fire she lured him in.

Swallow this, stare right through me
When there is nothing but a dial tone.
Misery loves company
But I think I'd rather sleep alone.

She warned me of the sky

Lament this tragedy
One last time.

All my words are fragments,
All my songs are dissonant
I try o god to be right but always seem to fall apart.

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