

## **Weatherbox**

# **"I Worship Raw Beats"**

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My flower hands they bloom and grow  
I'm sweating at the cross roads  
Wolf through how sound  
My paws stomp the digital ground

You are rock I am made of wires  
I had no idea  
You are rock I am made of wires  
I had no idea

We were not meant to think or to love  
We were meant to crush and to plug  
So I crush and I plug  
So I crush and I plug  
So I'm crushed by the weight of waiting  
And I'm plugged into new machines  
So I'm crushed by the weight of waiting  
And I'm plugged into new machines

You are rock I am made of wires  
I had no idea  
You are rock I am made of wires  
I had no idea

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We were meant to crush and to plug  
So I crush and I plug  
So I crush and I plug

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