

Mudvayne

"A Key to Nothing"

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No more doors
No more locks
No more windows
No more box

No more no less
No more nothingness
No more six foot digs
No more hypocrites

No more emptiness
No more consequence
No more puppet strings
No more disease

No more growing up
No more happiness
No more lying down
No more complacency

I have
I hold the key
To nothing, it's a small killing
Murder
Murders in the hands
Of motion
As it seems to be

No more nothing
No more anything
No more you
No more me

No more posturing victories
No more nations to defeat
No more speaking truth
No more deceit

No more holding down
No more pushing me
No more new world order

No more anarchy

I have
I hold the key
To nothing, it's a small killing
Murder
Murder's in the hands
Of motion
As it seems to be

I'm washing my hands, of the whole thing
I'm washing my hands, of the whole thing
I'm washing my hands, of the whole thing
Of the whole thing

I want no more nothing
I want no more nothing
I want no more nothing
I want no more nothing

I have
I hold the key
To nothing, it's a small killing
Murder
Murder's in the hands
Of motion
As it seems to be

I'm washing my hands, of everything
Of everything we are

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