

## **PlayRadioPlay!**

### **"Ten Thousand Lines"**

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Yep

We paint the future from this bedroom  
With lots of progress; cold and heartless  
And nothing lives, just twitches and moves  
It's all synthetic, but it's all we've got

Thousands of wires spread through the halls  
Thousands of eyes live in our walls  
Now they can see just what we've done [oh no]  
Now they can see what we've become

No sun. Just radiation here. Get it by the lungful  
No time. No way to count the years  
Except by the creaking sounds of your bones  
By the creaking sounds in your bones  
By the creaking sounds in your bones  
By the creaking sounds in your bones  
By the creaking sounds in your bones  
By the creaking sounds in your bones  
By the creaking sounds

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