

Sound Of Guns "Silicon"

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Such a strange parade without destination,
the last mascaraed with a headshot collusion,
hard to breath rebellion, when you're trapped like a
spider,
such a strange parade, here they come, can you hear
them?
I am the darkness,
I am the light,
I am what's wrong and everything right,
I am the ocean ready to wave,
to start at the end of a silicon day.
Just a passing phase, ten million approaching,
like a shotgun graze your silicon's here,
oh, now, I will say what you want.
I am the darkness,
I am the light,
I am what's wrong and everything right,
I am the ocean ready to wave,
to start at the end of a silicon day.
I am your conscience, and I am your curse
I am your last breath and I am your first
I am your symptoms and I am your cure
I am your standing and I am your fall
I am the darkness,
I am the light,
I am what's wrong and everything right,
I am the ocean ready to wave,
to start at the end of a silicon day,
yeah, the start at the end of a silicon day.

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