

Grüvis Malt

"Volume"

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The consistently loud noise that the world makes
constantly drowns me out
If it wasn't for this noise
you might have heard my voice
trying to boil water by yelling at it
It's me that does the boiling
I heat up quicker than the flame
That's not turned on under the water
Don't need your attention but it'd be nice to have
You do not need my noise but it would be quite the
asset
Your open ears will be our shelter from the open air...

I sing to find the JUSTice to bring a WANTED criminal
TO trial
I BELieve I HEARD him mass-producing predecessors'
styles
Bounty hunting, I had to ground myself to see I'm not
ABOVE denial
And turn my weapon on myself 'cause THE NOISE
defile is I
The undeserving steal halos from heroes while they
sleep
To fight back
The heroes slice away their eyelids
And fall into deep alertedness
Amazing these steps taken
To keep a neon sign of your importance

Screaming at all different speeds and they never
meet the ears that they're aimed at
"The Hum" is playing defense deflecting all my
attempts
(I can't find a hole in this wall)
The sound that gets reflected resonates on IMPACT
and catches a few passing ears... and that's victory
enough
In this fight, for volume
Hearing yourself in a crowded room...volume

So many of us trying to make noise where it already is

We need to make holes in it

In a dream all the things that deserve it would get the
proper respect

not get bludgeoned to death by useless information

Great things get lost in the fight to be heard but

stronger ones spring up

from the ashes ready to breed in the airwaves

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