

Off Topic

"12-Bit Lifestyle"

Visit "[12-Bit Lifestyle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm on top
Of my business
So spare me your witness accounts
Of what I should do
Of what I should not
Of what I've become
How 'bout yourself?
Look at yourself
We can't even talk no more, you say
Well I never shut up, so I guess you're not listening
You never let up on your preaching
Can you accept that I'm the one speaking?
Can you accept that I'm the one teaching now?
I'm always working, locked in a room
Seems so alien to you
You don't understand why I do what I do
You don't understand what I go through
All this just to hold a mirror up in your face
So tell me friend
Just what's so great about the roads I didn't take?
You're holding back, tell me about mistakes
Nothing's worse than that silent stare
Your holding hostage in your conscience
Roll around in your fucking money
And question my morality
Excuse me if I laugh outwardly
And cry on the inside
For it's not me, it's you who's died
It's not me who's chosen such devotion to a promise
From a concept made to control your eager mind
I've found my answers deep inside the samplers
Where you're afraid to wander

They don't understand 'cause they're quick to judge a
devil
They don't wanna know 'cause it's way beyond their
level
But now they're all exposed to the infected child
This is my 12-bit lifestyle

I'm underground

And I like it that way
Don't get me wrong, I wanna make money
But something about controlling your own destiny just
appeals to me
I guess I would sign, yeah I would sign
See I've got this record and no one can take it from me
now
So from here on out you can hunt me down
But I don't wanna be friends, just friendly
Might shake your hand but you won't get a pound
Don't ever tell me my record's not complete
Or you don't hear that hit single
You can bet that when you're sleeping soundly
I'm awake, one hand on Middle C
The rest of me fetal position inside of a stolen milk
crate
And you look down, disappointed
Never realizing that I look up at you blocking my view
Wondering when you're gonna fucking move so I can
enjoy the morning
So I'm not happy all the time
But I'm well-adjusted
Open-minded with a dead-bolt but I carry the key in my
pocket
Til the day I got mugged and I can't afford the
locksmith
Emotionally homeless now
Too proud for handouts
So I steal what I need
And most of the things that I want
But I'm going on your definition of who's a thief
And who should be the one to step up and lead
Bravely into the future
Have fun being a dead martyr

They don't understand 'cause they're quick to judge a
devil
They don't wanna know 'cause it's way beyond their
level
But now they're all exposed to the infected child
This is my 12-bit lifestyle

Visit [Off Topic](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.