

bury the needle to puncture my eye  
healing the wound as a nation divides  
sacrificed virtue to compensate pride  
symptoms are buried behind all the lies

why do we stumble around  
why do we stumble around

this new appliance will feed us, bleed us  
tear us apart, make us whole  
this awkward science will need us, bleed us  
tear us apart, take control

reason presents us with choices to guide  
choosing a weapon or choosing a side  
logic unbiased will draw us a line  
choose to ignore it or choose to decide

why do we stumble around  
why do we stumble around  
with no direction  
with no perception  
with no control

this new appliance will feed us, bleed us  
tear us apart, make us whole  
this awkward science will need us, bleed us  
tear us apart, take control

i'm sick and tired of no solution  
i'm strung and wired from finding hope  
i've built a pyre of retribution  
its open wide, i'm still inside

still inside i'm still inside

why do we stumble around  
with no direction, with no control