

Thinning airflow through a narrow hallway
Hanging heads from the billboards, hoping to entertain

I hear the circle resonate
You're all nameless faces to me
I'm merely a short daydream
I helped you get through nothing

If you look real close, hands held under the thorns
Keep you proud of the unknown
I'm your toy when things get shallow
I'm under your control

Press your face to wood floor, you're the grain
Here's a savior for when you don't feel anything

I am what you want me to be
Ripped right out in front of me
I was on the edge of your everything
Now something gets in the way
Innocence sedates your memory
The misbelief in anything
I see you on every city street
Looking for me to fix your pain

If you look real close, hands held under the thorns
Keep you proud of the unknown
I'm your toy when things get shallow
It swallows everyone
You don't hold enough to show
Anything for what you've done
I'm your toy when things get shallow
I'm under your control

I've wished for this
Well my attention comes and goes ever since
I've dreamt of this
Well it is never clean behind the film we're staring at

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I'm under your control