

The Noise

From Our Hands

Let the fire burn the self-control
Tell me are you obscene
Are you obscene?
Give me champagne just to heal my soul
And tell me if it's worth it
If it's worth it
So if you're ready or not
Things keep on moving

All along my personality
I've lost myself
I've lost my sanity
I don't let my head bring me down
You might think I'm lost
But I really don't want to be found

Call the doctor call an ambulance
Lock me up in cage
But you can't stop me
You can offer all the money in the world
But nothing's gonna change now
You can't buy me
So if you're ready or not
Things keep on moving

My edge of sanity is very very weak
My personality describes me as a freak
I've been waiting for
I've been waiting for
waiting for, for the time to come