

Plug Me In

I Am War

I can hear it, but can you?
I can feel it, how 'bout you?

Flip the switch, and my teenage mind went psycho.
So many feelings, a never ending cycle.

When I hear those words, come tearing through the speakers.
When I feel those words, my futures looking brighter.
There was a time, music felt so alive.
Those days aren't dead. And neither, neither am I.

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Looking back, those were times to test a young soul.
So much anger, I could not even let go.
Then it hits my ears, comes tearing through the speakers.
Then it hits my ears, can handle any demon.

No more, Dead eyes.
No more, White lies.
No more, Dead eyes.
Not again, I am alive.
When the music hits can't stop me.