

I can feel the heartbeat  
I can feel the heartbeat  
I can feel the heartbeat of the swarm

How low, come on back, come inside  
So drive through the dregs to the open wide  
A sign that you might be alive  
I know it but it doesn't feel right  
She is ghostly and bloated with child  
Did you get him at the squirt-gun shop?  
Digitized, did your time online  
Did you get him at the squirt-gun shop?

Freedom with a big F  
Freedom with a little left  
Freedom with a big F  
Freedom with a little left

I can feel the heartbeat of the swarm  
I can feel the heartbeat of the swarm

Pavements melting into, melting into pockets  
Dinner ladies kept me in the basement  
Making sure there's eggs in my batter  
What more does it matter?

Freedom with a big F  
Freedom with a little left  
Freedom with a big F  
Freedom with a little left  
Freedom with a big F  
Freedom with a little left  
Freedom with a big F  
Freedom with a little left