

Highway Patrol Stun Gun

Youth Lagoon

Possessed by something in the wind
They watch me like I'm a threat to them
With implants deep below their skin
They laugh cause some refuse a pin

Sounds like a riot choking the highway
With stun guns, smoke, and sirens on display

Remember when no one danced the same
We all had a voice
We had a name
We're gold that's as bright as hell's own flame
Forgive me, for I have lost my way

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Dripping in blood, waiting for your return
In repetition hall of the nocturne
Where we're going to, you can't bring all your worth
Oh raise me up, oh raise me from the dirt
Each second is a high point of concern
Where we're going to, you can't bring all your worth