

Biffy Clyro, Liberate The Illiterate A Mong Among

Don't be sad, keep smiling, leave this open to communicate

Lying there on the desk you left a letter, when I touched it, it shivered in my hand

I rub the surface to see your face in the mirror, translation lost me in a crowded room

Leave exposed the wounded, look down kids it starts to decompose

Looking for some meaning or recognition and your eyes are as blank as my hidden heart

I rub the surface to see your trace in the mirror, translation lost me in a crowded room

If you want to believe everything you say, it keeps you high and in control

What I can't understand is why you would want to give the impression of a young lost soul

In the end you lack a stance on important subjects that you've lost, it's like you're out of control

Then you turn round, my head cracks like it's for the millionth time again (Liberate the illiterate)

And you wanted to jump half a canyon, I'm at least a companion to it all (Liberate the illiterate)