

OFFICIAL LYRIC SHEET



Set the Tone

Mr. Brok3n / Lyrics by Eric Wright

SINGLE

NOV 24, 2025

VERSE

(

VERSE

1

)

I walk in, the static starts to hum,
Eyes flick left, but I don't run.
Neon hearts all beat the same,
I've never played that kind of game.
You talk in circles, dressed in ash,
Chasing ghosts through broken glass.
But I don't bend, I calibrate—
Your noise just helps me resonate.
[Pre-

CHORUS

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Whispers twist in chrome and bone,
I see right through your undertone.
You move in patterns, I decode—
The lies you wear, the masks you load.

CHORUS

I set the tone—don't need your crown,
If you can't hang, then step it down.
I move with fire, cold and clear,
You can't control what's crystal here.
I set the tone—no fear, no throne,
If you don't like it, you can go.
I breathe in deep, I'm not alone—
I follow the pulse that sets the tone.

VERSE 2

I've seen the flash before the break,
Your silver smiles are all the same.
You paint your truth with borrowed ink,
But I don't drink what makes you sink.
There's thunder waiting underground,
You'll never hear it if you drown.
I taste the shift, the current's right,
It's war, but I don't fight with spite.
[Pre-

CHORUS

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I read the room, I feel the spin,
The cracks appear beneath your skin.
I trace the wave, I know the code,
The current's mine—I take control.

CHORUS

I set the tone—don't need your crown,
If you can't hang, then step it down.
I move with fire, cold and clear,
You can't control what's crystal here.
I set the tone—no fear, no throne,
If you don't like it, you can go.
I breathe in deep, I'm not alone—
I follow the pulse that sets the tone.

GUITAR SOLO

[distorted

GUITAR SOLO

layered with glitch noise, tempo accelerates
slightly]
(Grinding industrial rhythm builds under a
searing, bending lead — sharp, metallic, echoing
like gears turning in smoke. The solo rides chaos
into order, then cuts off clean before the
Final

CHORUS

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BRIDGE

No crowd, no chain, no borrowed fame,
I walk through heat, I keep my name.
You chase the spark that burns too fast,
But I was built to make it last.
You won't decode the signal sent,
I'm tuned to truth, not your intent.
[Final

CHORUS

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I set the tone—don't need your crown,
If you can't hang, then step it down.
I move with fire, cold and clear,
You can't control what's crystal here.
I set the tone—this pulse, my own,
If you don't like it, fade and go.
I breathe in deep, I'm not alone—
I follow the pulse that sets the tone.