

# Action Action, This Year's Fashion

Head trip on the scene again  
Pumping in the veins of the rabid mouths to feed  
Head back, obsolete  
Trapped with the secrets that I cannot keep today  
You got it, intrusive  
Erratic, elusive  
Your heart aches, infliction  
Sporadic in an aging contradiction  
I have a dream, it's them and not me  
You lied, you lied, you lied, oh my  
Sugar my life, sweeten my tea  
You lied, you lied, you lied, oh my  
You've got your hands around my throat  
You've got your eyes inside my back  
You lied, you lied, oh  
Head spun by a thousand spiders  
Sucked into their late night infomercials  
Rolled back with every beat  
Bound to the bond of a greater feature feat

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