

Dead To Fall, Smoke & Mirrors

Oh, Another face joins the crowd
It's time to impress; time to prove yourself
You don't realize that in a year's time you'll be over this
Moved on to the nexxt trend
Moved on to the next catchy melody
Moved on to the next trend
Here's your next catchy melody
So say what you will
Do what you feel you must
Your words just fuel my rage
And fill my heart with disgust
I know what really matters
I know who will be there
The rest of you could wither away and not a piece of me would care
Tomorrow none of you will mean a goddamn thing
You're spread so thin
We see right through your display
A procession of smoke and mirrors
Tomorrow none of you will mean a goddamn thing to me
In time everything grows stale and old
I'll hold on to what I have and never let go
Tomorrow none of you will mean a goddamn thing