

Epidemic, Currency Of Cynics

You glorify what is overrated
I'm peeling off the damaged film in layers
In my disposition to ignore what is real
Too dangerous and close to home

But on the ground awareness lies
Between small change and swarming flies
And if you choose not to bow down
You'll fail to notice what's coming around

The cornerstone of your comfort is sedation
I'm paying off the guilt in a currency of cynics
In my disposition to ignore what is real
Too dangerous and close to home

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Fail to notice what's coming around