

Firewater, Dropping Like Flies

In the cold hard light of day
Do you like the face you see?
Ain't it hard sometimes to say
That your eyes have atrophied?
Because the heart is a slippery one
And it's tricky to dislodge
Carry on as your day dissolves
In a black & white montage

Bodies falling to the floor
They're dropping like flies

In the crest there's an emptiness
Heartbeats ring in hollow halls
And the patient says
He's feeling fine
But that's just the drugs he's on

And you cry, trying to find a voice
That reminds you of your own
But every word
That passes from your lips
Is counterfeit, illegitimate