

Forgive Durden, I'm A Sucker For Fakes

I'll classify every word out of your lips
As a lie until you're lying
Beneath the dirt and the soil
Hailed as the king of deceivers and cheats.

You've got a lot to learn.
More best friends to burn.
More malignant lies to conjure.
I'm down and out for now,
But until the day you die,
I will haunt your dreams.

When you decide to paint your white picket fence,
Be sure to use the purest his money can buy.
With every stroke, brush over the past,
And smother the true grain of your tainted life.

You've got more guts to churn.
An eternity to burn.
You're about as innocent as cancer.
I'm down and out for now,
But until the day you die,
I will haunt your dreams.

I hope your breathing doesn't come easy.
I pray to God I'm all you dream.
I hope you feel my touch.
Hear my voice.
Taste my lips with every sip of noise.
Save your tears.
Don't apologize.
All you'll hear is good-bye
Until you're a memory.