

Foster The People, Pseudologia Fantastica

Faded and worn at the seams
Inside a tropic ponderlust, sick and laughing
Their words bear their teeth into the raw
I promised I would rid the world of feral animals

See you smiling with your feet up like a hero's
Bit off yourself to save your reputation
Strong and fearless and deprived just like your heroes
Are you sharpening your sword, well you'll fade out anyway

Why'd you say
Why'd you say that you'd come right back for my love, for my faith?
All the promises you made never realized
Why'd you say
Why'd you say that you'd come right back for my love, for my strength?
All the promises you made never realized

Fill the air of what you'd like
Another weekend massacre, your opinion
Don't be afraid of the knife, sometimes you have
To cut the limb to survive

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You've got to look around a certain field
Come down to roast the flesh of some beginning
You've got to get back up and face your demons
Don't ever be afraid of starting over