

# Fucked Up, Ban Violins

start a conversation finish it with a scream  
i know all the answers but what do the questions glean?  
not afraid of fiction just the already known  
unlock the future truths from the gilded tones  
reverse the compass to get where we came from  
soothsayers almanac predicts a growing disdain  
insanity breeds discourse conversations cut short  
by the ramblings of dilettantes too late to abort  
locked in a rut unable to be swayed  
been in the storm too long lord let me pray  
born again free from sin  
let the suffering begin  
i crossed you out  
i wrote you out  
i toyed you out  
i punked you out