

Good Riddance, Saccharine

Lie in a hedgrow
I have grown bigger than
Two timing a talk show
We pitch the perfect plan
Like leather and concrete
Find strength in sterile eyes
Downtown where the tracks meet
Rain bleeds from swollen skies

And we're all trapped inside this maze
Caught breaking sweats while counting days
Struck down behind the wreckage
Of our less than perfect ways
The brave ones die with no regrets
She wants the one she never gets
Until its over

Stabbing their backs now
Frail lies make perfect sense
Caught grazing the cash cow
With a straight faced innocence
Still rising above this
You'll go on like your taught
Such incredible likeness
and lack of thought
And we've got it

Slow mold pathetic lies
Stripped clean and sterilized
We all go under the knife
with the game show anesthesia
anesthesia