

# Helmet, Renovation

When it's time to leave this place  
I'll follow what comes easy  
Elude the human race  
Discover what still feeds me

And if my interest is waning  
I can't fake it  
Your captive audience  
Escaped for "soul renovation";

I know I might be wrong  
But I'm sick of pretending  
I've listened to you too long  
And nothing's ever mended

You can stretch the truth  
And patience wears you so thin  
It's just as easy to see through  
Your high self opinion

I know I might be wrong  
But I'm sick of pretending  
I've listened to you too long  
And nothing's ever mended