

Lock Up, Tragic Faith

Chasing down and taking out
Another life, a personal theft
To live among the dead remains
Is tragic faith and tempting fate
The dotted lines and blotted frames
Betray the agony and rage
Lies a strategic blindly placed
Feed a nation's voyeur traits
Rumours bleed in every shape
Faking cause for no one's sakes
The dotted lines and blotted frames
Betray the agony and rage
The dotted lines and blotted frames
Betray the agony and rage
For all we know it could be us
Who's next to be the tabloid slut
The tragic faith is shedding tears
For all the pretence all the years
Caring when you should feel guilt
Demanding more blood to be spilt
For all we know it could be us
Who's next to be the tabloid slut
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