

# 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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