

Oceansize, Paper Champion

Hear this: a name. "Sell",
Be the tolling of the iron bell
That will render me
All the prize it will cut these doubts right down to size
And without this thing
Without the drive just to make you see how
I am striving to make a fist
A voice if could just make you hear
Make this all right

And I'm
Still
Still calling
Still...
Still...
Still calling

Severed tongues and glowing eyes
In a threat that comes as no surprise
An expose of pearly lies for our paper hero
Open wide

Soon to be rendered obsolete
All you have belongs to me

Glamour pigs
Media whores
Let blood run like a waterfall

Toothy grins and limp handshakes
And pray to god your soul they take

Now we're done cheering your name
I'll sell you out