

# Private Line, Sound Advice

Roll your vice, and get rolled too  
Dice are loaded and so are you  
Miss Understanding undressed is Miss Fortune

Some upload death in search of divine  
Some surf for love but find lust just in time  
Misguided preachers, seekers of paradise

Wish there was someone with nothing to say  
Hope all those saviors would go away  
Look how the boy holds his broken toy  
Unspoken pain  
We hear nothing

Roll with the punches and you'll end on your knees  
Chose any role, life's a no-net trapeze  
An angel calls me to see her dance striptease

Wish there was someone with nothing to say  
Hope all those saviors have blown away  
Look how the boy holds his broken toy  
Unspoken pain  
We hear nothing

Please don't tell me to trust in Him  
You can't tempt me with your mindless grin  
I'll keep my sins, you save your advice  
Yesterday, you killed for it; today, I'll sell my soul for a life

Wish someone out there has nothing to say  
Maybe those saviors have gone away  
Look how the boy holds his broken toy  
Unspoken pain  
We feel nothing

[spoken]  
Welcome to the SINDicate  
You're better off without  
The world is a fiction  
And there's no way out