

Rez Band, Mannequin's Dream

Dull steel, my personal sky,
Clouded with confusion, raining inside,
Lightning flashes when I understand, but it tastes like ashes and melts in my hand.

I'd kiss real life,
Mine is mannequin,
Painted, and pretty, and hollow within,
God, where is life?
Mine is mannequin,
Painted, and petty, and hollow within.