

# Action Action, Smoke And Mirrors

Comatose, feed my head with liberty, I've got an appetite for deceit. I'm done, well done, stick fork in me, cover me in apathy, discreetly and distinct able. I am trying to break your heart. I'm plagued with doubt, no frogs or murdered first born. My thoughts are just a little sun burnt, dismantle all that ever was, strip it down: withdraw the blood. Something going to break real soon, who's covering whose Safety in knowing others lies pulled by the strings of time. Hold me back: I'm going to throw it all down on the table. Do you expect us to believe in these fables? Oh, what to do with you? with you, with you, with you? Hold me tight, it seems all I really have is in front of me, is the rest just a dream or a fallacy? Oh, what to do with you? with you, with you, with you? A throw back to all those 80's slash flicks, you're a cheap killer, and I'm getting sick of it. God's dead, and all bets have waived their rights, all is fair in love and time, who win the game of war? Illusion, a delusion, a terrible secret, what one does see is another's lost prophet. Hold me close, I can see right through you, challenge you've ever heard, incite the search and motivate. Something going to break real soon, who's covering eyes? Safety in knowing others lies, pulled by the strings of time. Please read between the lines, a simple compromise between the sands of time. Please say with me, say with me...