

Clear Voyance, Complicated Life

I want to get the hell out of this place
can't stand to hear your voice, don't want to see your face,
they're your crash test dummy your putting to the test,
but you think that your better than the rest

your back hurts, from the knife of a friend,
and so does theirs because you do it to them,
your complicated works and your foolish lies,
are driving us crazy

(so bleed, goodbye)

they turn the lights off but you want them on,
they take a deep breath but you want them to choke,
you think all of the wrong words come out of their mouth,
all they try and do is help but all you do is pout.

your complicated life is for all of the wrong reasons,
you have a 12 inch blade gripped tight in your hand
and you bring it down hard into the back of a friend.