

# Dashboard Confessional, This Is A Forgery

This is a forgery  
This is a forgery  
Every single word is plagiarized  
Copied twice and thrice inscribed  
This is a forgery

There is a path, and to get where it's leading  
You gotta be sharp, and never bend easy

This is an enemy  
This is an enemy  
Compliments and chemistry  
Cavalier and so charming  
This isn't everything  
This isn't everything

I had a fit  
You had a feeling  
There was a path, and to get where it's leading  
You had to be shot, you couldn't swerve side to side  
I was a razor, and you were a straight line

This is a travesty  
This is a travesty  
Every sentiment has been contrived  
Palatable and so refined  
The sugar sweet to appetite

I had a fit  
You had a feeling  
There was a path, and to get where it's leading  
You had to be shot, you couldn't swerve side to side  
I was a razor, and you were a straight line

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And we were looking at the sun shining bright  
But it was casket black, so we would search all night