

# Dillinger Four, Shiny Things Is Good

Sometimes you can feel the rug pulled from below your feet  
It's like one minute you're like a rock standing strong and the next you're beat  
It's not up to you, something's always there, working behind the scenes  
Invisible hands handcuffing and last chance bluffing, feeding their greed

Pacified reason, it's adding up to treason, we are your slap in the face now  
The sons who've been cast out  
Slip under the wire, our spark ignites the fire  
It's all smoke and mirrors and a transparent truth  
Hold it up but don't trust it  
It's all a hoodwink disappearing ink on the page  
Built you up and then crushed it

It's all a bait and switch, a blind fold that we must wear  
A promise of a life so real so close you can grab it but it's thin as air  
Each and every one gets a day in the sun and you just might get one too  
If you just believe what they're telling and buy what they're selling  
It could happen to you

You give it all, get nothing back  
Just trying to keep your head intact  
You're just a shape without a soul  
You grind along until you die  
Your meaning comes from what you buy  
Spend your life in the dark, end it with a question mark