

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