

Dogma, Lies

Little lies behind the doors
Behind the couch and in the walls
Hundreds more now down the hall
I think this house is about to fall, yeah

What I have is not what it seems
I've got no answers when I've got no dreams
I don't need hope when I have no fear
I don't need the future while I'm living here, oh no

See, I don't need you, yeah

Little lies behind your eyes
In your smile, suspicious lines
The strap on your mask has come untied
I think our trust is about to die, yeah

I don't need reasons or questions why
Your actions tell me what's on your mind
I don't need colors when I'm living blind
I don't get angry when I've got no time, yeah