

Fairweather, Blood On The Pages

Its amplified for everyone.
Its pounding repeating.
No touch of truth to any line.
Empty sounds and hollow words.
Diseased and rotting quickly.
No one believes it anymore.
Give it up put it down.
You're motionless.
Its ours not yours to have.
Connections made create careers.
Not passion not movement.
Its all for future plans.
Promotion saturated scene forgets the heart and feeling.
No one believes it anymore.
Blood on the pages blood on the strings.