

Fiction Plane, Everybody Lies

I can't feel the warmth from the gestures that are false
The hand feeds me stabs me from behind
As the blade inches in you don't even begin
To think that I'd be one to do the same
We're all alone and there is only one throne
So come on tell me that you really are my friend

You hold me a story that I told
Who wouldn't trust a person if they said it was true
You believe when I'm thinking that you lie
Because I do all the time and so does everybody else

I can't feel the warmth from the gestures that are false
The hand feeds me stabs me from behind
I found myself lost on a straight and narrow course
If you can't see it then you must be blind