

# 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