

# From First To Last, The Latest Plague

What would you say?  
This blood is thick  
This blemished face  
With a dark crooked nose  
And a chance to say  
Whatever it wanted  
Through its blemished throat  
Or be alone  
Would you give a fuck  
If only to her  
Will now depend  
Like shallow water  
The sound of victim men  
Crawling up your walls  
Fake faces everywhere I see  
Fake people looking back at me  
Sit down, don't tell me  
Don't tell me where I don't belong  
Fake faces everywhere I see  
Fake people looking back at me  
Sit down, don't tell me  
Don't tell me where I don't belong  
Oh, I heard a sick, sad voice  
It was honesty, I turned to her and said  
We need to be medicated  
And you're the prescription  
For a forced out vision  
If you're with me, send the critics to hell  
With the sound of our voices  
Fake faces everywhere I see  
Fake people looking back at me  
Sit down, don't tell me  
Don't tell me where I don't belong  
Fake faces everywhere I see  
Fake people looking back at me  
Sit down,  
Don't tell me... where I don't belong  
I wonder why you're oh so full of shit  
You'll be knocked on the floor  
So don't you push that precious sweat  
Oh you judge his secrecy on shit  
You'll be knocked on the floor  
So don't you play  
Fake faces everywhere I see  
Fake people looking back at me  
Sit down, don't tell me  
Don't tell me where I don't belong  
Fake faces everywhere I see  
Fake people looking back at me  
Sit down,  
Don't tell me... where I don't belong.