

# Hot Water Music, Call It Trashing

Something react with a shake and a bang to resurrect  
A deadbeat rhythm of a slant and a pose  
Of chivalry that's far front its best.  
So over-rated, so bits and pieces, exhilarating, and so deceiving.  
Wait, it's all sounding the same.  
So over-rated, so bits and pieces, accelerated, accelerated.  
Mark it up with the made up, make it up on the side.  
Drag through shoulders to the wheel of alluring and baited lies.  
Wait, it's all sounding the same.  
Wait, rehashed beats and breakdowns.  
Surrounded.  
Take the diversity away  
Make it all feel stale and vacant.  
Call it trashing.  
Wait, it's all sounding the same.  
It's all charades and shadows.  
Call it trashing.  
It's all sounding the same.  
It's all charades and shadows.