

Nora, Nobody Takes Pictures Of The Drummer

Watched your lips move during that interview.
That voice wasn't yours.
Spitting poison that's not dangerous,
Throwing knives that are dull.

I read what you said in that interview.
Was that you?
Why didn't it hurt you when you cut yourself?
How come there's no blood coming from those wounds?

Just not that cool.
You're no hero.

What if you meant it?
We meant it when we sang along.
What the fuck did you think I was pointing my finger at?
My see-through-hero,
You can't block the bullets I'm going to shoot at you.