

One Minute Silence, On Deaf Ears

Nobody listens any more to the lies
Is there a woman who keeps swallowing flies?
Is there a Jesus waiting arms open wide
Too many stories, and too many

Nobody listens any more to the trees
All moving too fast turning birds into bees
Some say the hurricane will soon be a breeze
I want to see it I want to believe, it's real

Wake up and smell the roses trust me and leap
The hand that rocks the cradle rocks you to sleep
It's not what you think it's not what you see
Is there a future or is it just me?

Some days I'm happy, some days I'm all right (Victim)
Some days I'm thinking maybe dead would be nice (Can I suggest?)
Some days it's easy, some days it's a fight (Victim)
Some days I'm thinking life itself is the price

Life itself is the price
Life itself is the price
(Life itself is the price)
(Life itself is the price)

The wind it whispers today could be your last
Annihilation but why overreact
All roads are leading to repeating the past
I see the weeds are coming up again through the cracks

Some days I'm happy, some days I'm all right (Victim)
Some days I'm thinking maybe dead would be nice (Can I suggest?)
Some days it's easy, some days it's a fight (Victim)
Some days I'm thinking life itself is the price

Some people never fly, some people fly and die
Some people tell you that ours is not to reason why
Some people live alone, some people live a lie
Some people tell you that the grass is greener if you're high
Some people sell you love, some people sell you faith
Some people sell you white and openly engender hate
Some people fight to win, some people have to fight
Some people tell you that to turn the other cheek is right
Some people live and learn, some people never will
Some people go through life oblivious to all its ills
Some people live in hope, some people live in fear
Some days I'm thinking fuck it all, It's wasted on deaf ears

Nobody listens any more it's a crime
Religious freaks see it all as a sign
We're preaching equal with a mountain to climb
Am I alone here or am I wasting my

Nobody listens any more it's a crime
Religious freaks see it all as a sign
We're preaching equal with a mountain to climb
Am I alone here or am I wasting my

Okay

Some days I'm happy, some days I'm all right (Victim)
Some days I'm thinking maybe dead would be nice (Can I suggest?)
Some days it's easy, some days it's a fight (Victim)
Some days I'm thinking life itself is the price

Am I alone here?
Am I alone here?
Am I alone here?
Am I alone here?