

# One Way System, Backshine

The rhythm of your voice -- it cuts me through  
No secrets in what I reveal to you  
A smile for my face, but a knife for my back  
You're Mr.Transparent, true friends you lack

No time for greed, backshine  
It's time to leave, backshine  
You won't deceive, backshine  
Too late to grieve, backshine

You climb your ladder all by yourself  
Away from work there ain't no-one else  
In the office you drift on by  
So called-friends avoid your eye

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It's time to leave, backshine  
You won't deceive, backshine  
Too late to grieve, backshine

A brown stained tongue makes your breath foul  
The centre of hate when you're not around  
Continue to stab the back of the world  
You won't be heard it's time to learn

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Backshine, backshine, backshine