

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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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