

# Quicksand, Clean Slate

Envy of, a sense of true identity, a sign of confidence to see.  
Because when she said "I love that music, too,"  
she meant, "Only as long as you want me too."  
So sad, we don't see, until we become what they want us to be.  
It's too late.

I don't know why,  
but what they want me to do,  
I do it.  
Powered by wealth,  
changing myself,  
and if they only knew that I knew it.  
And it seems that the real life will have to wait,  
because the world's so busy,  
so busy, cleaning a clean slate.

Oh.  
Ahh, hoping to find what's mine,  
so I can lead a full life,  
use a knife,

and dig in like a cannibal.  
Out for,  
for myself, but all the things I want are serving someone else.

I don't know why,  
but what they want me to do,  
I do it.  
Powered by wealth,  
changing myself,  
and if they only knew that I knew it.  
And it seems that the real life will have to wait.  
As the world keeps cleaning, it's cleaning.

The spin cycle runs round.  
A clear decision can be found.  
Can't think when my mind,  
my mind runs 'round.