

Say Anything, But A Fleeting Illness

here we are back to play the same old games
as if things never changed
the blood still tastes the same
ash to ash, back to back, and dusk to dusk
you look so upper-crust
so rich with broken trust
can you hear your conscience's crying
wash the fields of dead and dieing
ex-acquaintances
jogging over skulls and leg bones
drown the crunch out with your headphones
if you're so rich then pay for what you've done
under the influence
under the influence
keep me off the road when you're around me
under the influence
under the influence
my love, you make me sick
there you are a tool of their firmiliar game
your lies still smell the same
your kind are still to blame
upper class
this machine you built to last
you'd better spend it fast
i'm about to break the spell you cast
i'll bury you next to your ego
and mark the grave to burn when we go
up in flames again
now i'm not afraid to kill this
you are but a fleeting illness
the emptier, the easier to break
let the clock spin sweetly on it's way
and your face will blur and fade away
wash your hands, they reek of what you've done
just a fraud, just having fun
under the influence
under the influence
keep me off the road when you're around me
under the influence
so insignificant
my love you make me
oh, now dance for me you fucking puppet