

# 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