

Sick Of It All, Scratch The Surface

Scratch the surface serve a purpose
scratch the surface don't waste my time

Such empty life
night after night
all hidden faults
such shallow sight

Such simple sheep
herd to the creeps
beauty is null
barely skin deep

What is the force that drives the superficial
tell me what keeps their minds remaining little
What is the force that drives the superficial
tell me what keeps their minds remaining
so afraid of what they'd see underneath the fantasy
so afraid to actually scratch the surface

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All mirrors hide
faillure inside
that's maybe why
they take so much time

Big money lies
big lying eyes
eyes are the soul
big dollar signs

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