

# Sub-Urban Tribe, Dialogue For One

I feel stuck in here  
I smell the stench of my own decay  
I've been hiding out  
though my fears and wasted years  
are all exposed  
there nothing left when they're gone

Strip away my love  
defuse all of my hate  
peel off the smiles and moans  
that I always fake  
I'm hollow inside  
exhausted and numb  
talking to me is like a  
dialogue for one

A lopped off torso  
I clipped my wings to subdue my soul  
and I will harden myself  
until I reach the perfect bleach  
of soothing pain  
there nothing left when it's gone