

The Black Maria, A Thief In The Ranks (Your Bike)

Your desperation
Your inspiration

When you finally became a mute,
while a sad song plays,
you lie helpless and lost,
infected by the truth
That was fabricated by you.
Your image shattered in the eye of the storm.
We would never reach out to you.
How could you?

Your desperation to look like a victim
is such a cop-out.
You're fooling yourself.
Your inspiration is your contradictions.
You've lost the concept of what's the real truth.

That it's you who is the thief.
Who should be humbled by the
sheer size of your crimes.
We befriended you.
It was abuse.
There's no better time than the present time
to finally forget you.
How could you?

Your desperation to look like a victim
is such a cop-out.
You're fooling yourself.
Your inspiration is your contradictions.
You've lost the concept
of what's the real truth.

Close your eyes, and pretend that it's alright.
Do you feel it tonight?
Can you feel it tonight?
It's all crashing down.

Lately you know you've seen it.
The face, in the mirror never lies.
You're fading.
Fading...