

# 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...