## Tribe Sub-Urban, 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's nothing left when they're gone

## **CHORUS**

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's nothing left when it's gone

**CHORUS**