

# 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