

Twelve Tribes, Translation Of Fixes

I resort to impulse to escape the living
Facedown in your indifference
Waiting to fall in line
And I was never impressed
With your addiction to conscience

Pain has long been the lost humiliation of genius
And I've been misled to believe that I was alone
it always turns out better this way
Sedated so you won't have to feel a thing

I resort to impulse to escape the living
Counting the imperfections
Down the lines of my face
When all the regrets and failures
In you were so obvious

Pain has long been the lost humiliation of the soul
And I've been caught between
What's real and what's for sale
I'm not the one who profits
From stainless masquerades
I've come to terms with my fixations
And all your failing attempts
Faithful performances
The timelessness of your act
Won't be the end of me