

Velvet Acid Christ, Fried

Answers to why,
two questions,
she's lying again,
he stares at the floor begging for more,
how does illusion chain fact and fiction,
bends them together, dreams again,
holding on to a thread,
a shred of reality, reality.

we work, broken bones on shredded glass,
a white silhouette, dance on the edge of his dream,
wire the edge well done,
and time doesn't matter much anymore,
she's climbing the walls in her desperate plea
but no one hears the screams of the lie
while she's falling from the sky,
she's crying in her state and the tears rolled down her face.

shot up an answer into her veins,
inhaling chemicals,
she doesn't know their names,
doesn't ask them why,
cause she's in bliss and pain and agony and ignorance,
play this role deeply,
she forgets and laughs again,
throws her problems all away,

it doesn't matter now she's on the floor,
and everything,
blood, doesn't apply, hallucinating,
holding on to vows she once kept,
alone in love or anger,
looking out at the world,
she stands and thought no other,
and out the window once again.

see the cars driving by,
loosing vapors in the sun,
doesn't even see anything,
oh oh into oblivion she stares at me
asks me questions about things i'd never know in a thousand years.

you look so far,
running away,
away away away away from here,
i see lights in the northern sky,
i see death in the pockets of a man filthy rich with control, power,
doesn't care about anybody,
oh you sobbing young souls,
laughing again at the world, look on, on on on on on.

see them laughing now,
they don't even care anymore, they don't care,
she doesn't care,
neither do you,
staring at the floor and out the window,
see the sky its turning into something,
six hours later she falls batting the wall oh again again again again,
again and again, and again, and again, and again, and again, and again, and again.

she's holding on by a thread,
she's holding on by thread,
he's holding on by a thread.
don't believe, don't believe lies forever.

