

Vigilantes Of Love, Offer

they were making available the dreams of the past
for a limited time while the supply lasts
i got in line and i gave the man my cash

yeah i was buying fake diamonds buying fools gold
and i keep them in a sack shot full of holes
in this land of plenty with an empty soul

no mountain too high there's no ocean too deep
no castle too strong there's no lock that'll keep
no river too wide there's no desert too broad
no stone you can't break no heart that's too hard

from parting shots to parting the seas
from stabs in the back to turning the cheek
opening cells and throwing away the key

and i distinguish a voice that i hear in the wind
like a radio station not quite locked in
once a whisper now as loud as a scream

you're the judge and you're the law
the criminal in place of us all
father and mother sister and brother and friend

you say give me your sickness give me your pain
your empty cup and i'll fill it again
why on earth are you digging your own grave