

# Hindsight

## Dry Kill Logic

These are the same things born from the last time  
And now its here and its fuelled yet its falling apart  
And you feel this, lord how you know this  
It seems to me like the whole things falling away

And you feel it, lord how you know it  
Now its everything of the way it should be  
And it feels like, hair on the livestock  
All at the same time

With my own eyes I see inside  
And pushed it all away  
Small white lies  
In everything you say  
Cause I don't want it  
To feel this way  
Small white lies  
In everything you say  
What you say

All of the same things died on the first time  
And now its gone like the drive so taken from me  
And you feel this, lord how you know this  
It seems to me like the whole things runnin' away

And you feel it, lord how you know it  
Now its all around and drained the life out of me  
And it feels like, hair on the livestock  
All at the same time

With my own eyes I see inside  
And pushed it all away  
Small white lies  
In everything you say  
Cause I don't want it  
To feel this way  
Small white lies  
In everything you say  
What you say

What it's doing to me  
What you say  
What it's doing to me

With my own eyes I see inside  
And pushed it all away  
Small white lies  
In everything you say  
Cause I don't want it  
To feel this way  
Small white lies  
In everything you say

With my own eyes  
I've pushed it all away  
Small white lies in  
Everything you say

And I don't want it  
To feel this way  
Small white lies  
In everything you say