

Conformity

Thom Artway

It's a never ending comedy
And ere this reaches the end
I end up as a hanged man, choking on your scent
Some say that true love never dies
Even if you find another
Sooner or later
We find out this game is over

It's the conformity, the custom of mine, to settle things and feel just fine
Although my insides burn, my insides burn
Is this real, am I really that sick or am I just a wreck
Well hello again, we're... we're just friends
Like a family, like foes again, I'm full of silent violence
The untold anger, untold love

It's the conformity, the custom of mine, to settle things and feel just fine
Although my insides burn, my insides burn
Is this real, am I really that sick or am I just a wreck
Well hello again, we're... we're just friends
Like a family, like foes again, I'm full of silent violence
The untold anger, untold love