

No talking cure will save  
You from the trap I have laid  
Cause it's warm, it's dark and it sticks  
To all the troubles you can't fix

It makes believe it knows your lies  
Then undoes all you devise

The truth is you can't win  
The truth is there's nothing to lose  
The truth is you'll receive but not choose  
It's a spider, it's a ruse

With the lights out in the open  
Like a tight rope to be broken, like a  
Secret to be told  
Of all that never should unfold

It makes believe it knows your lies  
Then undoes all you devise

Like the straining sight of all that might  
Lash out at you, crash down on you  
It's the whisper of disaster  
Like the straining sight of all that might  
Lash out at you, crash down on you  
Come to tell you who's your master