

True, you say you are.
I'll be honest when I say I'm not.
Use any excuse to get what I want.
I tell you what you wanna hear.
Hurting you is the only thing that I could do.
And I tried to make a motive of good intention without attention.
So I'll have the best behavior.
I'm not a savior. I have too many layers.
And transpose the meaning, the meaning of all of this.
Sorry I missed your call. Was it distress?
If I reach past your smile, grab an SOS, do I shatter the illusion?
Am I doing you a favor?
Is there anything to salvage?
Is there anything to savor?
Am I wasting time that I don't have?
Convincing bystanders around us that it's not that bad?
Well, it's pretty bad so head back home.
Flip through a book and pick a god to thank you're not alone.
Narcissus broke a mirror and put the shards into his arm
via hypodermic needle but it didn't do him harm.
A little self-reflection went a long, long way.
Now he's hiding in the cellar, scared to show the world his face.
Well, I've never learned a lesson that I didn't teach myself.
I may have lost my shot at heaven, but I bored myself with hell.
My thoughts on Mother Nature? Hurt her every chance you get.
I've really come to hate her. Let's cross her off the list!
Every skipped stone shears the river into liquid,
shining slivers like the steady scalpel of a surgeon
selling virgin flesh to the highest bidder.
If only all the oracles of old could order us to open doors
that we have closed or offer options over ones that we naively chose.
What we don't know we don't know we don't know.
Stay calm! Stay silent! "Seek out the sewers," sang out the sirens!
I am the cleaner; you're the mess.
Your little white flag is right by your side so just fly it.
I am the cleaner; you're the mess.
SOS!