

So many ways
To wade beyond
The lines that border us
Come on
Don't take a shot
Or smoke to trigger
Just a little bit
Come on

Can't be a crime
To meddle
Can't be wrong to push the pedal
Queasy in grime
No fellow
Standing bones don't up the level

So many times
The prints don't match
The brush that painted it
Come on
Don't take a forge
Or fake to dazzle
As a conjurer
Come on

Behind the drape
An agent
Behind aims a grave arrangement
Stuck in the slime
No paddle
Guarded lives don't tend to dabble

Legalize this principle
Jump into a spot not visible
Bring it closer to the middle
What's so right with control
What's left but
Wander from the cynical
Take a look at views atypical
With an answer to the riddle
As a tightening grip
Just when it starts to let go

So many ways
Can't be a crime
Behind the drape

Wander from the cynical
Take a look at views atypical
With an answer to the riddle
As a tightening grip
Just when it
Starts to let go
Jump into a spot not visible
Bring it closer to the middle
What's so right with control
A slipping grip is let go