

Sharp Practice

Circa Survive

Tripping over things unsaid in a constant motion
I cannot recognize the truth 'cause it's unfamiliar
If you didn't have so much left to prove, would it be
resistance?

Kicking up this cloud of dust till it covers us
I had been there and done it a thousand times but never
with my eyes open

You get what you paid for
We can't sell our Goddamn souls anymore, anymore
Don't let them give you the runaround again, again
It's up to you to make sense of it. Yeah. Talk

No one hesitates to taste when they come and throw the
feet down
If you wanna make haste, keep your feet on the ground
I see you coming from a million miles away like a
stampede of footsteps

Kicking up this cloud of dust till it covers us
You can't control what is happen to your heart
till you give it away - till you give it away

You get what you paid for
We can't sell our Goddamn souls anymore, anymore
Don't let them give you the runaround again, again
It's up to you to make sense of it

So many words flooded in my vacant lie
So little space, too little sleep, too little time

Tripping over things unsaid in a constant motion
I cannot recognize the truth 'cause I've never known it
I've never known it - I've never known it - known

You get what you paid for
We can't sell our Goddamn souls anymore, anymore
Don't let them give you the runaround again, again
It's up to you to make sense of it

I see you coming from a million miles away
I see you coming from a million miles away