

I tell them every dream I've ever had

I tell them every place I have ever gone
And if there's a fear of empty space
I need to be surrounded by someone

Waiting for a chance that things could change
Or spend another night among the dead
Searching for a calming presence
I'm so excitable

Nothing happens, I just can't go on

Tell me why we have to live like this
Waiting for a certain, distant fall
Comfort is as unlikely as escape
And love is always so conditional

I'm tired of the tense and frightened looks
Staring out these tired, anxious eyes
Looking for constant approval
I'm so desirable

Nothing matters, I have to move on
I have to move on
I have to move

I guess it's pretty self-destructive to ruin on what you create
What if I said it's more productive
Would you make a fool out of me?
Cause I'd make a fool out of you
With your cool guitars and rock-star eyes
thrash metaltional on cue
Or is it hypocrites, like us
That fear what truth can do?