

Mike Myers Never Runs, But He Always Catches Up

Evergreen Terrace

Scrape me off. And put me away.
The feeling is off. So used to rejection.
My heart: a darker shade of grey.
So far. Within these walls I'll stay.

Within these walls I'll stay.

Scrape me off. I'm always reminded.
I break like glass. In the hands of the living.
I stand just like a mountain.
You fall cut down like a tree.

And made into floorboards.

And made into floorboards.

From me, dear you.
A jaded point of view.
Write it down. Throw it away.
Every word you dare not say.

From me, dear you.
From me, dear you.

Right hand up. Repeat after me.
I'll settle every fucking score.
Right hand up. Repeat after me.
I'll bellow 'til my lungs are sore.
Right hand up. Repeat after me.
I'll settle every fucking score.