

Short for Show

From Autumn To Ashes

I'm not here to discount
The opiate of masses
But I've learned so much more
Attend lectures and classes

Through verbal dissections
Ideas are in suspension
We clash like criminals
In bed with loss prevention

We move when they say
And beg for shit that we
Will never ever need
So keep the receipt

We've become the children
Of paralyzed ambition
A fraction less human
Dining in modern kitchens

Prepackaged warmth with a
Touch of your personal flair
Arrested emotion
Wax poets with a cold stare

We move when they say
And beg for shit that we
Will never ever need
So keep the receipt

Don't you try to tell me that your life feels empty
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