

Lie in a hedgrow  
I have grown bigger than  
Two timing a talk show  
We pitch the perfect plan  
Like leather and concrete  
Find strength in sterile eyes  
Downtown where the tracks meet  
Rain bleeds from swollen skies  
And we're all trapped inside this maze  
Caught breaking sweats while counting days  
Struck down behind the wreckage  
Of our less than perfect ways  
The brave ones die with no regrets  
She wants the one she never gets  
Until its over  
Stabbing their backs now  
Frail lies make perfect sense  
Caught grazing the cash cow  
With a straight faced innocence  
Still rising above this  
You'll go on like your taught  
Such incredible likeness  
and lack of thought  
And we've got it  
Slow mold pathetic lies  
Stripped clean and sterilized  
We all go under the knife  
with the game show anesthesia  
anesthesia