

Franklin Exits

Kensington

All the time you cast aside All the purest of thoughts As you build yourself up just by tearing another down Vicious times make the vicious minds When the point is to merely observe and despise You will stare yourself blind with those focusing eyes But the goals are gone now And we start to only live from the waist down Like that we walk Just to be on our way Just to be on our way We're one big black out And we seem to only speak just to make the sounds Like that we'll talk So we can have our say So we can have our say I stare myself blind when I try to find truth your lies Like planes in the sky reflecting back sun in my eyes That place, it is an endless maze Where any prospects of effect are too far away Crossing lines won't cross our minds And it doesn't seem right that you think you won fights Just by leaving the fights behind We're one big black out We're despising all we can't get our heads round The slightest thought Of feeling out of place Is keeping us away I stare myself blind when I try to find truth your lies Like planes in the sky reflecting back sun in my eyes That place, it is an endless maze Where any prospects of effect are too far away We don't show, we won't tell Keeping knowledge to ourselves Making fools of ourselves Lost the memory of how it felt That place, it is an endless maze Where any prospects of effect are too far away