

I Haven't Heard A Word I've Said

Lambchop

The right of callous goes to malice and molders in the grave
You seem to witness inner fitness, leaves without a trace

To turn about inside the outer layer that we save
Becomes apparent when we wear it, such beauty that you gave

You hypnotize my bloodshot eyes, the nightlife's latest craze
They twist their shouts and jump about, our memory isn't fazed

By documenters recent assent into the freakish phase
Remember that we offer purpose of the human race

And oh, so slowly, turn to show me where our points are shaved
To them that simply sees us empty, but for not our amber waves
of sin

A dialog is half created out of our own words
We like the texture and pretend that this we haven't heard

It's up to here in cruel defense another loss is cruel
But some how with the help of pills, I remain a pillar of calm

Let's guess the number of regrets a good life will acquire
There seems to be some small discrepancy between the truth and
a lie

But somehow we should work around the better half of dead
Wake up, wake up, my little one, my little sleepy head