

...Dementia

Hall pictures cling the wall  
A dozen dead poses just waiting to fall  
To the ashes of our bodies  
To the girl that lied  
To the things we said would never ever die  
This will be the last I say to you I say to you

So who can help get this burden off your hands  
And who can get my screaming face  
Out of your conscience

I've sewn up all  
All of my scars  
When I threw out all  
All of her pic-tures  
You scratched the skin right  
Picked the skin on my bones  
Too close this time  
I've never felt so alone

I guess we never felt alive  
I guess we never felt alive  
I guess we never felt it  
We never felt it

I took a thousand drives  
Saved a thousand lives  
Played nice guy all the time  
And still...  
I'm the nice guy  
The nice guy  
I'm the nice guy  
And still  
I'm your push around  
You didn't think I would find out  
You didn't think I would figure it out  
I'm your push around

Now lets crawl on the ground  
Now in both of the corners  
Now well pray for dementia  
Then well pray for dementia