

On the surface everything is fine
But disaster struck behind these well known lines
No more lies
A placid applause
A puzzled wink
A blushing thrill
Even in the blink of an eye
The chaos won't stand still

It's the terrible truth that hurts the most
Should I even stay?
It's the beautiful fool that gets too close
I'm here wasting away
One, two
It's getting too much for me to
Three, four
Keep on chasing the floor
You know that, it's the terrible truth that hurts the most
Trust when I say, we'll find a remedy

Silver moons, faded far too fast
Look to overcome, the dead hand of the past
No more fouls, no more lies
Hard to have one vision when you have four pairs of eyes

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A fraught honor can't atone
For a massacre of four that I created alone
Paralyzed noise, exhausted by rage
Hides in disguise
But takes center stage

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