

The land of the living

NoMeansNo

There are those who are silent yet who talk all of the time
Their faces never really show the way their quiet footsteps go
And when I greet them my mask is just the same
I put no trust in the crooked and the lame
If you want to walk just get up on your feet
And if you want to talk just open your mouth and speak
What is the ugly secret that you cherish in you heart?
The truth you can't stand, that drives you from the land of the
living
The land of the living

A smile is not a friendship and those heart-
felt words are cheap
They are as shallow as a puddle in the street
Like the tear drops that you shed for the humble and the weak
As you float over their bodies to the promised land you seek
Where there is no one to ask you who you are or what you've done
You're a face without a name with nothing to explain
Oh, the dead who walk among us, what they take they don't give
back
See their hollow smiling faces as they ride upon the backs of the
living
The land of the living
Addition and subtraction is a cold and sober art
But there is no place for taking stock in matters of the heart
Either you are genuine or you are not
You either mean the things you say or cut the ties and drift away
Inflated with self-righteousness, afloat upon the wind
But for all your bloated virtues, I wouldn't give a sin
My allegiance is to those who are alive
Those who wear it on their sleeve, who do not run and do not hide
Foolish little monkeys playing in the land of the living the
Land of the living