

Feeling like i am out of touch  
Twisted icy hands detach  
Seeing through this sad jigsaw  
Stitch-work cancer working through

Every saying has it's day  
Every plaything goes away  
Eyes excuse words to abuse  
It's seeing through what's safe to say

Fascination with the truth  
Doesn't get much closer to  
Those things come in very clear  
Witch head corset disappear

Every stasis finds the truth  
Every detail has it's word  
Lies surrounding mounds of lies  
The stinking piles of underlines

Who do i have to fuck?  
I don't know (4x)

Burning down the system  
Tearing down the system  
Tear down the system  
Burn down the system  
Tearing down the system  
Tripping down the system  
Chase down the system  
Tripping down the system...

Who do i have to fuck?  
I don't know (4x)

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