

Here is what I said
Made up is his blanket
Up above our heads to
Satisfy the masses lost

This is a present
The Gift-wrapped hollow story sent
Made in ???
The elemental spiritless

What have we become?
A better fitting graces
Makeshift housing a medical nightmare
What have they done?
A tipping over cowardice
Fleeing from the wrong side
The body with the hive

Crash!
No where left to run

Wake up never-land
A never ending worry
Walking hand by hand
And overtaken by the sweat
What have we become
So wrapped up in the blanket's hum

What have we become?
A better fitting graces
Makeshift housing a medical nightmare
What have they done
A tipping over cowardice
Fleeing from the wrong side
The body with the hive

Crash!
No where left to run (2x)

Note the afterbirths
Needles my forgiveness
But opium's excesses
From sitting on the grasses green
Who then holds the gun?

Crash!
No where left to run