

Instant paper, compromise
Audience stills survives
Underneath a bloody cape
Audience still escapes
Feeling torture on the page
Audience comes of age
Fucking donkeys , right disease
Blaming is never pleased

The eyes can't protect you through
The compromising I
Swore allegiance to
The lie!

Wicked paper, aspirates
Audience fearing hate
Over top , whats underneath
Audience is in defeat
Free to worry , keep the peace
Audience in disgrace
Someone's knocking on their knees
All he says: "Can't release"

The eyes I'll protect you through
The compromising I
Swore allegiance to
The lie!
The flies, self protection proves
The compost smelling piles
To pass on over to
A future...

Hollow...
Hollow...Sliding deep in it.
Hollow...Somethings full of shit
Hollow... Each and every bit
Hollow...Something smells like shit
Hollow...