## **Plastic Bomb**

## **Poison Idea**

The lie is so real, I almost believe it Conceit flows like sewage How could you conceive it? Shake my hand, look me in the eye Smile and think of ways I'll die

Plastic bomb, plastic smile Fake commitment, blood soaked style Wrapped in a fur, trapped in a cancer The swansong's over for the littlest dancer

Mistrust so explosive, apathetic corrosive When I ask for it straight up False face is compulsive Try to stand tall, falling face down Big fish, Small town, Small fish, Ghost town