

## Transparent

## Quicksand

Treating your days like a countdown.  
Seconds pass by, waiting just to blow up,  
And you get nothing done,  
And this is what you want.

Lost touch and,  
You turn your back and your some friend.  
Sterile conversation,  
Learn to talk a good game.

Talk your way out,  
It's a sure thing.  
Testing the ends of what they'll put up with.  
You got your chance to say what you wanted to.

But you never do,  
Stand up to the ones that keep you down,  
Now you can see right through it all.  
Lost touch and,

Tracing your steps you can't begin.  
You can't start,  
To say what your thinking and why not.  
Talk your way out,

It's a sure thing.  
Testing the ends of what they'll put up with.  
Sticking it out 'til you can't get up.  
How many times have you been pacified?

Accepting it when you're told, there's no way,  
Making sure there never will.  
Sticking it out 'til you can't get up.  
How many times have you been pacified?

Accepting it when you're told, there's no way,  
Making sure there never will.  
Testing the ends of what they put up with.