

Passive Resistor

Sinch

Cozy in this home, burnt up swollen pains
Fear is on the plate but you can't recognize the danger that yo
u've gotten yourself in
Do as I'm told not for long
But on the mattress, I had a good time
I can't remember she wore the same brands as everyone else
That's why I don't mind if she deciphers the lines
Welcome to the despair, this is my trophy room
And fear is on the plate but you can't recognize the anger as i
t builds beneath the skin
Cause it's fucking mine
But on the mattress, I had a good time
I can't remember, the wore the same brands as everyone else
That's why I don't mind, if she deciphers the lines
I guess it's alright to be scared because fear has a funny way
of killing me slowly but
I know you too well, to expect the truth wouldn't fall apart
I might as well lie to myself, on top of my fucking lungs, my f
ucking lungs
Tear to pieces everything you've ever known bout this world
Your preconceived notions conceited emotions will never see the
light of day and
Of all the things we're distanced from, who'd of thought it'd b
e ourselves
We're hypnotized, well look outside we'll never be the same aga
in.