

White line is a delight for many  
Credit cards and money rolled up  
That innocence is taken from me  
I do not mind, though it will not kill me  
Reservoirs and plenty of stars  
Their voices singing songs empty  
Realize life's back too long  
That Reemphasize Inner Turmoil

Just come undone I'm so delirious  
My cover's blown is this serious fame game?  
Just come on man I'm not mysterious  
I understand this is the serious fame game,  
Like a knighted child of destiny in-home  
Please do not try to help or rescue me,  
I stand up proud and make no sound  
I'm up and down and I'm almost drowned.

Sinners within us  
Absolute Beginners  
The image of who or what to deliver  
Obsessed with an image  
In the Public Eye  
Suggested by carnage When wondering why  
You know cigarettes and alco-tonic  
Give Them more  
They know you want it  
Give Them Reasons  
To deceive  
The Seasons Change  
They do not need

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