

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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