

Prancer

The Dillinger Escape Plan

How could it all be
We've never been dead, but never awake from this dream
How could it all be
We've never been dead, just mirrors running scared
Slicing wrists while we look for our own mortality

All the lights went out cold
Shadow covers this all
Essence of the world made ceremonial
Now we all wait for the demise

What was the question?
Why do you need an answer?
We make me nauseous
I guess it just means I need us

Ripe for me to eat your juice
Runs sweet
Never so good
Funny how nothing chips away at us

Check the unlocked door
But it's still locked
Always locked
Always locked
Always locked

Talk to me as if you don't even know me
And as if I could never give even half a fuck at all
For the record there is never anyone controlling
Our trajectory is ours
Funny thing is, when this is all just memories
Looking back is the same as moving forward
I'll probably give anything to try to go back in time
Time when I didn't have to
Empty lips just for distraction
Rip the demons from their sleep
Fornicate inside me
Gouge my eyes out so I'll never weep

How could it all be
We finally figured this shit out
Now you'll see
That you were all wrong
But you were all just mirrors running scared
Just some ghost wearing my skin
Trying to disbelieve it
Fuck you, now try to disbelieve it
Fuck you, now try to disbelieve it
Fuck you, now try to disbelieve it
Fuck you, now try to disbelieve it