

## 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