

## Cut From The Cloth

The Evens

Cut from the cloth, and cut quite severely  
Is this my world I no longer recognize  
I'm hearing common words, common expressions  
But nothing is common in my eyes

How do people sleep amidst the slaughter  
Why would they vote in favor of their own defeat  
Get out to the well and check the water (water water)  
Results were incomplete

Cut from the cloth

Cut from the cloth, and dead to the masses  
Just another case to be eulogized  
But I'm breathing, breathing with no assistance  
And responding to stimuli

Can anyone explain these new laws of nature  
Why would they rule in favor of their own defeat  
Cynics are excused from standing up to problems  
(problems problems)  
Because they can't get out of their seats

Cut from the cloth, ran out screaming  
I hope that none of this will stick to me  
Everyone is nice, everyone is kind now  
At least they're nice and kind to me

Why would they fold up something so precious  
Why would they sing in favor of their own defeat  
Maybe they found their voice while out shopping  
The price was hard to beat

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