

Stiched In Plastic

The Famine

Confident that the arms of the law can't reach you
Crack the whip, snap the backs of the ones who
elect you

The hope of the people?
What about all the promises?
So now what do we get?
But in the public eye
You're so beautiful, you're so perfect
You're dead inside, I just know it

Your skin it cuts like mine
Grab the knife let's look inside
A heart that's stitched in plastic
Now the world can see you are a fraud
The world can see you are empty

Empty