

No rejection to fear  
Is it cause for concern  
Who's to say what is real  
When i can prove i'm alive  
Maybe i am morre than this, but how can i believe

The stars burn without us  
So we make it up to keep the appeal  
As cancer disarms us  
Only my paper-cuts seem real

Waste a moment with me  
While the rest wait their turn  
Can't imagine what good  
Is the function of truth  
Maybe we should share the news but what fun would that be?

The stars burn without us  
So we make it up to keep the appeal  
As cancer disarms us  
Only my paper-cuts seem real  
Tell me your paper-cuts are real

I'm lying beside you, but i have no proof  
I'm singing as loud as i can  
But baby what is the use?

The stars burn without us  
So we make it up to keep the appeal  
As cancer disarms us  
Only my paper-cuts seem real  
Tell me your paper-cuts are real  
Why are those paper-cuts not real?