

## In The Aisle

Violent Soho

He waves to the locals, while he walks around.  
Draggin' a cricket bat in the ground.  
Sucker for slackers, glory and rage.  
Waiting for god. Waiting for god.

He yells gibberish to pick a good fight.  
Breaks his head into a wall every night.  
Free up the country for glory and rage.  
Waiting for god. Waiting for god.

Why does everything you say sound hollow?  
Why does everything you say sound hollow?

Waiting for drug fucks to carry him home.  
Sunk to the carpet, it's eating him whole.  
Nihilist pop shit won't leave him alone.  
Waiting for god. Waiting for god.

I wish you would only exist in my mind.  
Away from the world and the feelings inside.  
Great pretender that leaves you behind.  
Waiting for god. Waiting for god.

Why does everything you say sound hollow?  
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(Why does everything you say sound...)  
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