

The Certain Nothing

War from a Harlots Mouth

You can't link me to your life
Can't link me to your goddamn lie
Your made up character
The only person you are fooling is yourself

You fashion posers put me down
We don't have anything in common
Everything you do, everything you say
Means nothing to me

Fans are your merely subjects
And you're the ruling class
Living by a status quo
Which few will disobey

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Your made up character

Speaking of your so called markets
Trust me one day you will find yourself
Surrounded by dead cities