It's Really Quite Frightening, the Size

Hometeam

A little to get your through,
Your thoughts are cut open.
Just show me something.
Cover it up and tell two friends,
and no one else.
Borrowed hooks will get you on the storeshelves.

How does this look through your eyes?

Just wait,
Lets watch this scene play out and then start it over.
It's like you're a machine,
With nothing worth powering.
I'm onto you and your foolish ways.
I tried to find a new direction,
that path was such a waste of days.

Don't tell me where the line is,
I crossed it years ago.

So take it fast and kill it with fashion.
Lock it up and don't tell a soul.
Sell the story for a stone cold meal.
You're a first class faux and oh does it show.
Those lips so coated with sugar make your words much sweeter.

So many misconceptions and uptight people.
Searching for answers in psalms and steeples.
Liars for hire, and you all sing the same.
You'll do anything just to hear them say your name.
You keep your feet off of the ground,
but barely make it.

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Lock it up and don't tell a soul.
Sell the story for a stone cold meal.
You're a first class faux and oh does it show.
Those lips so coated with sugar make your words much sweeter.

I feel a warmth like a well lit flame,

I catch a rise out of watching you fall away X3

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Lyrics submitted by Ted Jones.

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