

Passive Resistor

Sinch

Cozy in this home, burnt up swollen pains
Fear is on the plate but you can't recognize
The danger that you've gotten yourself in
Do as I'm told, not for long But on the mattress, I had a good time
I can't remember she wore the same brands
As everyone else
That's why I don't mind if she deciphers the lines Welcome to the despair, this is my trophy room
And fear is on the plate but you can't recognize
The anger as it builds beneath the skin
'Cause it's fucking mine But on the mattress, I had a good time
I can't remember she wore the same brands
As everyone else
That's why I don't mind, if she deciphers the lines I guess it's alright to be scared
'Cause fear has a funny way of killing me slowly
But I know you too well
To expect the truth wouldn't fall apart I might as well lie to myself
On top of my fucking lungs, my fucking lungs Tear to pieces, everything you've
Ever known 'bout this world
Your preconceived notions conceited emotions
Will never see the light of day And of all the things we're distanced from
Who'd of thought it'd be ourselves
We're hypnotized, well, look outside
We'll never be the same again But on the mattress, I had a good time
I can't remember she wore the same brands
As everyone else
That's why I don't mind if she remembers the lines

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