For Free

Motorpsycho

Good genes from a good family
Blue blood and a proud pedigree
They'd given all they could give
Expectations to outlive
All full, too tired to lie
Plain sick of ma's apple-pie
Approaching critical mass
Fractured just like glass

Contain, if in doubt bring out the Novocaine
Conceal, never disclose just how you feel

But what great sacrifice
Lies behind those layers of ice
Was the guilty face that was hid
Just an ugly display of the ID ?
The front cracks from the strain
There's just no way to explain
Truth vague,uncertain and blurred
A silence louder than words

Contain, if in doubt bring out the Novocaine
Conceal, never disclose just how you feel

When life feels clandestine,the action is always off screen
Your eyes will never see the stumps on this amputee
This amputee

Completely out of control
Full bore into the hole
All set,primed to implode
Sensory overload
Where there once was a plan
A talking head to trepan'
Momentum ground to a halt
Stalemate by default

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