

The Latest Plague

From First to Last

What would you say, if this blemished face
This blemished face with a crooked nose
Had a chance to say whatever he wanted
From his blemished world of the unknown? Would you give a fuck if all that you heard
Were nouns and verbs like shallow heartache?
The sound of victory blowing up your world, world Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Don't tell me where I don't belong Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Don't tell me where I don't belong Oh, I heard a sick sad voice, oh
It was honesty, I turned to her and said we need to be medicated
And you're the prescription for a forced out vision
If you're with me, send the critics to hell with the sound of our voices
(Freedom) Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Don't tell me where I don't belong Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Where I don't belong All you better things that fed us shit
Will be knocked on the floor
So don't you place your bets just yet
All you treasure sleepers feed on shit
You'll be knocked on the floor, so don't you place Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Don't tell me where I don't belong Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Where I don't belong

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