

Altered States

Old Gods

Living in a cage
Washing in a birdbath
Sinking in a fish bowl
On a broken farm I try to never lie, I really do
I wonder if my friends will get me through
Conscious of the way, as best we can
Seventeen ways to kill a man States we've been through We're killing nostalgia
For future swims
Trash all your bridges
Kill the rock 'n' roll thing I wanna move on with no complains
Building our walls with yesterday
Might as well shine before you slide
Might as well live before you die States we've been through
Talk about states, we've been through
Talk about states, states
Talk about A whole lot of emptiness Living in a state
Of constant changing
A river of flux
For our tasting I try to never lie, I really do
I wonder if my friends will get me through
It always seems to rain when you leave
I try to stem the flow as we bleed States we've been through
Talk about states, states
Talk about states, states

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