Still Thirsty

Falling Sickness

and if this life's your canvas
don't hesitate to paint you purpose
over walls that paint your direction
shout the thoughts your world is too scared
to mention
or have you been shackled to the sitcoms
or have you been guided by the tabloids
or are you just a mass consumer of popular opinion
we've been organized to think and feel a lie
and if you're thirsty for some truth
there's a fucking fountain inside of you
overflowing by the seconds to flood
you're empty life
sharpen out the dullness you've been programmed
to deny
you look to groups and movements and counter
culture sects
to justify yourself as being intelligent
buckled tightly to a scene,
safely pinned to a philosophy
doesn't make you radical or even significant
as you parade through the glitz
nose high in the air
you swear you're painting your own picture
but it's a shame that you can't do it

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