

Transparent

Quicksand

Treating your days like a countdown
Seconds pass by, waiting just to blow up
And you get nothing done
And this is what you want
Lost touch and
You turn your back and your some friend
Sterile conversation
Learn to talk a good game
Talk your way out, it's a sure thing
Testing the ends of what they'll put up with
You got your chance to say what you wanted to
But you never do
Stand up to the ones that keep you down
Now you can see right through it all
Lost touch and
Tracing your steps you can't begin
You can't start
To say what your thinking and why not
Talk your way out, it's a sure thing
Testing the ends of what they'll put up with
Sticking it out 'til you can't get up
How many times have you been pacified?
Accepting it when you're told, there's no way
Making sure there never will
Sticking it out 'til you can't get up
How many times have you been pacified?
Accepting it when you're told, there's no way
Making sure there never will
Testing the ends of what they put up with

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