

Mara and Me

Say Anything

There are babies with guns beheading their friends
In shopping malls around the world
Yet somehow the Kings of Leon still find time to write songs about girls
I don't suck much less at least those
dudes
Have no illusions of angst and hopelessness
And if I claim revolutionary or I give to charity
They'll all know it's a plea for someone like me
Disgusted with lies and cut down by their own beatnik poetry
I'm just one man with no face and no friends
God, in this dank Brooklyn bar I can feel it again, it's eating me
Wait a second, I can't sing the same damn song over and over again
I can't define myself through irony and self-
deprecation
I can't deny myself being alive through my alienation
Everything that you do keeps me running back to you
Can't give up, live the dream even if I don't believe
We can't afford to surrender, we can't afford
Fake players and the twisted web they weave
I contend that the coming holocaust will be of those who choose to believe
Anything but a phallic sense of self
Hang alone in the attic tied up tightly with your father's belt
You bathe in blood like Mr. Crowley
Your cost, their loss, their memory haunts me
I stand opposed to chaos that you chose
New heart, new bones, am I not alone?
Fake players are the ones who play the game
(You're the flame, you're the flame, come on)
Fake players are the ones who play the game
(Fake players, fake players)
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(You're the flame, you're the flame, come on)
Fake players are the ones who play the game
(Fake players)

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