Gullible

The Flatliners

Fall to the floor board
the cold sore on your face is getting sore so just burn it off
In a fight with your best friend they said
they're leaving town they'll never see your ugly face again
Why does life equal pain? It's not a game things get complicated
a critical time to stop fucking, up your time is up
you don't get one million dollars to ease the pain
give up when you're tired and you lose the will to live
cause you can no longer breatheregain consciousness wake up on the floor,
you've been beaten and torn but you don't tell anyone
the time is gone so get off my lawn
as the officer takes you to the side,
cuffs you and takes you in, good-fucking-byebelieve everything that you hear
too afraid to bring you near
honesty and lies appear in the shadows, look behind youdeep in the grave of self-destruction break the barricade
follow the leader till the end, clench the power in your fists
hold it longer than the rest, hold it longer than the rest
you're so easy to trick i could make you believe anything

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