

# Smoke & Mirrors

## Dead to Fall

Oh, another face joins the crowd  
It's time to impress, time to prove yourself  
You don't realize  
That in a year's time you'll be over this Moved on to the next trend  
Your next catchy melody  
Moved on to the next trend  
Here's your next catchy melody So, say what you will  
And do what you feel you must  
Your words just fuel my rage  
And fill my heart with disgust I know what really matters  
And I know who will be there  
The rest of you could wither away  
And not a piece of me would care Tomorrow, none of you will mean a goddamn thing  
Tomorrow, none of you will mean a goddamn thing  
Tomorrow, none of you will mean a goddamn thing  
Tomorrow, none of you will mean a goddamn thing Damn thing, you're spread so thin  
We see right through your display  
A procession of smoke and mirrors  
Tomorrow none of you will mean a goddamn thing to me In time everything grows stale and old  
I'll hold on to what I have and never let go Tomorrow, none of you will mean a goddamn thing  
Tomorrow, none of you will mean a goddamn thing

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