White Homes

Tilt

White frame lies to live in leave, nothing to gain
Your Colorless divinities can scarcely light the way
White frame homes in celibate rows, they swell and melt together
Aspirations lie in possessions each dwellers dream so similarKeep witches behind, mythical lines
And squeeze my faith between my knees
I can't take one more lie, so I'll take one of eachIn this static heat, I barely make my home suffice
Persuaded by a sleepy beat, I can't tell which is minePack it in, save it up
Pack it in, save it upIn this static heat, I barely make my home suffice
Persuaded by a sleepy beat, I can't tell which is mine
Impeded by machine, awash in blue light spending nights
Imbibing life through their screen it shows me to believe

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