

# Short for Show

## From Autumn to Ashes

I'm not here to discount  
The opiate of masses  
But I've learned so much more  
Attend lectures and classes Through verbal dissections  
Ideas are in suspension  
We clash like criminals  
In bed with loss prevention We move when they say  
And beg for shit that we  
Will never ever need  
So keep the receipt  
We've become the children  
Of paralyzed ambition  
A fraction less human  
Dining in modern kitchens Prepackaged warmth with a  
Touch of your personal flair  
Arrested emotion  
Wax poets with a cold stare We move when they say  
And beg for shit that we  
Will never ever need  
So keep the receipt  
Don't you try to tell me that your life feels empty  
Don't you try to tell me that your life feels empty  
Don't you try to tell me that your life feels empty

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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>