

Franklin Exits

Kensington

All the time you cast aside
All the purest of thoughts
As you build yourself up just by tearing another down Vicious times make vicious minds
When the point is to merely observe and despise
You will stare yourself blind with those focusing eyes But the goals are gone now
And we start to only live from the waist down
Like that we walk
Just to be on our way
Just to be on our way We're one big black out
And we seem to only speak just to make sounds
Like that we'll talk
So we can have our say
So we can have our say I stare myself blind when I try to find truth your lies
Like planes in the sky reflecting back sun in my eyes
That place, it is an endless maze
Where any prospects of effect are too far away Crossing lines won't cross our minds
And it doesn't seem right that you think you won fights
Just by leaving the fights behind We're one big black out
We're despising all we can't get our heads round
The slightest thought
Of feeling out of place
Is keeping us away I stare myself blind when I try to find truth your lies
Like planes in the sky reflecting back sun in my eyes
That place, it is an endless maze
Where any prospects of effect are too far away We don't show, we won't tell
Keeping knowledge to ourselves
Making fools of ourselves
Lost the memory of how it felt That place, it is an endless maze
Where any prospects of effect are too far away

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