Party

Burning Jet Black

Miss teen liberty is a girl of taste
Blind faith her addiction
Broken gears, spinning wheels getting tied up in lace
With allegiance to fiction
When I'm alone I keep hoping for daylight
Something that resembles a democracy
Being held under by the weight of this travesty
This ain't a party for me
Moving fast, burning gas, and I'm trying to change
But my brain's in a coma
Fifty years, live in fear when I see my own face
And I keep trying to fix it
When we're alone she keeps promising daylight
Fed by the illusion of democracy
Being held under by the weight of her fantasies
This ain't a party for meShe's gonna eat me alive
I want a piece of myself
She's gonna eat me
Hot sweat, cold feet, I can barely sleep
The machine is calling me
Are we believing there's a separate peace
When we're thrown in the darkness
When I'm alone I keep hoping for daylight
Something that resembles a democracy
Feeling like a burden, another victim of my own country
This ain't a party for me
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/