

# 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 me  
She'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.

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