

Pronoia

Strange Wilds

The streets are littered with our filth
But we trudge through it all the same
Through all the disease ridden puddles
Our feet get wet and our socks get stained

There are no more innocents

We're all guilty in every way There's no way! [x4] We toss more bodies on the piles

Simple and hideous while the sun fell

Wear with pride, our fake smiles

None to know it was our death knell

Wishing we could all stay

To get the green, you have to have the grey There's no way! [x4] I can't find a semblance

I can't find a semblance

I can't find a semblance

I can't find a semblance of how it should be

How it should be Maybe we just want it all too much

And it makes us ill

Can't stand the sight, can't stand the touch

Is this how we'll always feel?

We crave and crave and crave

Put ourselves on display There's no way! [x4] I can't find a semblance [x4]

Confined [x4]

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