

# 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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