

# Attached to the Fifth Story

## Action Action

I can't, I can't take it easily  
I won't, I won't let it gravel me  
But I transgress  
Born into sin, born into current I can't comply to a compliment  
I won't quietly ask for it  
And the current still drags me in  
Slow down, slow down, down, down The pills won't make this go away  
Our trails stubbornly set in ways to revolt  
Try to repulse, ohh Quake in the middle of the night feeling the choke  
Your mind being pulled out of your head I won't swallow it logically  
I see I'm barraged by dollar signs  
Show me in to permanent sleep, but ohh Quake in the middle of the night feeling the choke  
Your mind being pulled out of your head  
Noise fills your thoughts  
Inhaling to catch your breath with every heartbeat Swallow your pride, strychnine's benign  
Dissolve your cyanide, enchant all my lies  
Discretely confined, coagulate my designs  
Am I seeing so clear? Original sin is a hoax Quake in the middle of the night feeling the choke  
Your mind being pulled out of your head  
Noise fills your thoughts  
Inhaling to catch your breath with every heartbeat Swallow your pride, strychnine's benign  
Dissolve your cyanide, enchant all my lies  
Discretely confined, coagulate my designs  
Am I seeing so clear? Original sin is a hoax Ready? Tell me where are all the good times?  
The ones that set us free  
Tell me where are all the good times?  
Tell me where are all the good times? I'm a lost cause sailing off course  
I'll be good for you  
I'll be waiting for the daze, I've got a handful of the antidote  
I'm working out, I'm by the head of an angel  
I can't believe that I'm too blind to see Oh  
Tell me where are the good times?  
Tell me where are the good times?  
Tell me where are the good times?  
Tell me where are the good times?  
Tell me where are the good times? I'm a lost cause sailing off course  
I'm a lost cause sailing off course

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