White Walls

Between the Buried and Me

The monsters are made
And we have proven that we will be one of them
The whores take the stage... Flash our skills...
Gotta draw 'em in... Gotta keep 'em on their toes...
Don't show them how you truly are... Who would want honesty...
Who would want a group of people that one can relate with
We need worship, we need devotion...
Becoming gods from the image that is thrown...
Thrown out in their everyday lives to comfort...
It's not a musical journey anymore...
They chose Camilla and we stood by her the entire time...
Monotonous expression... a forced replica of a tired sound...
Puppets for a greed-driven carnival...
The same charade as the passing years...
Force me out there. Don't give them a chance
The want to be fad... Fed a simple replication of past greatness
(Things have changed... We have changed
Personal happiness is what we strive to achieve...
So you can love or hate... It won't change a thing for us)
Step back. Evaluate. Recognize.
We just need to throw some new ideas in...
(It) will eventually get out of this closed of circle we are part of...
Its all the same
This is all we have when we die
It's what's left of us when we die
We will be remembered for thisWhite wall.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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