

Paper The House (Half-Time Drums Version)

Fucked Up

Curtain comes down, confession begins.
Not all of them made it, so I'm glad some of them stayed until the end
to see a self righteous young man turn parody.
But nothing is more uplifting than finally admitting you were living a lie.
Tears down my face again as I place my head in my hands
Darkness comes and it consumes all my past dread is exhumed
Breakdown in short succession interrupt the bouts of depression
Fables and methods for coping effective as protest unspoken
Praise gone, money spent
Just a kid wondering where his dad went
Old man life spent
Carved a legacy never made a dent.
Thirty Three was so complex screamed the singed from the crucifix
Well, it was me down on bended knees, praying to a god in whom I "don't believe".
In a way it is all that it gleams, but why do we kill ourselves to end the dream?
Is it commitments that bind me or am I consumed by vanity?
Praise gone, money spent
Just as kid wondering where his dad went
Old man life spent
Carved a legacy never made a dent.
How can it be maintained?
The way I make my living has driven me insane.
It's a 21st century irony, where everything you hoped for in life gives you more anxiety.
Praise gone, money spent
Just as kid wondering where his dad went
Old man life spent
Carved a legacy never made a dent.
Rapt attention turns malaise.
I accept it.
Can't remain unaffected by the changing days.
I'm not ungrateful; I cherish the time we spent.
When the day comes to say goodbye, understand, this is why.
Praise gone, money spent
Just as kid wondering where his dad went
Old man life spent
Carved a legacy never made a dent.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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