Brixton

Zebrahead

Started off as I fall in a ball of flame
Burning out on your sentiment, it's all in vain
Shot your 44 caliber words with aim
You might've killed the heart but you left the brainDevastated and I hate it, see your eyes are insane
Gray and dissipated building just like rust on a chain drained
Dislocated echo in the things you say
You might've killed the heart but you left the brainYour words are making me sick
No more lies, enough with your rhetoricWhoa, what you got to hide?
Whoa, you're dead inside
What a wonderful lie
Don't you feel alive?Whoa, what you got to hide?
Whoa, you're dead inside
What a wonderful lie
Don't you feel alive?Cut away, cut it all away now
Cut away, cut it all away now
Cut away, cut it all away nowCut me off at the pass, as a hydroplane
Crashing down from your promises, all were fake
Shot your 44 caliber words with aim
You might've killed the heart but you left the brainFormulated and I'm fated to withstand the pain
Wave of generated conscience from the edge of a blade
Feigned, fabricated echo in the things you say
You might have killed the heart but you left the brainYour words are making me sick
No more lies, enough with your rhetoricWhoa, what you got to hide?
Whoa, you're dead inside
What a wonderful lie
Don't you feel alive?Whoa, what you got to hide?
Whoa, you're dead inside
What a wonderful lie
Don't you feel alive?Switch all the lights off, tell me what you want from me
Take my time and my energy
Turning you heart off came about so easily
It's not enough but it's plentyBleed in the black out, said that you'd be there for me
Now you're gone and we're history
Screaming your lungs out, say you want what's best for me
Give it up, you abandoned meWhoa, what you got to hide?
Whoa, you're dead inside
What a wonderful lie
Don't you feel alive?Whoa, what you got to hide?
Whoa, you're dead inside

What a wonderful lie
Don't you feel alive?Cut away, cut it all away now
Cut away, cut it all away now
Cut away, cut it all away now

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