

Bringing On the Implications

Echo Orbiter

Press record and strum the same old chords and sing the same old words that everyone has heard and make sure that all the vocals flutter in and out of tune, you're place among this world is worn. It's all been done a million times, still more. I've tallied up the score, and found my ears are sore. A cookie cutter music ambassador; please no more encores.

A misfit desperate to fill the social gap in an attempt to satisfy your reputation handicap. You forsaked me then but I forgive you now; it's strange that we now live parallel lives on separate coasts of the country. Through alcohol you found God, and claimed your own jihad. Cover your eyes posing as the blind, denouncing mankind.

Make the scene and make your ego seen, believe me it's not what it seems; a temporary fix for self esteem. Your city's falling fast and no one gives a shit about your bands and what you write is meaningless and will not last. The scene that celebrates itself. Without friends no one else will. Your hair's cut just right those shoes are out of sight, now write a good song.

An end is but a start of something new and that's just what you represent; on bail from 3 years imprisonment. A living antique employing religion and coincidence with confidence that all your problems will work themselves out. Your faith pool's suffering drought, the top has bottomed out. You're searching for the answers in the newspapers; well I've got bad news.

Lyrics submitted by Cab.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>