Denied

Fiction Plane

The telephone is ringing, disconnect the line
The tension, oh, it's building but I'm alright
Yeah, I'm alright and the stars are colliding
So you might as well, oh, you might as well let me go
The television is burning, I set it on fire
The wheels, they keep turning but I'm fine
Yeah, I'm fine and what about the questions
We had locked up inside
Somewhere, somehow
We've been denied
Hand in hand we walk behind pretending
Defending while our souls our tied
It's only the third hour, my conscience subsides
But something will remind that you lied
Yeah, you lied and what about the consequences?
This can't be right

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