

# 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 are 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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