

# Pissed

## Orange 9mm

How many lies does it take  
To squeeze an open mind so shut  
That nothing gets in un-devised  
And fear is fuel for all desire  
Borders drawn to isolate  
And not signify a change in ideas  
While people piss on love's grave  
And blame a god for their ways  
Save your soul if you can  
You might never get to come back again  
Save your soul if you can  
Cause our time's running out  
Hero, dead man, hero, dead man  
Save our souls, take our hands  
Save our souls, take our hands  
Some devise their own plans  
To cure the mass exodus  
Crawling in to some sick hands  
Control surrendered to demands  
Who would think the time would come  
When people again stop to care  
Thinkers start to lose ideas  
And dig ourselves a shallow early grave  
Save your soul if you can  
You might never get to come back again  
Save your soul if you can  
Cause our time's running out  
Hero, dead man, hero, dead man  
Save our souls, take our hands  
Save our souls, take our hands  
We still doubt as brains untie  
The sky is falling  
Now we're crawling  
But we can't see straight through our shallow  
We can't think straight  
Now we're drowning  
So save your soul if you can  
You might never come back again  
Save your soul if you can  
Cause our time's running out  
Hero, dead man, hero, dead man  
Save our souls, take our hands  
Save our souls, take our hands

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