

The Final Act

Mushroomhead

Wide eyed sleepers
death in motion
daylight creepers wearing all night pain
bleeding moments
spilling over
non-existing as they crawl out into a world that calls them
realign the contract, it's the final act
matter of fact, better take a step back, relax
the show must go on, no one
so on and so on as if under
mass hypnosis
the wide eyed sleepers fall into mass graves
they'll feel safer in the dirt
their own opinions won't be heard
if asked, "could you decide what any man is worth?"
sign the contract, it's the final act
matter of fact, better take a step back, relax
the show must go on, no one
so on and so on could you decide? They steal it with a handshake
seal it with a smile
it feels like an earthquake
treats you like a child
defeats you with your mistakes
leaves you in denial
deceives you in the first place
lied to all the while(they can't see anymore...)
(how their wide eyes have made them blind in spite of themselves!)

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