Life Imitating Art

Smoke or Fire

Bang bang, it's sex and violence on the television
Give us all a cultural distraction or the cure
Who's strong, who's fast, who's in the game
We've made our lives a competition and we all should be ashamedOn the couch into the window of the world
Who cares who ends up hurt as long as we're all entertained?
Who to be, what to eat, what to wear
How would we make decisions if the TV wasn't there?We are laughing at each other, are we so insecure?
We are staring into the eyes of someone who isn't there
Life is not a work of art, these moments were never meant to last
We're so afraid to live our own lives, our lives, our lives, our livesIt's the epitome of instinct, we're sad, happy, depraved
Wave a prize in front of us and watch us dance for the ratings game
Who to be, what to eat, what to wear
How would we make decisions if the television wasn't there?Does it kill enough of your time?
Does it numb enough of your mind?
It feels so empty when we speak
That's because we're still asleepWe are laughing at each other, are we so insecure?
We are staring into the eyes of someone who isn't there
Life is not a work of art, these moments were never meant to last
We're so afraid to live our own lives, our lives, our lives are lies

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