

## **Witness "Fishnet"**

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When luck be a lady in a district of red lights  
Truth be a whisper in a concert of dead mics  
I said right, options are limited  
Got a predicament  
Let me stop and think a bit and figure out who witness  
is? Who?  
The one who masqueraded as a man of steel  
What?  
Behind the curtains he sips on his chamomile  
While dancing on banana peels a cancer that he can't  
reveal would cancel  
Any chance he had to stand upon his damaged heels  
The xanax pills killed the panic till he managed real  
feelings for once  
Dumping depression for the prom queen  
He builds an arc with a head above water, sorting  
disorders and interpretations  
Of what this song means

At 16 I learned it isn't difficult to six step  
17 I learned a girl can rip a soul to fishnet  
18 I learned that all my rituals were mislead  
At 20 they're surprised I haven't tried to slit my wrists  
yet

Well don't hold your breath baby cause I found a cure  
That Buddhist monks scale the Himalaya mountains for  
The clouds are torn in half and shattered to dust and  
I'm scattering cups of  
Ashes  
Where the passion had rust  
And as a sapling I but a catholic looking for my  
Nazareth and nowadays I  
Couldn't get raise if I was Lazarus  
That ain't the half of it, adjectives couldn't capture it  
The cat that searched a sea of asterisks to find a  
Capulet.  
I'm not happy yet.  
They said Chill  
Love it or leave it  
I said fuck it I will  
Cuz I heard that blood and oil sound the same when

they're spilled  
Kind of like the promises from those who claim to  
rebuild  
It's a revival of diving with eyes closed  
Jesus saves! (on insurance switching to Geico)  
My soul is Mister Clean, my health is nicotine  
My life is depicted through Precious Moments Figurines

I skipped hovering over the porcelain goddess  
The unfortunate product of the modern portrait of  
college  
With feminine templates while living at Penn State  
They're getting an F grade whenever she menstruates  
I was busy paying the dues to become an artist  
When my friends were busy cutting the rug and  
munching the carpet  
And that's fine, but after an album of wack lines  
I decided to make this music more than a past time  
Too many alchemists have miscounting the calculus  
Or Stumbled on a power trip or showed the crowd their  
cowardice  
Staying alive in a do or die world.  
Where clarity is cable and angels are suicide girls

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