

Ten Minute Warning

"Pictures"

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I feel like the slave to a circle of chosen thieves
Where the jaded heart is priceless
And hell bent on world domination
Where to surrender is to survive

They're like the royal breed of vermin
Fighting over the corpse of happiness
Then, like disenchanted leeches
They suck the beauty out of everything

Now that the great mystery has evaporated
And dragged out into the light
I see through it all now
I shudder at the thought of what I've become

Now that I'm exposed
Now that I'm exposed
I feel violated
I feel violated
This my sense of reason
My reason
Better shed my skin
Oh yeah
and bury these,
bury these
bury these
bury these
bury these useless wounds
Oh yeah
Beneath the roadways of America
of America
of America
Better shed my skin
bury these useless wounds
Beneath the roadways of America

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