

40 Grit "Sneaky Glass Face"

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Holding my hands over my eyes
Blackout sunrise, Blackout this time, my time
Time to feed sneaky glass face to me
Lend my lies to me and ask why
I've fallen down, I am now too weak
To carry on to my next.
Go away, leave for a while
I leave it behind, I'm killing in style
Fall down to brave, get up, meditate
I leave it behind, don't ask me why
Ask me why - sneaky glass face
I'd like to feed upon the dead that laugh at demise

Like a soul that's been shot out to the skies
Burn a bitter reward I've never seen before
Pulling and pushing. Winners and sinners.
The rest of the world
Like a ticking time bomb that's set to explode
One look at you now I start to ignore
Dampen my apology for stepping on you
Your obsolete ways are killing me in a way
You're killing me anyway
Holding your hands over your eyes
CHORUS

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