

Another Breath

"Truth In The Television"

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Red Room confession, laughter into ruin, cornstarch
blood washes easily away
Bullet holes disappear in time but it's not real
It's all a lie
Red Room confession, laughter into ruin, cornstarch
blood washes easily away
But Hollywood towns only show what lies within the
camera frame
Tissues stained in motor oil lay outside in the fringes
with the things that we will never see
Why don't we ask for something more than these lives
largely based on sitcoms and made-for-TV movies?
Something has gone terribly wrong and we have no
one but ourselves to blame

We joined the crowd to do what's been down
thousands
of times by fools before us who have laid down at the
crossroads
No we're no more than our heroes' best qualities
Conformity is spending your life trying to fit into the
same bullshit standard as people who have already
given into social pressures
Trading yours for something thinner than a line of
paper dolls
How long until you crumble? This is your last chance

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