Avenues & Silhouettes "Bushido"

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What if I cut myself to see how it feels

To make you a witness of your own passiveness.

Yeah,

All I've seen is a monster,

Stuffed with a despair that vitamins can't cure,

A puppet whose strings everyone manipulates,

Confined in this honeycomb.

You're a prayer so regular.

Your vision's fading away

Replaced by new standard aims,

Those failures in your outlines

Will be imprints for someone's triumph.

These past pictures turning into motion

Remind you you're missing the cavalcade.

Your vision's fading away,

It's time for a new rebirth

You're so regular

Regular, regular... SCREAM OUT LOUD

You're so regular

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