

## **Blind Rhetoric "Vertigo"**

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Got a fish and I'll let it go, sad  
Got a vision, a hold, my own, might break  
And one, "why," could unravel everything

I'll feed at my own rise, defeat at my eyes  
There's a cold wind in this house  
There's a cold wind inside  
And I'm late for, oh late for my life

Oh well what about  
Our lot of lows  
Amphetamine to my hope  
Theres a finite times the rooster crows  
It's time to get a move on

Got a hook and cannot let it go, sad  
Got a vision, a soul, my own, might break  
And one, "why," could unravel everything

I'll feed at my own rise defeat at my eyes  
Theres a cold wind in this house  
Theres a cold wind inside  
And I'm late for, oh, late for my life

Oh well what about  
Our lot of lows  
Amphetamine to my hope  
Theres a finite times the rooster crows  
It's time again

Face  
Off  
All your puppets bleed the same

See it  
Son  
Sold everything away

One  
Tide  
Wouldn't take me far away

Oh well what about  
Our lot of lows  
Amphetamine to my hope  
Theres a finite times the rooster crows  
It's time to get a move on

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