

Bridges Out "A Truth-Like Substance"

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Retrace the silhouettes of the empty shells and
countless hours. We move the merchandise from the
dregs into the tallest towers.

Oh, we are the broken ones. Now that we've lost the
truth. And oh, and when your kingdom comes we will
rest underneath.

Translated into number, print outs singing hidden
progress. Are we denied of knowing our value.

Oh, this is something you take. Not that we had a say.
And oh, we will asphyxiate on a truth like substance.

There's just enough to make this believable. They told
us they're pearls so we're flaunting the status quo.

Our dreams are synthetic. Our homes in stark white
fences. Our mouths wear their muzzles as we down
supplements.

We were told this was air so we breath.

Wide eyed and captivated. Feeling, hoping,
orchestrated. We are desperate. can't operate like this.

Sacrifice to maintain output. Martyrs we're not but we're
sold on the outlook.

Our dreams are synthetic. Our homes in stark white
fences. Our mouths wear their muzzles as we down
supplements.

Just so you know I wont be the witness. I wont exit
quietly. I wont swallow ever broken life you supply.

Enjoy your place at the top of the food chain. The time
will come for you to slide on down.

Our dreams are synthetic. Our homes in stark white
fences. Our mouths wear their muzzles as we down
supplements.

We both go down unclear of who's dragging who. Who
drags who?

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