

Critical Mass "Dorian Gray"

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Furtive Glances,
Anxious to be a stranger,
Buying what he knows he should ignore
Relief when it's done,
No one is the wiser,
Lies to the heart,
This time and no more

It's like that story of dorian gray
Behind a picture it gets more evil each day

We think that we can hide our secrets in the dark
But the saints and angels see us fall
Like ran down from heaven our prayers like tears fall
When we run away they can't reach us at all

Exploited women,
We pass it off as art,
But garbage in gives nothing but garbage out
Washing in mud can never get you clean
Inside your hear, there's still that guilty doubt

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The Say confession is good for the soul
Let it cleanse you and make you whole
(X2)

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