

## **Fiction Plane**

### **"Real Real"**

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Burning in the sun  
Chewed up by some bugs  
Tearing through my flesh  
I can feel their love  
I hope that they are happy  
I feed them with my blood  
Today they may be rich  
But tomorrow comes a flood

Real real real  
Real real real  
Real real real

What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up

What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up

A mouth without a face  
He fights his fights in our back garden  
Inside we eat creatures  
Our hearts begin to harden  
A glowing hypnotist sells us a beauty we don't need  
We give our days to nothing  
But we're not prepared to bleed

We're not prepared to bleed

Real real real  
Real real real  
Real real real  
Real real real  
What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up

What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up

What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up

What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up

Burning in the sun  
Tomorrow comes a flood

Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow

Real real real  
Real real real  
Real real real  
Real real real

Real real real  
(What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up)  
Real real real  
(What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up)  
Real real real  
(What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up)  
Real real real  
(What are the chances  
Someone paid for me to grow up)

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