

Botch

"To Our Friends in the Great White North"

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Set apart, great divides
You are not what you seem, always different, always
changing
It brings the worst out of me, and it's here to stay
That's the way it's always been for men
Always on your attire silences what you think and now
you're wearing eyeliner
So lie
Now see how you look in the light not so different it's
hard for you to swallow
Gone
Don't change a single thing at least not for me just
keep on acting
It's maddening its flashbulb thoughts it's contrasting
Can't decide who you are no feelings plagues my head
we'll all be specimens
It's your fault, fucking up the kids
Complaints have all been heard we're tired we're
bringing out the dead
Where's the first you that I knew

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