

Fucked Up

"Ban Violins"

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Start a conversation finish it with a scream
I know all the answers but what do the questions glean?
Not afraid of fiction just the already known
Unlock the future truths from the gilded tones

Reverse the compass to get where we came from
Soothsayers almanac predicts a growing disdain

Insanity breeds discourse conversations cut short

By the ramblings of dilettantes too late to abort
Locked in a rut unable to be swayed
Been in the storm too long lord let me pray

Born again free from sin
Let the suffering begin

I crossed you out
I wrote you out
I toyed you out
I punked you out

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