

Fucked Up

"Life in Paper"

Visit "[Life in Paper](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

"Who can I trust?
All I see is an empty sky.
Who can I trust?
What good's a God who can't hear my cries?
Who can I trust?
These paper walls are closing in on me.
Who can I trust?
Nothing left for me to believe.
With crooked compass, you navigate.
And slanted motive, you narrate.
Cross the lines to twist fate.
Lose the plot as you obdurate.
Prop yourself on a turn of phrase.
What are you hiding, why are you afraid?
I see a bias lurking in your verbs.
Your actions speak louder than your words.
As you allege I must object.
You are the cause to the effect.
Who can I trust?
All I see is an empty sky.
Who can I trust?
What good's a God who can't hear my cries?
Who can I trust?
These paper walls are closing in on me.
Who can I trust?
Nothing left for me to believe.
Dot your I's and cross your T's.
Build a cage of words and throw away the keys.
Paint a picture with foul adjectives.
Punish the subject with the subjective.
Steal the scene for your pronouncement of a sentence for the common nouns.
But you changed the name before the predicate - an error of grammatical etiquette.
I stand alone with my independent clause: She may be gone but I am not the cause.
You left your role with your passive voice.

Our outcome is not your choice.
Tried to set the tone and tense.
This life in paper that you have spent has left you cruel and discontent.
Rip the pages right out of your book.
Blind to your words, deaf to your hooks.
Escape the tempo and the time.
I cut the bars and fall out of my lines.
Who can I trust?
All I see is an empty sky.
Who can I trust?
What good's a God who can't hear my cries?
Who can I trust?
These paper walls are closing in on me.
Who can I trust?
Nothing left for me to believe."

Visit [Fucked Up](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.