

## Kensington

### "Franklin Exists"

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All the time you cast aside  
All the purest of thoughts  
As you build yourself up just by tearing another down

Vicious times make vicious minds  
When the point is to merely observe and despise  
You will stare yourself blind with those focusing eyes

But the goals are gone now  
And we start to only live from the waist down  
Like that we walk  
Just to be on our way  
Just to be on our way

We're one big black out  
And we seem to only speak just to make sounds  
Like that we'll talk  
So we can have our say  
So we can have our say

I stare myself blind when I try to find truth your lies  
Like planes in the sky reflecting back sun in my eyes  
That place, it is an endless maze  
Where any prospects of effect are too far away

Crossing lines won't cross our minds  
And it doesn't seem right that you think you won fights  
Just by leaving the fights behind

We're one big black out  
We're despising all we can't get our heads round  
The slightest thought  
Of feeling out of place  
Is keeping us away

I stare myself blind when I try to find truth your lies  
Like planes in the sky reflecting back sun in my eyes  
That place, it is an endless maze  
Where any prospects of effect are too far away

We don't show, we won't tell

Keeping knowledge to ourselves  
Making fools of ourselves  
Lost the memory of how it felt

That place, it is an endless maze  
Where any prospects of effect are too far away

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