

## Lambchop

# "I Haven't Heard A Word I've Said"

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The right of callous goes to malice  
Molder in the grave  
The scene to witness inner fitness  
Leaves without a wave  
To turn about inside the outer  
Layer that we save  
Becomes apparent when we wear it  
Such is the beauty that you gave  
You hypnotize my bloodshot eyes  
The night life's latest craze  
They twist their shouts and jump about  
Our memory isn't fazed  
By documentors recent assent  
Into the freakish phase  
Remember that we are the purpose  
Of this human race  
And oh so slowly  
Turn to show me  
Where our points  
Are shaved  
To them that simply  
See us empty  
But for not our  
Amber waves of sin  
A dialogue is half created  
Out of our own words  
We like the texture and pretend  
That this we haven't heard  
Its up to here in good defense  
Another loss is cruel  
But some how with the help of  
Pills, I remain a pillar calm  
Lets guess the number of regrets  
Our good life will acquire  
There seems to be some small  
Discrepancy between the truth and lie  
But somehow we should work around the better half of  
dead  
Wake up wake up my little one  
My little sleepy head

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