

Program The Dead "The World"

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Are you sleeping well tonight,
while the fire burns on the hillsides?
And the flames, they taste
in seven different places,
while we reside here
with smoke inhalation.

I'm amused by my own sense
of invisibility
Ridiculous and bliss,
the world, the world.
Orbiting around my face
too fast for me to chase,
they'er quickening the pace,
the world.

Is this false security,
when you do as they say
but don't practice what
you preach,
and I guess they say,
it's a little more walk
and less talk about it anyway,
while you're still here
and there's no change.

I'm amused by you
and all the things
you do.
I'm amused by you
and all the things you put me through

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