

Rory

"Kind Of Like Choloroformity"

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Cheers to another one
Cheers to my discontentment
You wouldn't know a good thing
If you saw it

We've been marching
To the same beat for so long
It's beginning to tire my feet

It seems you've missed the point completely
And things aren't always
What they seem to be

This is just a nightmare
Just a dream
Psychosomatic evaluation
This is just a trip of the imagination

So watch your step
The planks are rotting beneath your path
And as you take your last breath
And grip the rope...

Still trapped by your own delusion
Create your own demise
Don't ever say I never told you so

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