

## Sole

### "Numb"

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Oops, they made us runways for future fashion  
experiments  
to escape reality by overdose  
if you can't smell it on the last breath you took it's still  
all gone  
no matter who you tell it (4 syllables) lately  
keeps my whole body forever sore  
the truth hurts and the hardest hearts have burned  
even in trying times we've died trying to live forever  
then pretend to give my life while i get carried away  
by the wind of an earth composed of corpses  
we all dance in our own graves for a living  
since counting down has been my trust fund  
pot is my religion and i never killed anyone  
at home to vacuum this lack of space  
but no baby fat to hibernate on  
the nursery birthed this path we're on  
tears turn corrosive  
now everybody smiles and hums  
the (7 syllables) within  
spitting our blood before we can  
the brothers keep us downers  
while the yuppies are takin uppers  
when the saints come marching in  
sell them their deflated flags back  
and tell them that the condominiums in heaven are in a  
petri dish  
(and your never gonna get out of the petri dish)  
no matter how many pills you take  
the pen is the conspiracy  
defend the family  
try not to sleep  
cause you've never been killed before  
trying to enter my home no one lives in  
but I'll be a bird in my next life  
if i can escape the claws of Christ in this one  
when the law calls for loss of life  
your going to be "saved", like free range cattle  
to a burger in your stomach  
this isn't a test it's an avalanche  
if you don't watch your head while it rolls and goes you

know  
(chorus)  
I think there is no heaven inside of me  
there is no me  
there is no heaven  
there is no heaven inside of me  
there is no me there is me there is no  
heaven inside of me  
there is no heaven  
inside of me there is no  
faith is where the money ain't  
i date ghosts and die with the alone time  
I'm defining self worth: we're all dirt with digital  
watches  
nothing lasts, not even this  
next year don't vote  
beware of jingle wisdom and bad slogan hearings  
if you have to read the headlines to know the truth is  
not happening  
not today not ever  
due to recent preoccupation with impending doom  
the unending evil made it's living off us  
all i have to say to the wall is  
you and your cheerleaders need to find a new home  
teams are counting the paper  
with the fake money all money  
rolled up in the mirror my broken cup of paper children  
hope to hope to cut up a stick (5 syllables) paper  
bonfires  
going ignorant some woman must have put it out there  
and pulled it from the womb before the living joke on  
each of us  
the living joke on each of us  
the living joke on all of us  
they live and they joke they live and joke on us all  
(alternate ending)  
to be our kings they know how expendable you are  
to be religious is tacky and offers no solution  
no matter what you believe we all return to the same  
essence  
Christianity is a game old white men play  
if you're afraid of no afterlife you'll play too  
whoever made this mess wouldn't attach  
trivial beliefs at the molecular level  
that's like saying without a social security number  
you'll never fall in love  
(repeat chorus)

