

Spring Standards

"Bleeding"

Visit "[Bleeding](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Believing in my teachings just a babe of seventeen
Pushed out into deception what we call reality
Cold water on the face
I see things I've never seen
This dissolute place of pageantry is not a place for me
So what are you made of
'Cause I'm trying to see through
To what are you made of
'Cause I'm trying to see you
A celestial light beams forgiveness
While mental status it breeds dissension
We scrape our efforts off the soles of our feet
Through a red-eyed glaze we search for meaning
To what are you made of
'Cause I'm trying to see through
So what are you made of
Cause I'm trying to see you
You got to tell me something that I can believe in
Come on and tell me
Come on and tell me lies
Cause I've been wondering so long
It seems I've almost given up on the American dream
What can you tell me to help me understand
I've been bleeding my life away
The constant struggle more everyday
What can you tell me to make me understand
About radical deformation, exploited confrontation
We bask in the heat of a burning heart
As we pray for our salvation
Machines control our lives, machines to pacify
Roll us in a steady fashion as life just passes by
You say that no one cares, I'll natured yes you swear
But it's all a begining to a tragic ending cause
nothing's really there
Machines control our lives, machines to pacify
Roll us in steady fashion as life just passes
Lies, lies, it's all a fuckin' lie
I'm not sure what to make of
Your words distinct it's all a fuckin' lie
I'm not sure what to make of
Life, life mother fuckin' life

I'm not sure what to make of
I'd rather not be subject to your mother fuckin' lie
I'm not sure what to make of
Life
You say that no one care
Ill natured yes you swear
But it's all a begining to a tragic ending
Cause nothing's really there
Machines control our lives machines to pacify
Roll us in steady fashion as life just passes by
So pray for your soul as it walks out through candy land
Holding tightly to what it wants to retain
You're getting caught up in that web of deception
Another dark soul that's coming for you
Are you friend are you foe
Speak to me
Lies, lies it's all a fuckin' lie
I'm not sure what to make of
Your words distinct It's all a fuckin' lie
I'm not sure what to make of
I'd rather not be subject to your mother fuckin' lie
I'm not sure what to make of
Life

Visit [Spring Standards](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.