

Synthetic 16

"F.M."

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Those songs that made you smile. Worn on your head
for miles. They never say what they mean. You'll never
know what they mean. Some fascination from their
phrase. The mindless generate the craze. They never
say what they mean. You'll never know what they mean.
Melodies are their words, Helping me to forget.
Emotions tend to lie. Some impulse forces you to try.
Their words can tear you apart. Some faceless
monsters have no heart. They dress up garbage, call it
art. These words they tear me apart.

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