

The American Tragedy

"Twila"

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Everything's a fear
Reality at best
How do you escape
What you've learned
To live with
Is it an act of grace
To try and erase who you are

I guess that that depends
Depends who you've become
Some self righteous scum
Looking out for number one
Or maybe just like you
And all your self abuse

Twila you don't look the same no more
You were so beautiful
You were a painting
A single perfect portrait of life
Now you'll never fly

How will you live your life
Will you from line to line
In search of the drug
Of the one that keeps you up
Or the one that puts you out
And down for the count

You say "Impossible
It won't be that way"
What makes you different
And so damn quick to say
Are you immune to this
Are you Jesus Christ

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