

The Program "Casual Tragedy"

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Lies, they fill your eyes, laced with doubts
False promises, I see all that you hide
You share feelings
But keep them pushed aside
To merely try is to surely die
Alone, empty and cold
The nails of doubt you drive
Deeper inside my head
Stuck on the words you said
Bruises shroud my skin
From beating myself over and again
To live or die?
Will we survive or just cry?
And you push me away
You have nothing to say
It tastes like casual tragedy
I'm living life inside of photographs
Where smiles all have turned to black
I'm waiting for you to let down your fears
Throw in the towel
Because we only win if we forfeit ourselves
Turn the cheek, receive a set of lips
That you'll find worth of defeat
If you want it, it's there
This is the way that they want us to die
We play the part just fine
It's in our own hands now
As we find the knife that drives into our sides
It shines like a set of pride
The blood it cries, it calls you out tonight
A picture of what we could be?
I'd paint it just for you to see
This isn't how I how I planned it all
This isn't my design
Want a picture of what it meant to me?
I'd paint it just for you to see
Want a picture of what it meant to be?
I'll paint this fucker in blood

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