

Training For Utopia "Police John, Police Red"

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Good friend, i know that you can't see with your hands
on your eyes.
I tried. You lied.
No more taking chances.
No more chances.
Your face is a mask, i can feel it.
No one is a sucker for you.
If i could, i would, i would steal it.
I'd steal it away from you to breathe.
I'm holding my passage.
I fall to the ground.
You are laughing at me.
You are dying, you fool.
A death parade, this way comes.
I'm holding a banner of white.
I hear them stomping, wearing upside down smiles.
I spit to make mud.
And i drown myself in.
I'm digging you out from a downgrade
And i'm dragging you under the stairs to breathe.
Come armageddon.

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