

## **Twelve Tribes**

### **"Translation Of Fixes"**

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I resort to impulse to escape the living  
Facedown in your indifference  
Waiting to fall in line  
And I was never impressed  
With your addiction to conscience

Pain has long been the lost humiliation of genius  
And I've been misled to believe that I was alone  
It always turns out better this way  
Sedated so you won't have to feel a thing

I resort to impulse to escape the living  
Counting the imperfections  
Down the lines of my face  
When all the regrets and failures  
In you were so obvious

Pain has long been the lost humiliation of the soul  
And I've been caught between  
What's real and what's for sale  
I'm not the one who profits  
From stainless masquerades  
I've come to terms with my fixations  
And all your failing attempts  
Faithful performances  
The timelessness of your act  
Won't be the end of me

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