

Akira Yamaoka**"Dressed For The Occasion"**

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(RUN)

I just want to go far enough with less of you
Your so played out, your so played out
there's no secret to your fallacies
The fight had just begun
Hanging from the top you wont stay there long
Oh the death of the era, Oh the death of this era
We all feel out of place here, we're so fitting of this
nightmare
But we dress right, Dress for the occasion
I heard you misplaced your self, through a friend I
really can't say
Come to think of it, I don't know his name
But when you left me alone, you left me with the one,
the one that I needed most

What a perfected bloody mess

-They let him down oh so gently, they put him out like a
candle at day break
But when I saw him, I fell at his feet as if dead, and he
put his right hand upon me and said fear not, for I am
the first, and the last.

Shake me awake
there's nothing left to say

So shake me awake there's nothing left to say
Indecision has come in it's brilliance it has come
Oh you've pierced me this time and the holes not easily
seen

Let there be no surprise, prepare yourselves

I just want to go far enough with less of you

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