

## Flatliners "Gullible"

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Fall to the floor board  
the cold sore on your face is getting sore so just burn it  
off  
In a fight with your best friend they said  
they're leaving town they'll never see your ugly face  
again  
Why does life equal pain? It's not a game things get  
complicated  
a critical time to stop fucking, up your time is up  
you don't get one million dollars to ease the pain  
give up when you're tired and you lose the will to live  
cause you can no longer breathe

regain consciousness wake up on the floor,  
you've been beaten and torn but you don't tell anyone  
the time is gone so get off my lawn  
as the officer takes you to the side,  
cuffs you and takes you in, good-fucking-bye

believe everything that you hear  
too afraid to bring you near  
honesty and lies appear in the shadows, look behind  
you

deep in the grave of self-destruction break the  
barricade  
follow the leader till the end, clench the power in your  
fists  
hold it longer than the rest, hold it longer than the rest  
you're so easy to trick i could make you believe  
anything

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