

Mindless Faith

"Rat Race (distention Mix)"

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I have that sick feeling
I have an empty heart again
and the world just stumbles along
I can't resist, but I can't give in
so far, so way off course
hope for the best expect the worst
the big picture's invalid now
because it's the little things that hurt

wanting to believe you tried
does it matter if we close our eyes
sugar-coat, disguise the taste
more like rust than a golden age
pointing fingers, twisting knives
hellbent on that dollarsign
still behind, can't keep the pace
just lose your mind in the rat race

eyes fixed on merchandise
they're getting in line for the sale
those sheep that meat market
it makes no sense and I feel like hell
just keep them pacified
dangling carrots in my face
but I don't want a consolation prize
for a game I didn't even want to play

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