

## **Erase The Days**

### **"The Politics Of Suicide"**

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With a heart of porcelain you stand in line.  
Counting down the seconds till it shatters in the street.  
Chemical Deception.  
Mass produce my last goodbyes.  
And even in our dreams were so afraid of stepping out  
of line.  
We sell ourselves for a chance to forget who we truly  
are.  
Recreate my lips in our factories.  
Consume our understanding.  
Because we are slipping into the Era of Regression.  
Its in these days that only Apathy can hold us back.  
And its in these dreams that we save ourselves from  
falling into the statistics.  
The business men that march our streets.  
All dressed the same. All think the same.  
Wake up in the morning.  
Walk single file to your factory where we'll steal your  
emotions.  
They lie at the bottom of this bottle. We will create our  
demise.  
Maybe only our valiance will save us.  
Keep our face above the water because were drowning  
in mistrust.  
Your so archangelic. Lets develop some  
understanding.  
As we get older the days grow longer.  
You're growing so distant.  
Amplify the beating of my heart, expand the second we  
are apart.  
Amplify the beating of my heart and cancel the breath  
in my lungs.  
You'll never win. It never ends.  
Tonight lets fight in the name of lust.

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