

5man "Ultimate Actor"

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So perceived as 'outside of the now'...
punching clocks and feeding the sorrow.
Life is gone...NO, life is ON.
We're hinging our movement on digital waves.
'I will buy what you're selling as long as you promise
to make me attractive again.'
Religion is so inconveniently strict...we're hinging
our morals on digital waves.
Today I am lost on an island...
This afternoon I will heal the sick...
Tonight I will walk as an idol...
death in the sands with no blood on my hands.
There are lives in my T.V. set.
I take them and make them my own...never leaving,
never bleeding...
the manifestation of bodies of stone.
Deep down I fear the side of the window that you call
home.
Though this pane I can touch you again.
Through this pane I can nurture a soul.
This is the best I can do (mantras are made to be true)
I feel I'm finally home.
Judge not while I judge you.
Selecting a vessel through which I'm growing whole.
I survive another night of MÃ©nage Ã Trois and
perilous fights
and all I ever wanted was that life.
I sit and dream my life through a silver screen.
Reflections aren't the same as 'reflecting' which
bodes well for the part of me
that's raining down judgment...the co-host to
apocalypse.
Everybody shake your hips, everybody lick your lips.
I've got salvation on queue, it's the latest.
When I fall down I'm back on top of the world in 30
minute segments.
Lights so bright so you can't see, but if the night is
dark enough I promise I'll make you believe.

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