

This is my nightmare.
This is my nightmare.
This is my nightmare.
This is my nightmare.
Lie to me, this is my nightmare.
Lie, this is my nightmare, to me.
This is my nightmare.
This is my nightmare.

Bury your hands in the sand.
You'll never use them on me again.
Bury your hands in the sand.
You'll never use them on me again.

And I'm exhausted from shaking hands with your meat
hook fingers.

Lies, damned lies, statistics.
Lie to me. Lie to me. Lie to me.

Lie, bury your hands in the sand.
Lie, you'll never use them on me again.
Lie.

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