

The Heads

"Old Patterns"

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Back to the old patterns, step back in time
Old familiar failures, progress denied
Idiotic idols to fill the inner void
Crippled fantasy, mentally destroyed

I can see no future, everything has failed
No more self-confidence, back to the grave
See our world in pieces, rotten from inside
There is no perspective on the bottom line

Rust and decay
I see the world in shades of gray
Sick and insane
In lowest consciousness we remain

Unconscious search for life
Unfit imagination
Desires unfulfilled
Ends up in mass frustration

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