

Laughing In The Face Of "Postively Apathetic"

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(When your world) crashes down
Around your feet
And you're trying so hard to not fail and retreat
Critics by numbers, often no less than one
With no exceptions made somehow, it's not down to
luck
It's the bullshit that we take
It's the choices that we make
Fantasised ideals are shattered by the truth of misery
In the end it's all the same
Consequence and no return
Let's quickly move on faster
No brakes or sense of direction now
These streets are closing down
It's the shittiest scene you could of ever have asked for
The vehicle that was once your hope
Stinks of shit and the headlights fade when you're
alone

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