

Sage Francis

"Good Fashion"

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Dark lenses, tint the windows that are under my eyelids
To hide from the light like I'm stuck in a fire pit
Burning up a sigh, with no desire to live through these
lies
So I suffer in silence
Culture of violence, truth stuck behind my lips
Bound, gagged, and whipped, stripped, divided and
split
Eatin' words with a forked tounge
And now the grumble of my stomache's got the thump
of a war drum
A battle goin' on inside, nobody's safe from
Clowns are playing russian roulette with paint guns
They run in place, and they call it the human race
Losin' pace with that stupid look on their face, shootin'
blanks

And all they ask is why I wear these glasses
And all I can tell them is hell, it's good fashion
All they ask is why I wear these glasses
And all I can tell them is, hell...

We're acting like men of steel, with a thin protective
shield
Gathering the raw footage that can never make the
final reel
So we cover up the stories that eyes tell,
Make way for what we take to the grave
It doesn't bide well for souls, buried in a Faustian
bargain bin
In the cemetary there's a joust between God and men
Talkin' loud, but aint sayin' nothin,
Used to have daily discussions, I doubt we'll ever talk
again

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