

The American Dream

"Daisy"

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Well Daisy Rips up the Earth
With the grass and the dirt
Can't see how the plastic burns
When all of it is burnt
Pour the costumes on me
And crash the tragic debris
Now hold accountable the cyst
And what it infests in
This contradicts love
Well, it contradicts hate
It contradicts a world that doesn't know it lives
My poor judgment of consciousness
Unbearable cowardess
Will keep opinions closed and wonder why I've
stayed

Stayed here for so long
And I can't decide
If I'm awake or not
It's getting clearer every second

Well Daisy you are the war [one/whore=war]
I've got to find you before
I spill the pint of blood I've lost on your rotting
cellar door
I push through the dust
I cut myself on the rust
I come apart at the seams on an exodus to us
Fast as fast as can be
Well, It'll never catch me
It seems at times that solid walls have a transparency
My judgment is manifest
Reality changes
And a figure captures waves and slowly becomes

The blankest sight I've seen
And I wait for the light
To wake me from this dream

Sum of fears equates between the change of light
Light fucks my world and steals the blood of life

Try tasting all the shit of the fuck whores lies
Pouring acid down your throat, gouging out your eyes
Whine fuck that little pussy shit you haven't tried
mine
And understand that you'll never understand this
time
Trash, ash, rash, cardiac fuck I'm going to die
I'd find my place in hell but it's too much like
life, Oh

Don't go so slow
Rain down and down

Well this is where it starts
I feel so insane
Locked in the past
As it whizzes by me
Passing by lights
That seem much brighter
And breathing in air
That seems so familiar
Where did I go?
I didn't see you
What did I do?
You disappeared then
How long was I gone?
About two weeks and
What should I do?
Just shut up and kiss me

Daisy
You're evil, evil, evil

Shadows from the cold sun
Irritate as they ricochet
And start in graphs
And end inside this maze
With haste and grace
This place becomes as evil as it tastes
You take the place of Lucifer
Marching the insects inside these gates
There's not a trace
Of fortune in this waste
This place is plain
But there is a hint of
Placid colored rays
(I see the sweet appeal of all the time we've lost
loving a force that we cannot trust)

Why can't that time take us back
And change the words around

There is a sense of longing underground
We hear the sirens' last attempt at prophylactic
sound
It's well endowed
But tragically this evil can't be found

Why can't we fit into a place that happens to have
Ten chance failed again
Nowhere to begin
This is the end
Or maybe just the opposite again
(I want to know that all this time made sense feeding a
force that I can't regret)

I can't wait to show you what happens after the
end!

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