

Tea Party "Gyroscope"

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Come face to face with it
Pushed on your side
Use all your self control
Worlds will collide

Inside out, you can't cope
My gyroscope

Witness the fall from grace
You shed your skin
Change, if it pleases you
Just don't give in

Inside out, you can't cope
My gyroscope

"Quiet now," she said
"You're waking up the dead soul"
Cradle the excuse
In love with the abuse, so
Handle it with ease
It's a dignified disease
Slow down

Soul searching breaks you down
You'll never learn
Annihilate yourself
All things must burn

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