

Headset

"Suicide Van"

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I know
There is something more than being here
I go
Outside to find the place to hide from me

I run
Down to the driveway, shaking, waiting
She comes
To the van but then her door slides open

Got my paint ball gun
Throwing marbles at windows
That's my style
They say I'm maladjusted
I don't know, I haven't read my file

Suicide van
Suicide van
Suicide
Everybody's coming along
Suicide van
Suicide van
Suicide
Everything is so right, it's wrong

We go
Beyond the wall of sleep to find
There's no
Stops until the end of time

We slow
Then drop off an eternal dive
Let go
What are the things that make you seem alive?

The road ahead is melting
Broken beams of color flashing by
The gas inside is mixing
Mister Bank cheaps, do you have the lie?

Suicide van

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Suicide
Everybody's coming along
Suicide van
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Suicide
Everything is so right, it's wrong

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Suicide van
Suicide van
Suicide
Everything is so right, it's wrong

Suicide van
Suicide van
Suicide
Everybody's coming along
Suicide van
Suicide van
Suicide
Everybody...

La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la
La, la, la, la, la, la, la, la

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