

The Icarus Line

"L.O.S.T."

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Depressed by the smiles, all the phonies, and the fakes.
Depressed because everything's so far away.
Depressed by every sound this fucking machine makes.
Depressed by the sky's color, gray today.
(Is it too late to tell you I meant every word of what I said? I'm always dead.)
Capsized by the hostile climate that I'm in.
Capsized by the swarms of nothingness.
Capsized by waves of loneliness and still regretting.
Capsized into the sea of endless selfish distress.
Bottoms up to bottom out in the middle of nowhere.
(I kind of knew it would come to this, when you've got a problem, you've got a fucking problem.)
We suck on every play. Just spoiled teens. Don't give a fuck 'cos I'll pay my way.
I'm letting this slip out of control. I'm letting it slip.
Tonight I'm sorry for everything I've done to you. Paint a picture of it all perfect and blue.
Hey lady, I'm sorry for everything I've done for you and I'm sorry...
I'm sorry
I'm sorry
I'm sorry
I'm sorry
I'm sorry
(Try to be mean. Try to be...)

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