

John Wesley

"Pretty Lives"

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We are the center of a spectacle
We are the focus of our own lies
Tread the well worn path to respectable
Abusing the promise of our pretty lives

We so often thought ourselves invincible
We'd drink and laugh and challenge the very gods in
the sky
Now we become invisible
Carry the ashes of our pretty lives

These are the moments that make up our pretty lives
These are desires that keep us down
Desperate and drowning in all but the candles we light
These are the wishes to never be found
These are wishes we never should have found

There was a time we were invincible
holes in the armour come from our own knives
Punch drunk, we stagger in the firelight of principle
And gather the ashes of our pretty lives

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