

## Veneria "Tabula Rasa"

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You begin to wear me out, I feel like crossbones to you  
skull

Your stupidity blinds me, your so-called brilliance is so  
dull

You're living life by proxy as your mind contracts  
Too 2dimensional for backgrounds, too scared to see  
the life of facts

You collect emotions like the stamps of your youth  
Then pass out in the gutter with your gin and Vermouth  
You lie with the windfalls although you're unripe  
Saying: "I don't care about the green " You know you  
ain't

got the guts, "maaan" But you pretend to have the  
spleen

While playing memory with your feelings  
and hide-and-peek with your thoughts  
Accusing others of sell-out, saying you can't be bought  
While i nreality, you ain't got nothing to sell  
Your Chines fawcet's open, but there's nothing in the  
well

You're a tabula rasa, you're an empty page [x2]

You get through life like you get through a book

Been there, done that, Mr Jones?

The last chapter has ended, still you're as blank a page

A page as white as your bones [repeat chorus]

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