

# Encyclopedia of Classic Takedowns

A.C. Newman

Are we judged in by the things we say  
Or is it just the noise we make?  
Long before you were abandoned in there,  
There was a time you were the artist, friend.  
The one, one.

When you really have to move you'll be amazed  
At the way you learn to hide the stuff away  
At the riot with the new headline you showed, looking  
for some new venues.  
You could have grow, you could have grow.

And didn't you left that many lies  
At the encyclopedia of classic takedowns.  
And didn't you left that many lines  
To tell that little unpreceding lie that you're whole  
now.

Someone really needs to turn the lights out  
Don't you know there is a war on it?  
It's time after at the dead end's streets.  
You're done exploring, done with the death,  
Haven't you, haven't you?

And didn't you left that many lies  
At the encyclopedia of classic takedowns.  
And didn't you left that many lines  
To tell that little unpreceding lie that you're whole  
now.

Got the mail on the first day, but  
In the left we thought we left to rot  
Left the listening, so many cases left  
Big gets more inappropriate.  
I wanna know, I wanna know.

And didn't you left that many lies  
At the encyclopedia of classic takedowns.  
And didn't you left that many lines  
To tell that little unpreceding lie that you're whole  
now.