

Play the Sheep

Arsonists Get All The Girls

Spreading your fear; hiding from the light
This is when things start to get ugly
But I think it's hard for you to see,
We are the few that will never change
If you could just step back and try to listen you would have th
is all figured out, but your temptations start taking over
Bite and chew the hand that feeds you and I
I am the wretched wolf, feed my disguise
Learning while they cry lines of regret and despair
Yet there is no sincerity in the voice projected towards me
Taking the turn of a life and proceed to recycle
The smut into a powerful statue to show
Which way is home and which way leads to my mouth
Drowning all our fears in a euphoric stream of acid
Chalk up all the years I've had visitors; all the same, knowing
but unwilling to share knowledge of nothing
For they are failure's, failures, failures, failures!!!!
Reaching out to you is like reaching out for nothing.