Are you dead to the world?

It appears that you might be
A little dead to the world
Or at least a bit to all of those

Who have shown a true affection
You make a mess of those
Who will care without exception
As you pile drive through anything that stands
In your way or blocks your view

Are you dead to the world?

I've gotta wonder if you are
A little dead to the world
With a reflex that is uncontrolled
It's the only explanation
Unless you're just as cold
As they say and just as calculating
Using and debilitating those
Who can see the good in you

Lost sight of it
I made light of it
Everyone makes mistakes
We fell by the wayside
We fell out of place
I wish I could say that we'd fallen from grace
But we never made it to that place