

There's something different going on out there  
A piece of silence within  
Helpless stranger looking out to understand  
What it means to be real

I am  
The life we always dreamed in  
The life  
Is not what you expect  
So tempting  
But nothing ever happens  
And nothing feels the same  
I lucked out again

Screw me I like it...  
Screw me I like it...

If nothing's to it then what's happening, unknown  
Shape shifted finite ending  
Public scratching looking past the wounded trash  
Our means to conceal

Or build a life of tired genius  
Benigns reverses how it's spent  
So empty but something's never simple  
The vicious cut remains  
All senses and blame

Screw me I like it...  
Screw me I like it...