

One more taste of submission
Found it on my television
Cut like you don't believe me
Fallen angel killed me deeply

I'm on that road to nowhere
Bought the suit of disenchantment
You've got the words to heal me
Fallen angel killed me deeply

Don't move, don't think, don't get off the floor
The fever greets me at the same back door
Don't write, don't speak, don't settle the score
You turn, you scream, "what are you down here for?"

I soak up this illusion
You're my new found institution
Thought you would never leave me
Fallen angel killed me deeply

Breathing this socialism
Tied beneath my exhibition
You had to burn to keep me
Fold my thoughts and heal me sweetly

Don't move, don't think, don't get off the floor
The fever greets me at the same back door
Don't write, don't speak, don't settle the score
You turn, you scream,

"What are you for?"
sicked where the burning arrows fall