

Farewell, Mona Lisa

The Dillinger Escape Plan

Wash it down the drain
Down the drain
Wash your smile down

Wash it down the drain please
Like animals destined for fuel or observance
Our role is clear never stray far from the path

Everything has an end

But what am I supposed to say?
Oh sorry I guess I forgot
You think you could tell me again?
Please?
I don't remember
What am I supposed to think?
What am I supposed to feel?

There's no feeling in this place
The echoes of the past speak louder
Than any voice I hear right now
Don't you ever try to be
More than you were destined for
Or anything worth fighting for
There's no feeling in this place
There's no feeling in this place
Feeling in this place

What did you expect?
That we would never leave home?
That we would never leave?
What did you expect?
That we would never leave home?
That we would never leave?
That we would never leave?
That we would never leave?
That we would never leave?
What did you expect from us?
We're murderers!

Murderers and rapists and liars and thieves!
You should never put your trust in any of us
There is nothing to gain from this interference
Don't you ever try to be
More than you were destined for
Or anything worth fighting for
There's no feeling in this place
The past speaks louder than anything I hear right now