

This house is made of paper, built on the quickest sand.
No pictures hang from its walls,
because I'd rather run than stand.
But you don't know the truth yet.
You'll find it all out when I'm gone, I guess.
I want to tear you away, live in a new skin.
Because I'm tired of being covered in this film of fiction.
I haven't believed a single damn word I've said.
I've learned to tear the truth to shreds.
Let's face the facts
we've all been avoiding in our tender dream house.
Fuck it, take it all down.
Watch it sink and smile wide, for we have vanquished unreality.

We'll be better off when it's buried underground.
I want to tear you away, live in a new skin.
Because I'm tired of being covered in this film of fiction.
I haven't believed a single damn word I've said.
I've learned to tear the truth to shreds.
Oh, lover...