The Iconoclast

F-Minus

Can't sleep – can't sleep at all
Counting the scratches and holes in the wall
With our feet – stuck in the mud
Beating the cottons of a promised land
Feeling worse that you look
Knowing one bullet will take it away
Killing the days 'cause they're all the same
Just waiting for something to change

Try to believe – you want to believe
in their superstitions
Try to believe – your want to believe
In a token of your affliction
You wake up – your head is on fire
You're on the outside – they hate you for it
Poison to their piece of mind
They fear you 'cause you know what's right
Can't sleep – can't sleep at all
Counting the scratches and holes in the wall
Poison to their piece of mind
Fearing us 'cause we know what's wrong
Try to believe you
Try to believe but you can't