

Point of No Reply

The Horrors

You know you take such pride in making people feel sick
Blood and lipstick, hiding yourself in a myth

Now your landscape's taking its shape
Naming names and twisting the picture
Throwing knives with an eye for revenge
You tell your friends I hate you

And there's nothing I can do, inside I'm already played
And there's nowhere left to go, you can bury me there where I lay

It's the right place, wrong time
Through this two-way mirror
No sign of life
The point of no reply

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You wouldn't be the first to find delight in pain
But I'm fighting the fire and you're fanning the flames

And there's nothing I can say, in silence you already know
Moving slowly in the dark, your anger slips out of control

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