

## We Pretend

Criteria

We pretend  
Living out our half-lives  
A solemn end  
Walking through the land mines  
In the night, awake, to celebrate in the cold dark hour  
Breaking down like an enzyme

You're stuttering  
Your hands are shaking  
Your muscles ache  
Your lungs constricting  
So, this is dying  
My end has no timing  
So, this is dying  
My end has no  
Timing the answer is never the answer

And while our friends are blown apart  
We celebrate a fake-tanned Bonaparte  
Is this the end or is this just the start  
I can make amends if you are true to your heart  
Can you be true to your heart  
There's no defending an answer when it leads to cancer

Break away before you break me down

Down like an enzyme it won't be the first time