

Glass House

Fallujah

Give me
Give me something real
That doesn't sing for praise,
Doesn't have to fight
For validation's sake

Wake up

I take offense at my culture
Critics and concubines of fame
I see such disillusionment on display
But what if they could see
The life you hide away?
Would you apologize for what you've
Become?

Your obsession with yourself
Began to hollow out
Your life
Your pride
Shatters around you now
To expose all you hide

This is all i have

No life
No pride
There is nothing left

Your life
Your pride
Shatters around you
To expose all you hide

She's comatose in memory
Violent and cunning with deceit
This winter never turned to spring
All i hear are footsteps
As you walk away

And i hear your footsteps
As you walk away