

True Hardcore (II)

Fiddlehead

Deeply depressed kids
Seeking art to mean

More than
A gathering of friends
Striking a pose
Happy little clones
Something
You could never feel
Freeing

Like I expected you to
Too true for you
Like I expected you to
Too true for you

Pseudo, false to the core
Keeping the gates closed

Won't you
Get over yourself?
Leave us alone
We don't want through
You're killing
Purest joy in life
The feeling

Like I expected you to
Too true for you
Like I expected you to
Too true for you

1-2-0-U

Nothing
Nothing

Not a damn thing, to the "evil-fake"
We, the evergreen, we owe you nothing
Not a damn thing, to the "evil-fake"
We're the evergreen