

Friendly Crossfire

Hotel Books

Sometimes even tolerance is void of compassion
So I'll ask if we can somehow ration some fashion room for fast action
Removal of passion from the last stand we took against [?] stance
Move past the future of perfection with conviction
A numbness of remission or retreat of mission
Until we're fishing for compliments and opposite opinions
And strategically place neglect of excuses
I've buried enough dreams, I've cut out the wrong seems
Stitch up these guts, let's make us love, let's make us bleed
It's what we need can form no facade baby
Make me believe it, make me see it
It's fortified past the bonified excuse past the lucid bigotry
I am the composition of notes to a melody
Were sung by a chorus of familiar sympathy
I'm not worried about singing in key with the confrontation of conformity
I'm just worried about you listening

I guess I was too much to ask for
I guess I don't know who I am anymore
I'm sorry, I'm sorry
I am [?]
Take this gun from me
I'm not going anywhere until these demons start to leave

I spoke in the tongues of angels but every floral arrangement still didn't turn human beings back into ideologies
They are all so much less threatening shielded by the pulpit
A clashing gong doesn't ring as deep as my pockets seem
With hands buried as far as the east is from the thirsty [?]
I love social justice just enough to smoke it socially
Like fear is the opposite of love so let it be, a lie regardless
I never knew you or your idol theology

I'm on my broken knees
Begging for your voice to see
I'm on my broken knees
Hoping these demons will finally leave

What if this is all a lie
What if this is all a lie
What if this is all a lie
Then I don't have to try
Promise me it's all a lie
Promise me we're just a lie
Promise me it's all a lie
It's all a lie
So I don't have to try