

Panoramic

Johnny Booth

Passion marks from a devious rat
Makes a bloated face for a Sociopath
How can Business as usual stop
A recession brought on by your contagious intuition

The air's too thick to breath
Cannibals are the only names that bring embracing extensions
Forgotten evolution of serpents that preach to the ears of what
markets apply

Yes, I was there. The day our country died
But where were you? When the world was so fragile
When it burst into thin air
We fight to pass the time; we face our backs to the withering lifeline
So we wouldn't have to think, we'll stretch out their spine
A calculated killer with a hidden agenda

Perfection seekers will never find the answers only disappointment
Words, stretched across like strings
Concussion caused by a violent reaper
Friendly smiles with- selfish intent
Ugly is the- new beautiful
Point out insignificance, Helps us realize we're not connected
We're all connected

This world is getting smaller
We're drowning in our thoughts
And we must bleach the forecast
This world is getting smaller

You're just a page in the book of a coward
You're just a page in a book of the coward

Disgust is the, new creation
Our chances of a fitting solution
Has been predetermined, it's destined to fail
Just don't get what you're so afraid of

This world is getting smaller, for a planet that just can't hold us down
Our leaders have steered us down the path of the none existent
Now stone bricks come out of your foundation, forgetting why you were forged
Forgetting why you were ever forged