

Your eyes, they made lies true.  
Say anything and I would believe you.  
But there were demons, maybe more than a few, so what  
could we do?  
Because in my life there was only asbestos, and Raymond  
Williams, you always took the best ones.  
Now, like failed pedestrian dreams, that's how it seems  
to me.

Once again, back out on the highway.  
Watch the traffic-you know it's a Friday.  
And all the seats-belts in all the vans won't change your  
plans.  
You can get by on a few sins,  
and you can try to make a horse win once,  
but you can't put back together what you sever.

The rain comes down and turns your shine back to rust.

Does that mean that you have to sever us?  
Someday some shit will come around  
and reverse the earth,  
turn your flesh back to dust.  
Does that mean that you have to sever us?