

# I Haven't Heard A Word I've Said

Lambchop

The right of callous goes to malice and molders in the grave  
You seem to witness inner fitness, leaves without a trace

To turn about inside the outer layer that we save  
Becomes apparent when we wear it, such beauty that you gave

You hypnotize my bloodshot eyes, the nightlife's latest craze  
They twist their shouts and jump about, our memory isn't fazed

By documenters recent assent into the freakish phase  
Remember that we offer purpose of the human race

And oh, so slowly, turn to show me where our points are shaved  
To them that simply sees us empty, but for not our amber waves  
of sin

A dialog is half created out of our own words  
We like the texture and pretend that this we haven't heard

It's up to here in cruel defense another loss is cruel  
But some how with the help of pills, I remain a pillar of calm

Let's guess the number of regrets a good life will acquire  
There seems to be some small discrepancy between the truth and  
a lie

But somehow we should work around the better half of dead  
Wake up, wake up, my little one, my little sleepy head