

Pissed

Orange 9mm

How many lies does it take
To squeeze an open mind so shut
That nothing gets in un-devised
And fear is fuel for all desire
Borders drawn to isolate
And not signify a change in ideas
While people piss on love's grave
And blame a god for their ways

Save your soul if you can
You might never get to come back again
Save your soul if you can
Cause our time's running out
Hero, dead man, hero, dead man
Save our souls, take our hands
Save our souls, take our hands

Some devise their own plans
To cure the mass exodus
Crawling in to some sick hands
Control surrendered to demands
Who would think the time would come
When people again stop to care
Thinkers start to lose ideas
And dig ourselves a shallow early grave

Save your soul if you can
You might never get to come back again
Save your soul if you can
Cause our time's running out
Hero, dead man, hero, dead man
Save our souls, take our hands
Save our souls, take our hands

We still doubt as brains untie
The sky is falling
Now we're crawling
But we can't see straight through our shallow
We can't think straight
Now we're drowning

So save your soul if you can
You might never come back again
Save your soul if you can
Cause our time's running out
Hero, dead man, hero, dead man
Save our souls, take our hands
Save our souls, take our hands