

Sound Advice

Private Line

Roll your Vice, and get rolled too
Dice are loaded and so are you
Miss-Understanding undressed is Miss-fortune.

Some upload death in search of divine
Some surf for love but find lust just in time
Misguided preachers, seekers of paradise

I wish there was someone with NOTHING to say
Hope all those saviors would go away
Look how the boy holds his broken toy
Unspoken pain
We hear nothing

Roll with their punches and you'll end on your knees
Chose any role, life's a no-net trapeze
An Angel calls me... to see her dance striptease

I wish there was someone with NOTHING to say
Hope all those saviors would blow away
Look how the boy holds his broken toy
Unspoken pain
We hear nothing

Please don't tell me to trust in Him.
You can't tempt me with your mindless grin.
I'll keep my sins, you save your advice
Yesterday you killed for it; today I'll sell my soul
for a life.

I wish there was someone with NOTHING to say
Maybe those saviors have gone away
Look how the boy holds his broken toy
Unspoken pain
We feel nothing