

Where are you?
I'm lost upon this boulevard
And I'm afraid this plastic mask made room enough for all of us

Now Scissorlips has come to grips while chewing paper fingertip
s
That boulevards made boulevards of boulevards in endless strips
Sing your lullaby
Sing, sing, sing

I want hear it from your lips-what's it worth shining for?
Nevermind your thirst, nevermind the curses you utter vacantly
I can hear them scream from below, I still hear them screaming
below
All we are is all we are, transcendental animals

Where are you?
I'm high above this boulevard
I left behind this passive mask to prove to us it's not enough

Now Scissorlips throws Scissorfits 'til bleeding's what the kis
sing gets
To fork the tongues of old and young, forever speaking opposite
s

... trying to dig up the love-you call this love?

For the love of loss, we find
For the love of joy, we cry
For the love growth, we sever
For the love of now, we never
For the love of peace, we kill
For the love of wealth, we steal
For the love of difference, confine
For the love of unity, divide
For the love of love, we hate

Who wouldn't want to disappear?
But I'm still here, I am still here
Having come out the other side wearing horrors that climb from
our soul
And I am still here, I am still here
Falling facedown into the light, wholly naked I cling to these
roots
And I am still here, I am still here