

## Good Fashion

Sage Francis

Dark lenses, tint the windows that are under my eyelids  
To hide from the light like I'm stuck in a fire pit  
Burning up a sigh, with no desire to live through these lies  
So I suffer in silence  
Culture of violence, truth stuck behind my lips  
Bound, gagged, and whipped, stripped, divided and split  
Eatin' words with a forked tounge  
And now the grumble of my stomache's got the thump of a war drum  
A battle goin' on inside, nobody's safe from  
Clowns are playing rush and roulette with paint guns  
They run in place, and they call it the human race  
Losin' pace with that stupid look on their face, shootin' blanks  
And all they ask is why I wear these glasses  
And all I can tell them is hell, it's good fashion  
All they ask is why I wear these glasses  
And all I can tell them is, hell...  
We're acting like men of steel, with a thin protective shield  
Gathering the raw footage that can never make the final reel  
So we cover up the stories that eyes tell, make way for what we  
take to the grave  
It doesn't bind both souls, buried in a ? bargain bin  
In the cemetary there's a joust between God and men  
Talkin' loud, but aint sayin' nothin, used to have daily discussions,  
I doubt we'll ever talk again  
And all they ask is why I wear these glasses  
And all I can tell them is hell, it's good fashion  
All they ask is why I wear these glasses  
And all I can tell them is, hell...