

# Dicker's Done

Tallah

When everyone can see  
Then everyone will believe  
That's all it takes, that's all it takes  
A bulletproof plan, I have the power to bring back the dead and the sour  
They'll write me back in as the hero  
Oh, I'll have no equal!  
A stereotypical fantasy  
But woe is me  
The funny thing's that I can't put it into words you could ever relate to

I did my work in the corner  
And I shit where I ate  
And though dozens of good men have passed  
You're fixed, fixed, fixed!

I threw it back to no one  
They were just out of reach  
Keep on sleeping, but you'll never dream a thing  
'Cause there's nothing in your heart but the image of yourself  
That is the reason we're here, it's hard to pretend to be something you're not  
And now Dicker's done!

Well, hurt's a funny thing  
We're dumb by nature  
And we're never gonna grow  
Just a frog in the headlights of a dump truck  
It'll run you down when you've nowhere left to go  
The beginning of the end comes fast  
So you say the same line a billion times  
Like it's ever gonna make you feel different

Shut the fuck up and go stand on your mark!  
It's personal now  
With the sick, I freak out  
I'm a prick with a blackened thumb  
And I'll stick it in your mouth  
On the off-chance it could mentally fuck you up

I'm no hero  
I came here to snack on your bones  
And to nest in your earholes  
Darkness beckons me!  
You won't see when it comes  
You'll just be misery

I threw it back to no one  
They were just out of reach  
Keep on sleeping, but you'll never dream a thing  
'Cause there's nothing in your heart but the image of yourself  
That is the reason we're here, next time don't pretend to be something you're not  
And now Dicker's done!

You crossed the road  
Took the permanent passport to nowhere  
The amphibian hops on

Yeah, you crossed the road  
Took the permanent passport  
Denial's a symptom of loss  
What the fuck do you think you have lost?

Life hops on  
It hops on  
It hops on  
It hops on, and on, and on, and on, and on

I threw it back to no one  
They were just out of reach  
Keep on sleeping, but you'll never dream a thing  
'Cause there's nothing in your heart but the image of yourself  
That is the reason we're here, next time don't pretend to be something you're not  
And now Dicker's done!

It hops on  
It hops on, and on, and on, and on, and on