

Escape

The Angels

Painting a life
In the dulllest shade
Got your sterile decor
And you got it made

A cheap print hangs on the wall
Jerk at the chain, embrace the wrecking ball
Rags are pressed with starched precision
The soul is lost, a life is taken

Escape from the human race
Disappear without a trace
Escape from the circus
Disappear beneath the surface

Try to keep up with the Jones'
Seeking approval of your owners
A blunt edge eroding the chic
Living to outdo the dim-witted clique

Escape from the human race
Disappear without a trace
Escape from the charade
Slip into ether and fade

Dull hues depict a vacant soul
A tired old wench but still in control
A simpleton boy rides the gravy train
Keep him on a leash, plot out the pain

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