

BAD SELECTION

The Armed

Uptown, so similar, but not so similar
In her heart, how she ticks, in her men's/women's clothes
It's all so similar
All the locks, all the cheats, all the spoiled children know

I hear it's terminal, I fear it's terminal
In my head, in my chest, in my gut, on my feet
I fear it's terminal
In my head, in my chest, in the gun at my feet

It's why we're safer alone
It's how we're braver at home
We're all just paperbacks

Something dimly lights the way
Violent faith in better days
Hallelujah
Everybody knows that I am great

He talks subliminal, a textbook criminal
In his eyes, in his hair, in his men's/women's clothes
Sometimes invisible
He's a friend, he's a thief, he's a star, he's a ghost

It's why we're safer alone
It's how we're braver at home
We're all just paperbacks

Something dimly lights the way
Violent faith in better days
Hallelujah
Everybody knows that I am great

Something dimly lights the way
Violent faith in better days
Hallelujah

Something dimly lights the way
Armor plated hell to pay
I'm inhuman
Everybody knows that I'm something great

Something dimly lights the way
Armor plated hell to pay
I'm inhuman