

Everything's Glitter

The Armed

There's drama on my tortured brow
Am I a caricature?
There's just a little between God and Clown
I wanna be an idol that you adore

And when I slink through your town – I am sure
You put a gun to my gown – I am sure
You think I'm selling you short?
This ain't the same fucking thing you've been sold before

I'm drama in these khaki towns
I think they feel the allure
Every single breath – a work of art
My mere existence is a part of the show

And when I slink through your town – I am sure
That's why I'm wearing a crown
So you always see I am sure
This ain't the same fucking thing you've been sold before

Time lost on the plot, on the statement
Still now I feel lost, I just fake it
I cannot break 'cause I'm the heartbreaker
No, I will stand tall – the odds in my favor

You called all the shots and I let you
All that time, it was lost, I can't take it
I cannot break 'cause I'm the heartbreaker
No, I will stand tall – the odds in my favor

There's drama on my tortured brow
Am I a caricature?
There's just a little between God and Clown
I'm gonna be the idol that you adore

Same old lives
Yeah, you got the same old lives
You tell the same old lies
It's the same old

Same old lives
Yeah, you got the same old lives
You tell the same old lies
It's the same old... oh, shit

Yeah you can run but you never hide