

## Arena

## The Skids

It's gross this loss of jaded sanity  
Days are found recalling vanity

The guise the poise serving solitude  
Days are found plating gratitude

Arena, I seen her misdemeanour, in the corner  
Mural watching children screaming  
Running running running running running run

The face, the grace of this attitude  
Make mistakes onto platitudes

The race, the case the boys are innocent  
These mistakes buy new testaments

Arena, I seen her misdemeanour, in the corner  
Mural watching children screaming  
Noble watchmen guard the children  
Mural watching children screaming  
Running running running running running run

All the boys are innocent, lonely, oh, oh  
All the boys are innocent, lonely, oh, oh  
All the boys are innocent, lonely, oh, oh