

Thought Criminal

The Used

I made a deal with the holy ghost
I made a plan to preserve the peace
Before I started I lost my guts
Saw traces of the past destroyed

Always thought I could write it down
Where'd it go, and you read my mind
Make an enemy like a friend that never existed

I let you get to me
I let you get to me
I let the ability to stay collected keep my head

I thought I knew everything
I thought I knew what it meant to me
Turns out I don't know anything
Just know enough to keep my head
And just play dead

Is the criminal in your thoughts
Like a poppy that blessed the fields
And the price that is on my head
Inflates the cost of smut magazines

Just take a look at what we believe
Selling freedom to slavery
You have us screaming that
War is peace
And strength is ignorance

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