

# Conformity

Thom Artway

It's a never ending comedy  
And ere this reaches the end  
I end up as a hanged man, choking on your scent  
Some say that true love never dies  
Even if you find another  
Sooner or later  
We find out this game is over

It's the conformity, the custom of mine, to settle things and feel just fine  
Although my insides burn, my insides burn  
Is this real, am I really that sick or am I just a wreck  
Well hello again, we're... we're just friends  
Like a family, like foes again, I'm full of silent violence  
The untold anger, untold love

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