

Your Conscience

TSA

You see nothing, you hear nothing
You don't follow your own self
And your conscience is sleeping
Doesn't know what's good or bad

You are convincing no one
But that's the way you are
You still keep hiding out
Why! Does it feel so good

What's the matter with you
Do you want to be alone?
Where is your conscience?
Wake up! - You have one

But now you agree with everyone
You keep nodding your head
Clapping your hands puppet like
Bowing head really low

You pretend it's so sweet
But it's bitter, no one sees
People come looking through you
Turning away - turning green

What's the matter with you
Do you want to be alone?
Where is your conscience?
Wake up! - You have one