

Jones

vianova

Secrets are kept best at family dinner tables
I store my best friends in body bags
Oops, caught another body on my way back home
Bones buried in the dirt blood stains on stone

I have dug another hole on my graveyard shift
Shovel in the mud
Getting rid of witnessed
God damn I'll keep on running 'till I know
The cops aren't knocking down my door
(FBI, open up) Get down!

You're only guilty if you're caught
You're only guilty if you do a bad job at hiding the traces
You're only guilty if everybody knows it was you

Secrets are kept best at family dinner tables
None of my best friends know who I am

I just can't quit while I'm at it
Dependence sits at the core of the magic
Repeating the omen
Stuck in a nightmare cult
As long as you increase the dosage

You're only guilty if you're caught
You're only guilty if you do a bad job at hiding the traces
You're only guilty if everybody knows
There's only blood on your hands
If you don't care to wash it off in time

We won't see eye to eye
Because I'll always lie to get my fix
Swore this was the last one
But I can't stop 'til I got that hit
One day you'll find me
Bloody hands discovering the beast I am
And with a sorry face I'll whisper

"I wish I was a different man"