

# Sharp Practice

## Circa Survive

Tripping over things unsaid in a constant motion  
I cannot recognize the truth 'cause it's unfamiliar  
If you didn't have so much left to prove, would it be resistance? Kicking up this cloud of dust till  
it covers us  
I had been there and done it a thousand times but never with my eyes open You get what you  
paid for  
We can't sell our Goddamn souls anymore, anymore  
Don't let them give you the runaround again, again  
It's up to you to make sense of it. Yeah. Talk  
No one hesitates to taste when they come and throw the feet down  
If you wanna make haste, keep your feet on the ground  
I see you coming from a million miles away like a stampede of footsteps Kicking up this cloud  
of dust till it covers us  
You can't control what is happen to your heart  
till you give it away - till you give it away You get what you paid for  
We can't sell our Goddamn souls anymore, anymore  
Don't let them give you the runaround again, again  
It's up to you to make sense of it So many words flooded in my vacant lie  
So little space, too little sleep, too little time Tripping over things unsaid in a constant motion  
I cannot recognize the truth 'cause I've never known it  
I've never known it - I've never known it - known  
You get what you paid for  
We can't sell our Goddamn souls anymore, anymore  
Don't let them give you the runaround again, again  
It's up to you to make sense of it I see you coming from a million miles away  
I see you coming from a million miles away  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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