

White Homes

Tilt

White frame lies to live in leave
Nothing to gain
Your Colorless divinities can scarcely light the way
White frame homes in celibate rows
They swell and melt together
Aspirations lie in possessions each dwellers dream so similar[chorus]
Keep witches behind
Mythical lines
And squeeze my faith between my knees
I can't take one more lie
So I'll take one of each
In this static heat
I barely make my home suffice
Persuaded by a sleepy beat
I can't tell which is mine Pack it in
Save it up
Pack it in
Save it up
In this static heat
I barely make my home suffice
Persuaded by a sleepy beat
I can't tell which is mine
Impeded by machine
Awash in blue light spending nights
Imbibing life through their screen
it shows me to believe

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