

The Latest Plague

From First to Last

What would you say?
This blood is thick
This blemished face
With a dark crooked nose
And a chance to say
Whatever it wanted
Through its blemished throat
Or be alone
Would you give a fuck
If only to her
Will now depend
Like shallow water
The sound of victim men
Crawling up your walls
Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Don't tell me where I don't belong
Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Don't tell me where I don't belong
Oh, I heard a sick, sad voice
It was honesty, I turned to her and said
We need to be medicated
And you're the prescription
For a forced out vision
If you're with me, send the critics to hell
With the sound of our voices
Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Don't tell me where I don't belong
Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down,
Don't tell me... where I don't belong
I wonder why you're oh so full of shit
You'll be knocked on the floor
So don't you push that precious sweat
Oh you judge his secrecy on shit
You'll be knocked on the floor

So don't you play
Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down, don't tell me
Don't tell me where I don't belong
Fake faces everywhere I see
Fake people looking back at me
Sit down,
Don't tell me... where I don't belong.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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