

## **the same old lines**

knockout is a fulltime job and no one pays for less  
sorted in and sorted out sleeping fully dressed  
life is suiting people fine and nothing's to confess  
have you ever listened to how it sounds when you breathe in?  
and have you ever felt like air was going a bit thin?  
could you tell me something strange about the way you think?

looking for the traffic signs too many people on the streets  
travelling on the same old lines but their eyes will never meet  
feels like i am melted down into the grey worldwide concrete  
i remember every word they told us to repeat

mind gone astray i can't barely think straight  
makes me wanna scream stupid shit like...  
slap in the face 'cause i need to think straight  
everything in here feels like a disease

searching for some butterflies to dry them in a book  
need to take them all around so i won't forget how they look  
seems we're eating the wrong things bodies looking crooked  
cultivate the empty stare as fear is all we see  
salvation is found elsewhere trust in catastro-tv  
all is fucked stagnation wanna rise above this self-pity

looking for the traffic signs too many people on the streets  
standing in the same old lines but their eyes will never meet  
feels like i am melted down into the grey worldwide concrete  
as i remember every word they told us to repeat

mind gone astray i can't barely think straight  
makes me wanna scream stupid shit like...  
slap in the face cause i need to think straight  
everything in here feels like a disease

mind gone astray i can't barely think straight  
makes me wanna scream stupid shit like...  
slap in the face 'cause i need to think straight  
everything in here feels like a disease.