

Billy Talent, Lies

Forced conversation
Hidden agenda
You think we're stupid, how dare you
The rug has not been pulled
Over our eyes you fool
We can see right through

Tip-toeing villian
Eyes in the ceiling
Your false intentions have warn thin
But we've been in your room and in your closet too
We've got one on you

Lies make it better
Lies are forever
Lies to go home to
Lies you wake up to
Lies from the alter
Lies make you falter
Lies keep your mouth fed
Lies till your death bed
Lies

Inside an office, a fallen angel
A smiling Buddha with snake eyes
Creates the latest trends
And i just cant pretend
Dont call me your friend

When all these
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Lies to go home to
Lies you wake up to
Lies from the alter
Lies make you falter
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Lies they make it better
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LIES!

Lies will come back to hunt you
Bulletproof your limosine
Lies will come back to haunt you
Hit and run, a broken dream

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