

# Dead To Fall, Smoke & Mirrors

Oh, Another face joins the crowd  
It's time to impress; time to prove yourself  
You don't realize that in a year's time you'll be over this  
Moved on to the nexxt trend  
Moved on to the next catchy melody  
Moved on to the next trend  
Here's your next catchy melody  
So say what you will  
Do what you feel you must  
Your words just fuel my rage  
And fill my heart with disgust  
I know what really matters  
I know who will be there  
The rest of you could wither away and not a piece of me would care  
Tomorrow none of you will mean a goddamn thing  
You're spread so thin  
We see right through your display  
A procession of smoke and mirrors  
Tomorrow none of you will mean a goddamn thing to me  
In time everything grows stale and old  
I'll hold on to what I have and never let go  
Tomorrow none of you will mean a goddamn thing