

# Enemy You, The Screw

The seams are splitting in this pastel world we have built around us  
And it seems that no one listens to a word you say  
You can not comprehend the daily practices we live to follow  
But it looks like everyone else don't see those things your way

Everything is falling apart, we all go on but the sky is falling  
We've made our bed now it's time to lay in it  
It's getting hard to breathe, we're screwing ourselves into oblivion  
And as for food I hope you like the taste of shit  
But you try and you try

You see the cracks in the foundation on which we have built our future  
And from where you stand you can see this house is made of straw  
And I hope when all your friends have two kids and have gotten married  
You won't have given up, but you'll keep going strong