

Venera, Tabula Rasa

You begin to wear me out, I feel like crossbones to you skull
Your stupidity blinds me, your so-called brilliance is so dull
You're living life by proxy as your mind contracts
Too 2dimensional for backgrounds, too scared to see the life of facts

You collect emotions like the stamps of your youth
Then pass out in the gutter with your gin and Vermouth
You lie with the windfalls although you're unripe
Saying: "I don't care about the green" You know you ain't
got the guts, "maaan" But you pretend to have the spleen
While playing memory with your feelings
and hide-and-peek with your thoughts
Accusing others of sell-out, saying you can't be bought
While i nreality, you ain't got nothing to sell
Your Chines fawcet's open, but there's nothing in the well
You're a tabula rasa, you're an empty page (x2)
You get through life like you get through a book
Been there, done that, Mr Jones?
The last chapter has ended, still you're as blank a page
A page as white as your bones (repeat chorus)