

Eyedeas & Abilities - Smile

A prince in practice moans for the attention that he wants

But most of this town won't even dignify his ignorance with a response

Left to a crowded foster home by a 15-year-old mom

Never been held in anyone's arms; when you've never been moved it's really hard
to move on

A young saleswoman sets up shop when the sun sets

She'll make your wildest dreams come true at a price you won't forget

The sadly-married set up alibis: no harm, no regret

Hoping they meet an angel in bed that can wrestle the devil right out of their
heads

This city runs fast, no one has time to sit with themselves

No time to look into our pain or see the same despair in everyone else

It's here, it's there, it's everywhere - tears soak each card the dealer's dealt

But time taught me how to see every second as Heaven even though they're
perfectly disguised as Hell

And I refuse to let past bruises cover the light

It ain't all good, but it's all good enough so I know I'm alright

Agony is truth: it's our connection to the living

I accept it as perfection and keep on existing in the now

I can only build if I tear the walls down
Even if it breaks me I won't let it make me frown
I'm falling but no matter how hard I hit the ground
...I'll still smile

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Ear-to-ear, as if that's all I'm here for
Despite the wars founded by the rich, funded by the poor
Kids barely eighteen are dying so billionaires can make more
Elsewhere hungry mothers watch their babies starve to death in a beat-up shack
on a dirt floor

The aged professor quotes, "freedom's without a path"
Now he dresses like a widow, and preaches "Love is dead" in every class
But curiosity killed the cat and taught the dog in him how to act
And it burned his bridge to Jill so he tries to drown the guilt with a bottle of Jack

Self-proclaimed rebels say "We must oppose the system"
"You gotta take a stand - if you're not against 'em you're with 'em"
Signs read "Support the troops" "Bring 'em home" "No more innocent victims"
But when a homeless veteran asks for spare change you're too busy protesting to
even listen

And I'm no different; I live in conflict and contradiction
But it can be so beautiful when I don't reject what lies within
It's beautiful the way agony connects us to the living
I think of the world when I hurt, and keep on existing in the now

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