

# Pro Anti Anti (Truss Remix)

## Liars

They brood in ecstasy, a thought to wrap your head 'round  
The burn that earns the gleam, red crystals shine above a yacht  
They put an axe in them, those ripe with complications  
Like cars into a tree, I'll die before the fire's out  
A hug I give myself, good ones can make me smile Make amends to well fed men, they fatten  
more than feed  
Clawed upon like guilt through time, or sleep collects to sheets  
I built a tower, sealed the door, slept clear my memory  
Pain stress and sorrow, from the world that blurs the me from me  
They built advanced machines, I'm short a foot or two from proud  
The crook that turns the key, some preschool spy they blew apart  
That covered half the land, with spring's first white carnations  
Like cars into a tree, I'll die before the fire's out  
I brood in ecstasy, a thought to wrap my head around

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>