

Don't Fake This

Chevelle

Ignoring a loss of sight,
Afraid to blink, I might lose the sun.
But don't make this out, to be more,
Than it isn't behind every lie.
There's a burden within.
Yes you're my sight.

This suffering,
That's kept within.
Disposable men, lost.

Inside, he was negative.
This place, once more was underground.
So look and connect,
we're refusing to rust.
Healing has to begin, in the past.

So don't fake this,
Don't fake this,
Don't fake this,
Don't...

This suffering,
That's kept within.
Disposable men, lost.

Don't fake this,
Don't fake this,
Don't fake this,
Don't...

Fake, fake, fake.

This suffering,
That's kept within.
Disposable men, lost.

So don't fake this,
Don't fake this,
Don't fake this,
Don't... fake.
Fake, fake.