

No Place For Failure

Fuck the Facts

I've embraced the reflection, the scenery, that bent back from my imagery. I compare, I inflect. Self-proclaimed judge of failure, Self-proclaimed judge of failure. On the single track of achievers I missed the core of my nature. I'm keeping the speed, the lead, focused on my contradictory reach. I ought to take possession. On the single track of achievers, driven by the wrong interests. I'm keeping the speed, the lead, focused, dependent on winning. In my obsession of recognition I exceeded my grasp at your expense. I believed. Raised up in a limited concept of self success, of narcissistic fulfillments. Focused on my own desired results. Raised up in a limited concept of self-success, I'm living the obvious futility, the loss of energy. I'm a narcissistic soldier; I battle to keep everyone down. Raised up in a limited concept of self success, I followed the traces, in the line of the achievers. Proud I raised and failed at building my true self. I'm a narcissistic soldier, I battle to keep everyone down.