

I can feel that I'm not real
No denying the reflection you see
Made from things that feel no pain
I have to lie to pretended that I'm me

Making you believe things I never felt
Living a lie means you're never surprised
I'll steal your thoughts to define myself
Everything I promise will never arrive

Schizophrenic symptoms
Of my split personality traits
My actions are life-like
But I'm so fucking fake

A synthetic reproduction
Of what I think that you want me to be
If you peel back the plastic
Nothing is all that you'll see

It look me years to replicate tears
To embrace all the things that I hate
It's so sad you believed that I cared
When I tell you the truth it's too late

Tell me all the things that make me human
All the traits that I want to erase
Make a wish you self-deluded bitch
It might come true before you're replaced

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