

i'm often misplacing the conviction that i sell
i put it on display so arrogantly
sometimes being right is important to me
i need the vindication
but it doesn't make me happy

it doesn't make me happy
it doesn't make me happy

i'm horrified by the prospect of defeat
so many demons want to make a home in me
and i want to burn their house down
i want to burn it to the ground
i want to burn it down, down, down, down

i think that when i started there was hope in the tank
somewhere along the lines i replaced all of it
running on the arrogant fumes of self-satisfaction
got me reeking of the odor of my own pestilence

it's easy to miss the forest for the trees
when every tree i see is me
and i want to cut them down

so petrified and i'm tangled in conceit
i've got to find a way to burn what's left of me
and when I'm finally all torn down
you're rising up out of the ground