

Dilettante

Actor | Observer

The heart on my sleeve
Is getting harder to believe
So hellbent on making progress
Yet neglecting what I need
And it's meaningless
This misappropriation
How I've traded inspiration
For misguided dedication
What have I become?
Am I giving in?
Or am I giving up?
Make a choice
Or it will be made for you
Yeah, art assumes a value
But that still doesn't mean that it's true

Losing my way
An iron without a fire
Day after day
Growing sick and uninspired

You got something to prove
Not to them
It's all for you
What is it you're looking for?
What validation do you need
To believe you're something more
Than the fraud that you perceive?
If no one is contesting
The merit of your work
Why do you still get the feeling
You've fabricated all your worth?

Burn up all your doubt
Smoke the liar out
Make him fan the flames
Then lead him to a grave

Losing my way
An iron without a fire
Day after day
Growing sick and uninspired

Burn up all your doubt
(I don't I believe myself)
Smoke the liar out
(I don't believe myself)
Make him fan the flames
(I don't believe myself)
Lead him to a grave
(I don't believe myself)