

Memory Layne

Blacklisted

In my life there's no truth, there's just mountains of lies.
Search for identity, but wear a disguise.
I run and I run and I run and I run and I hide.
I'm complicated, so frustrating.
I know you hate it, but I just can't fake it.
You've seen my world's at war, when I unlock my door.
Showed you things I hoped you never see.
You just said "Oh George, you could be so much more."
"You've lost your way, it's a damn shame."

How do you criticize, when you stand so safe inside?
How do you climb, when you built your walls so high?
How do you fight, when your hands are firmly tied?
How do you rise, when all you know is the downside?