

Fill the empty spaces with nefarious activities  
I'm being pulled by my felonious proclivities  
Look in the mirror with such crystal clear lucidity  
Become more aware of my life's vacant obscenity

That ain't no way to go  
Face down there on the floor  
Wash off the blood  
Then walk back out the door

So cold blooded that it almost seems amphibious  
Absence of conscience so deceptively insidious  
Cracks in my soul they make everyone look hideous  
But my friendly smile keeps the world outside oblivious

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