

Weaver Of Lies

Cherryholmes

There are so many things I have done
Dishonest gain from the skill of my tongue
If you're unwise enough to trust me then you will be deceived
You never should believe, you'll only be deceived

I have taken things that weren't mine to take
And I have broken things I cannot unbreak
And I have lied about my lust and said passion was to blame
But it hurt him just the same, he is hurting just the same

I've been the believer and I was the deceived
Now I am the deceiver, the believer believes in me
And there's no reason why
I am a weaver of lies

Man has always been so very naive
A wooden horse or a fruit on a tree
They only really see the things that they want themselves to see
They let themselves believe
'Cause they'd rather be deceived

(bridge)

Words can soothe your head
When fear leaves you for dead
The truth is often so unkind
And that may be why
I am a weaver of lies