

Cruel Intentions

Cold Driven

The golden gates become a holding cell
With sleight of hand you have locked me in
Your charities a courtesy where cruel intentions lie
As I make my way in suspicious crowds
The smiles begin to rise
I find you so misleading

Patch work frays
Cruel intentions now remain
You always pinned me as a castaway
Cruel incentives claim the stage
Guilty of your first betrayal

The night sets in
Drawn to illusions that you proudly made
(The night sets in)
You serve it cold no guilt
With all the glass words that you put in place
(The night sets in)
I find you so misleading
Your cruel intentions will claim

Patch work frays
Cruel intentions now remain
You always pinned me as a castaway
Cruel incentives claim the stage
Guilty of your first betrayal

The golden gates become a holding cell
With sleight of hand you have locked me in
I find you so misleading
Your cruel intentions will claim
Another victim again

Patch work frays
Cruel intentions now remain
You always pinned me as a castaway
Cruel incentives claim the stage
Guilty of your first betrayal

I realize that I'm the castaway
As the night sets in
I had to fall in to find out
Your cruel intentions
I had to fall in to find out
Your cruel intentions