

Ego Is a Phoenix

Crywank

Couldn't get my head around my head and so I wrote some songs
Tried to get some sympathy for shit I alone fucked up
Tried to chase some ego death my ego is a phoenix
Soon I believe all that strangers say, what's bad and whats good

I can waste a day
Sat in the same place
Searching mentions of my name
And pictures of my face
I can waste a life
Fueling myself with spite
But when things are getting better
It still remains my drive

Tried to give a present to my friends neatly wrapped up
The present to my friends all along was really me
And what I have as a gift turned out to be a burden
And what I spoke of as I turned out to be we

Don't ask me
I'm just the drummer
I watch you being passive
To those who support us
I became a bitter monster
You're one now too, I see
Maybe I find it the hardest
When you start to act like me me

Tried to try again but we fell for the same traps
It all becomes a job in some form or way
Lose grasp of a passion soon loneliness seeps in
For months the other's only familiar face