

# 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 what's 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