

Succubus

Death Angel

Exactly what do you hear
When I open my mouth?
All forms of communication
Always seem to go south

And walking on eggshells...
It's never been my style
The smallest step forward with you
Is like a miracle mile

Your sudden bursts of illogical bullshit
They make you look so vile
The fact the past is the one thing you cling to
You live a life of denial
No way to sink in, no way to break out
It forced me back on track
And now I've seen the real you
I'm never coming back

Your perpetual life of illusion
You claim to be so free
Truth is the attention you long for
It drained the life out of me

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They make you look so vile
The fact the past is the one thing you cling to
You live a life of denial
No way to sink in, no way to break out
It forced me back on track
And now I've seen the real you
I'm never coming back

So now I close the book
And re-open these eyes
Stand up! I brush off the dirt
From a ride that I despised

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