

Persona

Ded

This is a funeral nobody showed to
I read the eulogy but I don't know you
This is a death rattle, I see the black skies
I heard you died in battle, I think I know why
They think you're beautiful, I think they're dead wrong
I see internally, your energy's a timebomb
The thing I hate most about myself is
All you ever dream about and all you could've wanted

All you really ever do is talk, talk, talk
But I can't fucking listen to the words that you're saying like
I gotta call you out 'cause I'm sick of all your
Lies, save the song and dance for your weak disciples
But hey, you can say what you wanna
Make sure that shit fits your persona
Hey, a dead prima donna
Fake it till you make your persona

You keep it suspect, you're always suspect
I deal in respect, butcher a weakness
I dug the trench out, I fought the good fight
But you would never know, you're not about that life
It's inexcusable, how did we get here?
Your popularity is scaring me, it's so clear
The thing I hate most about myself is
All you ever dream about and all you could've wanted

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Stop making stupid people famous
Stop making stupid people famous
Stop making stupid people famous
Motherfuckers
Yeah, yeah
Give it to 'em

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