

Son Of A thief

Diary of Dreams

So sick of being friendly
So sick of being nice
So sick of being thoughtful
You think I hate my kind.

So sick of all the liars
So sick of all your words
So sick of all you cherish
You think I hate my kind.

I fall down on my knees
And kiss your holy feet
You noble majesty
I end here in defeat
I beg you to forgive
I, son of a thief,
Have to confess a sin
I stole the skin I'm in.

So sick of explanations
So sick of revelations
So sick of your disease
You think I hate my kind.

So sick of what I feel
So sick of compromises
So sick of how you look
You think I hate my kind.

I fall down on my knees
And kiss your holy feet
You noble majesty
I end here in defeat
I beg you to forgive
I, son of a thief,
Have to confess a sin
I stole the skin I'm in.

I fall down on my knees
And kiss your holy feet
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I, son of a thief,
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I stole the skin I'm in.

And life goes on...