

## Dead to me

## Face Yourself

I am now confied

Inside I stand  
Now labelled as a criminal  
He fixes his gaze in such  
A particular way  
Pointing out our differences  
When we are the same

You are dead to me  
I will rid myself of your disease

It is all so clear now  
Everything comes to me  
Now that I have opened my eyes up  
I can finally see

That the past tried to haunt me  
And the beliefs I've left to dust  
My mind is finally cleansed of them  
Slowly building up to this

You are dead to me  
I will rid myself of your disease  
Fuck  
You're fucking dead to me  
Rid myself of your fucking disease

I'm finally free  
To perceive life as  
I'd like it to be  
The cold shell I've shed  
Will never find me  
In its grasp again

Redefined  
I close my grip on reality

Redefine divine  
Fuck it  
Got these memories  
Slipping away  
It only keeps me on my busy  
I ain't sissy  
Gorilla gripping  
It's never slipping  
I'm still on the fucking mission

Fiends you fucking fiends  
You're like the rats  
That scheme  
No lead acts  
They bleed the greed  
Never dealing  
With a petty consequence  
That describes how  
It feeds their mental prison

I promise y'all that

I ain't fucking with  
You no more  
On my PHD  
'Boutta educate the industry  
Keeping me busy  
But really gotta stick  
Around to call you  
On your gimmicks

Nothing but a cesspool  
Of goofies fishing  
Pussy

Dead to me  
You're dead to me  
You're dead