

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