

Of Losing Interest

Fen

I'm in the business of losing interest
I've got a corpse's charm, my grin is always indicate.
So you reevaluate if you wanna be around me.

Good conversations grow bad in my eye,
Contact between the eyes drenches something up I can't
disguise.
And it verifies your taste for a warmer kind of human
interaction.

Lie me, prove me wrong,
When my teeth are on
Creatures to feed tall
Might reverse it all.

Your rise intention is my intention
You explain you can't stay long
Feigning someone like your place to be.
And I welcome this with greed
All my calls had been answered.

When children sense that I'm quite defenseless
Uncheck they gather around, hope that I would know some
brand new game.
Have a will to entertain, lead the song without thin
hands,
Instead I think of how to shoot them all away.

Lie me, prove me wrong,
When my teeth are on
Creatures to feed tall
Might reverse it all.

These days I wonder is it worth the spider vanes
Some days I wonder should I lose the heart and come.

I'm in the business of losing interest
I've got a corpse's charm, one look confirms that I've
been drained
Of whatever made us the same,
If you're curious, the answer could be yours
For later on the drawer.

Scientists will explain my disease, my destain,
Cut the wires deep within, then hold my spirit down.