

Cellophane

Hurt

You told me that someday, I'd find you here
Mistaken for someone who actually cares
I never believed I'd see this place
Beyond my convictions, behind that face
More often than not
I'm so confused
Self-vandalization becomes self-abuse

Everything just slips away
This whole world gets pissed away
And all the while they laugh and say
(Your fault, my fault, your fault, my fault, your fault)
And that's before the dying game
Unto a world that's unashamed
They light the graves with cellophane
(I know, I know, I know, I know, I know)

I know, I'm told, it's all my fault
I don't, think so, I'd rather not
Believe, the truth, that comes from you
It's not the first time I've been used

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