

# Call Me A Symbol

Jinjer

Look at me  
Don't deny me

Perfection does not exist  
That's what they love to claim  
These are the words of a broken man  
Who'd give his life away  
For the least

Would you take a look at me  
Surrender, can't you see?  
Don't fear to burn your eyes  
With how, how perfect I can be  
The sickest fantasy coming to life  
Vanity is my identity  
I'm overflown with self-love  
To kiss my blessed feet, they are crawling near  
What tramples over them? My feet

Perfection does not appear  
In front of a blinded man  
Perfection is what they fear  
But would gladly give their life away  
For this

Would you take a look at me  
Surrender, can't you see?  
Don't fear to burn your eyes  
With how, how perfect I can be  
The sickest fantasy coming to life  
Vanity is my identity  
I'm overflown with self-love  
To kiss my blessed feet, they are crawling near  
What tramples over them? My feet

If I give them holy food  
They will see me as a fool  
When I spit on the floor  
Poor people think it is gold  
It is me whom they call an idol  
It is me what they fear the most  
Don't deny my absolution  
Let me feed my ego, let me boast, yeah

Even if I spit on the floor  
A poor crowd thinks it is gold

If you were like me  
Would you treat them differently?

Call me symbol, call me idol  
I'm what you want the most

Don't deny me  
Look at me