

I don't wanna be the one
To show weakness keep secrets
I've got stories to tell

Not sure if I'm feeding into
True angels or jokers
Or high rank demons from hell

Calling me when it's good business
The numbers are driven
Right through the roof
Time to sell

I'ma light the night
Riding by sirens
And floaters
And obsessed women who fell

I played myself
All by myself
All by myself

I played myself
I played myself
All by myself
All by myself
...