

My pessimistic, my lonely (well, this is)
Is why I balance all the hoarding (so right)
And also envious to dethrone my name
Tomorrow is gone and far
And gone and far, and gone and far, yeah

Uh-oh uh-oh uh-oh uh-oh
Survivors, survivors
Uh-oh uh-oh uh-oh uh-oh
Guilt, guilt
The shooter, the person in questioning
Hiding traces of the evidence and tampering
Found caution tape, but it's too late
I would not even bother

Your intentions keep on saying freedom
(Can you cut the snakes inside the grass?)
Traps like yours will only bring in more
(Just as the plot thickens)
I've got spikes as seats, my view is mood
I want you to go to rendezvous, just wait
Let me talk and trying to explain
Got all laughs for whatever it's worth

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Are you a winner?
Oh, I forgive her
Are you a winner?
Oh, I forgive her

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