

Turncoat

Matthew Mayfield

Caught
and quickly reprimanded by default
a bit too heavy handed with her claws
of all the dreams that torment with the truth
I've never had a nightmare quite like you...

Pain
the residue of you
it's left a stain
you hollow-hearted charlatan
you fake
the song that makes you disappear again
I'll sing it til the bitter f*cking
end

The web that you are weaving
still in vain
the ocean of deceit is red with rage
the towers that we built are up in flames

and you're to blame
you turncoat
you turncoat

Low
malicious, inconceivable, and cold
you sicken me, you suffocate my soul
how's that dagger look inside my back
I still can't find your reason

Pain
The web that you are weaving
still in vain
the ocean of deceit is red with rage
the towers that we built are up in flames
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