

Complex

Montaigne

I was walking
Down the street one day
And your best friend
Well, he messaged me
"I wanna say a quick
Thank you, you really really really
Helped me put my thoughts into some words about the things we were all
Thinking and feeling."

I was stunned and
Validated too
A little confused
And so I asked him to
Elucidate me on what he meant by the 'things he thought and felt about you?'
I thought you changed?
I thought you'd change?

No, but you didn't, did you?
No, but you didn't, did you?
No, but you didn't, did you?
No, but you didn't, did you?

You and your complex
You told me it was complex
And you
At least you confessed
That power is your object but
You're a fraud
A fraud, a fraud, a fraud
Wish I'd never met you
May the Lord he bless

You and your complex
You have the weirdest complex and
True, at least your complex
It helps me write a song, yeah
But you're no God
No God, no God, no God
Wish I'd never met you
May the Lord he bless you

So he told me
You were wearing robes
You were holy
Like the son of God
Everybody they had told me after the fact
You were bad for me
Just a little cracked
Maybe I was cracked for sticking through all of that
Bullshit like that?

I was baffled
I felt quite unclean
What a story
What a twisted thing
Someone told me you are getting better
I have faith that you're getting better

I hope you've changed
I hope you've changed

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Messiah complex, you have a
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