

There's that familiar twist in my guts
Cold, clammy hands
Feel I'm damned
Should've figured as much
When green, glassy eyes
Feed me lies
And I tried to be tough
But now I fumble, falter
Every feather's plucked

'Cause I feel like a child
Every time you cast that smile
'Cause I know
It's all for show
And I feel like hound
Every time you turn around
I follow suit
To appease you

There's that familiar cold in the breeze
Try to shake it off
I check the clock
But like a disease
I'm preempting the spreading
Of horror and unease
Make another plea
Stop the screams
Your cries are in my dreams
And I'm weak at the knees
Like a hurt little bird
Whose song will not be heard

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'Cause I know
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