

Why so angry?
It's so tragic
Always stuck in the orbit
Of your microcosm
But you knew that and kept going
Decaying like a czar

You steal the show
You steal yourself
You still forget it all
The hand you dealt

Why so eager to target?
Always stuck in this cycle
Hanging on to denial
But you knew that and kept going
No release and no cigar

You steal the show
You steal yourself
You still forget it all
The hand you're dealt

You fill the void with your static noise
You still avoid
Got a choice