

What's Wrong

PVRIS

2 years gone
Came back as some bones and so cynical
This skin don't feel like home
It's all overgrown but you'll never know
Take the mirror from the wall so I can't see myself at all
Don't wanna see another damn inch of my skull
Forget the poems of saints and ghosts
I'm the one I fear the most
Little did I know that I was only crying wolf

I know it's so wrong but I'm so far gone
Don't need you to tell me I'm so cynical
Quit being so over-skeptical
Don't need a metaphor for you to know I'm miserable
I don't need a metaphor for you to know I'm miserable

Push and pull
Oh it's all getting old
No I didn't want this throne
Only fools make feasts of gold
They rot the fruit on tables
When did I get so pitiful
Just a goddamn corpse in a centerfold
You got my back against the wall
And now I can't ever get comfortable
No I never sold my soul
If I ever do throw my bones to the wolves
No I never sold my soul
No I never sold mine

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[x5]

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