

Confession sounds like braggish eyes  
Give away a prize  
I can feel the rising tide  
Self loathing that underlies  
All your sympathetic smiles  
And all your shallow lies  
It's too late to disguise or hide

And you make a virtue of your vices  
Don't give me that knowing look  
I'm not your friend  
Do you understand?

You must be so proud of the silence of your conscience sometime  
s  
Despair in your eyes tries to tell me you're a good man  
That you remember as a child  
How everybody used to love you  
I do believe you  
But what can I do?

You, who brags about your vices  
Don't give me that knowing look  
I'm not your friend  
Do you understand?  
And you make a virtue of your vices  
Don't give me that knowing look  
I'm not your friend  
Do you understand?  
And you make a virtue of your vices  
Don't give me that knowing look  
I'm not your friend  
Do you understand?