

Beg

Seether

I can't remember what it feels like
Seems you should've known the rules
I think I'm never going to find my way

Slowly coming from the rear
I feel I've never had a thought so real
Time I found myself a quiet place

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I poke the needles under your skin
Tastes like blasphemy and treason
No you're never getting far away

See hope fading out of your eyes
This time the pain is going to feel unreal
I think you're gonna be some easy prey

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