

Mirror for Your Third Eye

Shamir

I'm like a pencil, you're like a pen
Permanently etched upon me 'till the end
You know I'm ready to end this life of constant wars
And always picking fights...

I bet you hate it when I called you out on all your bullshit
I bet you hate how I'm a mirror for your third eye
I bet you hate how I always smell bad a little bit
'Cause cleanliness is something I don't try...