

So you say it's nice to meet you
That's a virtue turned to vice
Then you bite the hand that feeds you
Served to me on ice
Insecurities defeat you
But don't we look nice?
You'll never know the face that greets you
Cause we're the devil in disguise

I've had enough
The lying
Hating
Medicating
Had enough, the games that we play

When I'm dizzy, broken
You take me over
Twisted
Violent
Empty
Now it's my turn

I know you think you're perfect
But the truth is that you're weak
It's hard for me to process (process)
Every time you speak
If I'm not there around you
I know where you've been
And now you get my message
I come from within

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