

Professor Hyde, won't you overtake my heart?  
Don't wanna hide no more my darkest desires  
The TV screen makes me smile, although I'm burning inside  
Professor Hyde, won't you show your face? Yeah

Oh, mystic mirror, do you recognize me? (Ah)  
I changed a lot, all my friends turned back on me, yeah  
They say you aren't who we used to believe  
You are a green-eyed monster made of your greed (yeah)

There's a venom in my system  
That keeps on killin' my wisdom  
To not be somebody else, just me  
It's a venom called addiction  
To money, fame, and possession  
It demolishes identity

Too many CCTVs  
The public eye so strictly  
The good boy complex a chain on me, yeah, yeah, yeah

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I don't see myself, a puppet in a shelf  
Am I ready to sell? Will you disuse me?  
I don't feel myself, and so I hurt myself  
Professor Hyde, will you come save me?

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