

Evil

Verzache

Evil, it keeps me running, running
And I'm mad that it keeps coming, coming back
I feel like there's something burning, burning
It's so bad but it's so perfect, perfect

Put your money where your mouth is
Show me what you're made of
Don't see nothing special
Screaming all you wanted
It's nothing but your body
Your mind is too exhausting

She's way too bland for talking
Don't know what you're up to
Let's see what you've gone through
I can't help who I am
My head is a moshpit
I don't have an option
I need something concrete
Something to hold on to
I don't know what you are [?]
And I find it kinda funny
That you don't care what I see
But that's beside the story

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