

This Information

Vistas

You said that you wanna know how I'm feeling
You ask with words but not with any meaning
You wanna know, wanna know why my head aches
While you sit there justifying your mistakes
Make it out to be a charity case
But theres a history you cannot erase
You take away then give me back my ammunition
Then rig the game like a fixed competition

So, tell me what I owe

Oh, you can't make your mind up
You'll only divide us
With this information, misinformation
Oh, I never signed up
For you to provide us
With this information, misinformation

It don't add up, don't add up to what I'm hearing
Your balance grows while the world's disappearing
We're not all saints, not all saints, but we're not sinners
And in the end no-one else is a winner
So tell me lies, tell me lies, keep your secrets
I'm at the stage where I don't wanna hear it
A little hope goes a long way to healing
But how can I rectify without believing?

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