

Shadow Boxing

Vundabar

I am sick of swinging at my shadow and calling it your name
What's the point? I could never get a hit in, if I did, what would I say?

I need an enemy to affirm mythology
I got this finger with nothing to point at, ooh

Did you wait till you died
To find out it was a lie?
Did you wait till you died
To find out it was a lie?

I wrote stories that read like history
I've scared myself like a lunchmeat mystery
So to deflect, what could you expect?
I carved your face into the mirror, ooh

Did you wait till you died
To find out it was a lie?
Did you wait till you died
To find out it was a lie?