

# FAKERS PLAGUE

## While She Sleeps

Pretenders

You've got a way with words

You've got a lot of nerve

Pretenders

Fuck this shit

I'd rather be a sinner than a hypocrite

I'm losing the will to live

I can't get enough of it

There's a mirror at the end of the road

I can't do right for doing wrong, someone save me

Scratch that, I'll be wrong on my own

I'm tired of wasting my time, you're overrated

I don't trust this, I don't know where I am (do you?)

I just can't see it for the sleight of hand

I wish I knew where to start

Calling all pretenders

Evoke

Provoke

Dead eyes look white to the snowed, mainline the vulnerable

Calling all pretenders, we're living in a world too vicious to love

We will stamp our feet and hope the devil can hear us

So he's waiting when you arrive

We won't be far behind

It's like we're feeling our way through the dark

There's a mirror at the end of the road

The lights are on but no-one knows you're suffocating

Don't pride yourself on denial

I'm losing my mind, you're overrated

Mercy games, let go

We're hooked on you

This comfort zone will destroy us too you know

We're the fiends to an end

You know, we're the leaders of the misled

For fuck's sake

Everybody's talking about the way that we destroy

And how to point the finger everywhere but in

You've got a lot of nerve

Nerve

Fuck this shit

I'm losing the will to live cos you're a fucking hypocrite

Go

Yeah

Fuck your leaders

Oh

Yeah

We will stamp our feet and hope the devil can hear us

So he's waiting when you arrive

We won't be far behind

We will stamp our feet and hope the devil can hear us

So he's waiting when you arrive  
We won't be far behind  
It's like we're feeling our way through the dark

We are so numb to our faithless morals  
We find serenity here in this chaos  
We're all chancers here you know  
It's why we're drawn to the unknown

Let go