Fake You (bared)

Yoke Lore

Give me the tools I'm gonna build a fake you
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Forget all the fights, I'll fill you with light
I'll die with a smile but my heart will stay wild

I'm scared to break you but I will never fake it
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Notice all the ways I wake when all the water sifts down
Later I will grow later I'll be angry still

It's sin the way I dig my heels in
I left you in Brooklyn, alone under the burning stars
But you're the broken wall I wail to
I'll shatter with the real you, no matter how fake you are

I got some calls from my better days
When I got wrapped for what I shouldn't say
But I got all the truth I needed from the belly of New York
You can look and never find the button that will give you a new
 song
So I call the law when I feel lost
You'll be the clouds over slick moss
And I'll tell you all my dreams if you promise me you'll stay h
ere
And if you find me half dead you will cry with real tears

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