

AFI, This Secret Ninja

Just like cellophane,
you try to cling so tight to me,
your attempt's in vain.
You've less sincerity than the plastic.
Paper in the rain.
The print appears so bright to me.
The words remain.
I hold it to the light,
I see right through.
So eager to say,
"hello", but you don't know me.
You just know what you see.
Pay the price to see the show but you don't own me.
Before you knew would you have felt the same?
Just when I'm inspired,
you drain the drive right outta me,
and even when I'm tired you push me to perform for you amusement.
Just like raging fire,
you burn what's left inside of me and to fulfill your desire,
I'd give you light till I burned out.
Just when you start to smile,
I look into your eyes
and see your veiled denial to express any real emotion.
Just wait around a while,
you'll lose what you once had for me.
I'll be out of style,
I'll be discarded with the warmth you once feigned