

CALL THE WOLF, HYSTERIA

Fear living inside me
keeps rippin' me off so physical
but everything seems to be
perfectly right, should it be right? Am I right?
Perfection close our eyes
feed our dreams upon a nightmare
and we can't escape, can't deny
or admit we're in this together.
Sorry I hurt you but this love
is just a phase and this pain
should be felt like grace
while this war is against us.
It's a funny kind of disease
when you do silly dangerous things
seems needed to be done -
I'm mistaken so I don't judge -
Memories play tricks on me
I'm losing my mind.
Days go by and
I can't keep up on the track.
Sorry I hurt you but this love
is just a phase and this pain
should be felt like grace
while this war is against us.