

# 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.