

Engine, Taste

I am the one I have to face
All of the things I can't erase
The past is one to always haunt tomorrow
In my defense I can't defend
The fact that I have always been
The one to take what's been given to me
As for desire I've seen the face
Of urban want and urban need
I wonder if you need an explanation
Handed all that I could taste
Faced with more than I could face
I've had a lot of insecurities
All the things I want
All the things I need
I wanted to pretend that I was wrong
But I had my own thoughts
My own desires
Handed all that I could taste
Faced with more than I could face