

Face Down, Colors

Look at you now, pathetic and weak
Slowly walking down on loser street
Bound to live your life without dignity
Self-inflicted misery

Trust is something that you earn
Deceit from trust is what I've learned

What you have is what I gave
I made you what you are
Is this the thanks that I get
Broken trust, a permanent scar
True colors
Transparent, I see through you

Who cares about old times
Who cares anymore
I'm just waiting for the right time
To even the score
Once you're gone and out of my way
You'll see my life was not so grey
Trust is something that you ear
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Broken trust, a permanent scar
True colors

Transparent, I see through you