

Jacques Lu Cont, A Pain That I'm Used To

There's a hole in your soul
Like an animal
With no conscience
Repentance unknown
Close your eyes
Pay the price for your paradise
Devils feed on the seeds
That are sown

Can't conceal what I feel
What I know is real
No mistaking the faking
I care
With a prayer in the air
I will leave it there
On a note full of hope
Not despair

I'm not sure
What I'm looking for anymore
I just know
That I'm harder to console
I don't see who I'm trying to be
Instead of me
But the key
Is a question of control

2x
All this running around
Well it's getting me down
Just give me a pain that I'm used to
I don't need to believe
All the dreams you conceive
You just need to achieve
Something that rings true

Can you say
What you're trying to play anyway
I just pay
While you're breaking all the rules
All the signs that I find
Have been underlined
Devils thrive on the drive
That is fuelled

3x
All this running around
Well it's getting me down
Just give me a pain that I'm used to
I don't need to believe
All the dreams you conceive
You just need to achieve
Something that rings true

3x
I'm not sure
What I'm looking for anymore