

# 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