

Kilgore, Therapy

You put up a good front man
Trashing everything you see
I can see behind your eyes
You're hurting inside just like me
Your mind's a dark cloud
Should you keep your feelings in
Or cry out loud
Clouds parted, rain's gone
I let out my aggression
When I write these songs
Look to the skies above
Seek your disguise alone
See the choice you made
For all the times you've cried
There will be never be enough tissue
To dry your eyes
Look at all the choices you made
With the dark clouds raining on your parade
For all the lies you ever spoke
And all the lives you ever broke
Another friend betrayed
Visions of the past keep you afraid
Look to the skies above
Seek your disguise alone
See the choice you made
Enough of your whining
You're making me sick
You think you're alone that's not the last of it
For the rest of your life you'll be on your knees
Til that day a hundred dollars please
Look to the skies above
Seek your disguise alone
See the choice you made