

Limp, The Critic

I'm a critic cause I have nothing to show
I have nowhere to go with this so called talent of mine
my confession to the world is on a wall
in a bathroom stall
and conviction means so much to me
and the shit about you that comes out of me
obscuring the truth for everyone

I have a pretty large arsenal of lies
I know it's no surprise its reflection is easy to see
indiscretion is a foreign thing to me
it's a paid for disease and I paid with my humility
and the shit about you that comes out of me
obscuring the truth for everyone

I have no shame
no game
no talent to display
why can't I be the one
I'll make them notice me

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