

Terror, Nothing To Me

Searching and searching just to find yourself,
Every time I see you, now you're someone else.
Build your image to mask the hollow insides.
Build your image, is there substance inside.
Never have, never will, all that shit means nothing to me.
I see through the fashion parade, it's so fucking fake.
Never, it means nothing to me.
Look inside your heart, that's who you fucking are.
Sometimes it's all you are.
Build your image, to mask your hollow insides,
Build your image because some things you just can't hide.