

American Head Charge, Self

No sense of self
To balance it off
Preconceived notions of something
Everyones gone
Will I show up
With all that I have to give
Would you consider it a gift
But that
Doesnt matter anyway
Liar youre such a
On your hands and knees
Picking up the broken pieces
Liar youre such a
On your hands and knees
Afraid to turn my head
For fear of whats behind me
Only one resource left
So don't fret on my surprise
Is this all you have
Is that all you know
I swear I've seen you before
But that
Doesnt matter anyway
Liar youre such a
On your hands and knees
Picking up the broken pieces
Liar youre such a
On your hands and knees
Pleasingly
Falling apart
Pleasingly
Oblivious
Youve left with more of the same
I cant win
Liar