

David Fonseca, In Love With Yourself

You lit the magic candles
You blew them out and sparked again
To warm up your conscience

You follow down your shadow
You mimic all the motions it suggests
Like tough rules of perfection

You say you didn't mean it
And then, you just say a prayer for yourself
And you're free

But you're bound
To be
Your first enemy
You're gone
In love
Again

You read the books you wrote
And taught yourself the things you didn't know
You tasted the enlightenment

You wired yourself with your lens and mikes and cameras
You taped it all and you reviewed it once again
In slow-motion detail

You say you didn't mean it
And you just do it all over again
'Cause you're free

But you're bound
To be
Your first enemy
You're gone
In love with yourself

You plead
For trust
But then you can't resist
To fall in love with yourself

Got your tummy full of love
Because you ate it
It hurts when you talk
And you dwell on it
The wicked deed is done
Redrum

You'll blow the piggy's house
But don't you get it
There won't be any prize
So don't swell on it
The wicked deed is done
You're in love with someone else
You're in love with yourself

In love
With yourself