

De/Vision, Re-Invent Yourself

Back in my room again
A smell of cheap perfume
Trapped in myself again
Prepared to meet my doom

Permanent reflection
A need for mental food
Afraid of my actions
Here in this solitude

So predictable
And conventional
Just re-invent yourself
Nothing fictional
It's only natural
So re-invent yourself

Mental infection
The answer lies in you
Far from perfection
There's so much work to do
Broaden my perception
Can't see the wood for the trees
Things lose their attraction
I hate this lazy me

So predictable
And conventional
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So predictable
So conventional