

Diary Of Dreams, Son Of A Thief

So sick of being friendly
So sick of being nice
So sick of being thoughtful
You think i hate my kind

So sick of all the liars
So sick of all your words
So sick of all you cherish
You think i hate my kind

I fall down on my knees
And kiss your holy feet
You noble majesty
I end here in defeat
I beg you to forgive
I, son of a thief
Have to confess a sin
I stole the skin i'm in

So sick of explanations
So sick of revelations
So sick of your disease
You think i hate my kind

So sick of what i feel
So sick of compromises
So sick of how you look
You think i hate my kind

And life goes on