

# Face Down, Colors

Look at you now, pathetic and weak  
Slowly walking down on loser street  
Bound to live your life without dignity  
Self-inflicted misery

Trust is something that you earn  
Deceit from trust is what I've learned

What you have is what I gave  
I made you what you are  
Is this the thanks that I get  
Broken trust, a permanent scar  
True colors  
Transparent, I see through you

Who cares about old times  
Who cares anymore  
I'm just waiting for the right time  
To even the score  
Once you're gone and out of my way  
You'll see my life was not so grey  
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True colors

Transparent, I see through you