

Far From Finished, A New Tune

Hallucination it's compensation
Read between the lines it's a privacy invasion
Hesitation and frustration
Quit asking how I feel about it
I don't wanna talk about it

Why is the little boy setting fires
While his daddies looking for the buyers
Another sentiment they pulled out with pliers
He hears the screaming you pack of fucking liars
My mommy told me I'm her biggest mistake
I caused her addictions that she never could shake
But any emotion you could fake if you look the other way
And the shame you can take it (Fuck It)

I don't wanna see (don't wanna see what they want me to see)
And I don't wanna be (don't wanna be what they want me to be)

Sculpt the fragile mind of the lunatic
Feed 'em something till it makes them sick
But it's the little things that make you tick
You're a sick fucking freak and it a power type of fix

So build 'em up and then tear 'em back down
Let 'em know that he's the sharpest kid around
Now something bitter swear rots your teeth
You hollowed 'em out and now there's nothing underneath