

Guster, Demons

My words confuse you
My eyes dont move a blink
Cause its easier sometimes
Not to be sincere
Somehow I make you believe
Believe
When I speak I cross my fingers
Will you know youve been deceived?
I find a need to be the demon
A demon cannot be hurt
Honest is easy
Fiction is where genius lies
Cause its easier sometimes
Not to be involved
Somehow I make you believe
Believe
When I speak I cross my fingers
Will you know youve been deceived?
I find a need to be the demon
A demon cannot be hurt
When I speak I cross my fingers
Will you know youve been deceived?
I find a need to be the demon
A demon cannot be hurt
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