

# Lodger, Satan

I know you, like I know myself  
You know me, like someone else  
Going too fast, to relate  
Going too fast, to hesitate

You use me, like a filth-hole  
I use you, like a flashbulb

I am your hollow soul  
You are my little hope

This is where end, justifies all means  
This is where Satan, gives us means

It takes two, to take it light  
It takes two, to make it right  
Only one, to make it wrong  
It takes two, to pretend  
It takes two, my friend

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