

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

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

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