

Luxt, Bliss

Ignorance, is your addiction.
And it's bliss, betrays your life.
I can see, through your thin skin,
I Generalize, and still I'm right.
If you had, a single clue to
What you aren't, you'd die of shame,
If you knew, you were at fault for
Your horrid life, you'd die of blame.
Caught up in, your egocentric,
Lack of all, that you pretend.
To know or be, so false it's sickening.
You are your own, bitter end.
If your weren't, so apathetic,
If your drive had any flame,
Then you'd be, worth my attention,
And not just, a crying shame.

Don't you cry, It's alright,
I'll just lie, To spare your soul.
Oh, now I've Changed my mind
You're to weak, To have control.

If you were, what you're pretending,
Instead of you, a fading stain.
If you had, the motivation,
If you had the skill or brains.
Maybe then, I wouldn't have this,
Driving urge, to humiliate.
And show to you, the mirror image,
That you refuse, the one you hate.
So if you are, so fucking wise,
Intelligent, and filled with power,
Then prove you're not, what I see you as,
A worthless, weak denying coward.