

Nakedheart, False

Don't judge a book by it's cover
Angel of light core of the night
Peel the surface throbbing cancer
Couldn't believe it'd turn out this way
Outside is pretty inside is putrid
Smooth words with jagged edges
Dazzling lights dark recesses nothing is as what it seems

Communication

Taken for granted a sure thing easy schemes with deadly wheels
Lulled into a false security it's the calm before the storm
Hunter and hunted swapping roles set in concrete sink in quicksand
Crystal clear ocean beware the rip sitting pretty or sitting duck

Looks are deceiving uncovered lies
Looks are so deceiving face value gone you're so false