

Scott Matthews, The Fool's Fooling Himself

Oh friend child
what hell, with the innocent smile
In a drained state
felt his breath blow right out the gate

Losing disbelief,
seen his life float away down the street
finds it hard to breath
when you're in shock; full of jealousy

I only wince at your hell
I was paid to except what was dead
like a fool I've been fooling myself
fool like no one else
I'll be the Mars(?)
losing all control for sure
I'm in debt with pain
I can't bleed no more

If the morning sun
fills your eyes,
and it's something you love
see the clowns face
raise a smile to the cries that he hates

Only time will tell
if the Rose isn't red anymore
and expresses are blank
then you know who to thank
who to thank who to thank

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